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By ART BUCHWALD

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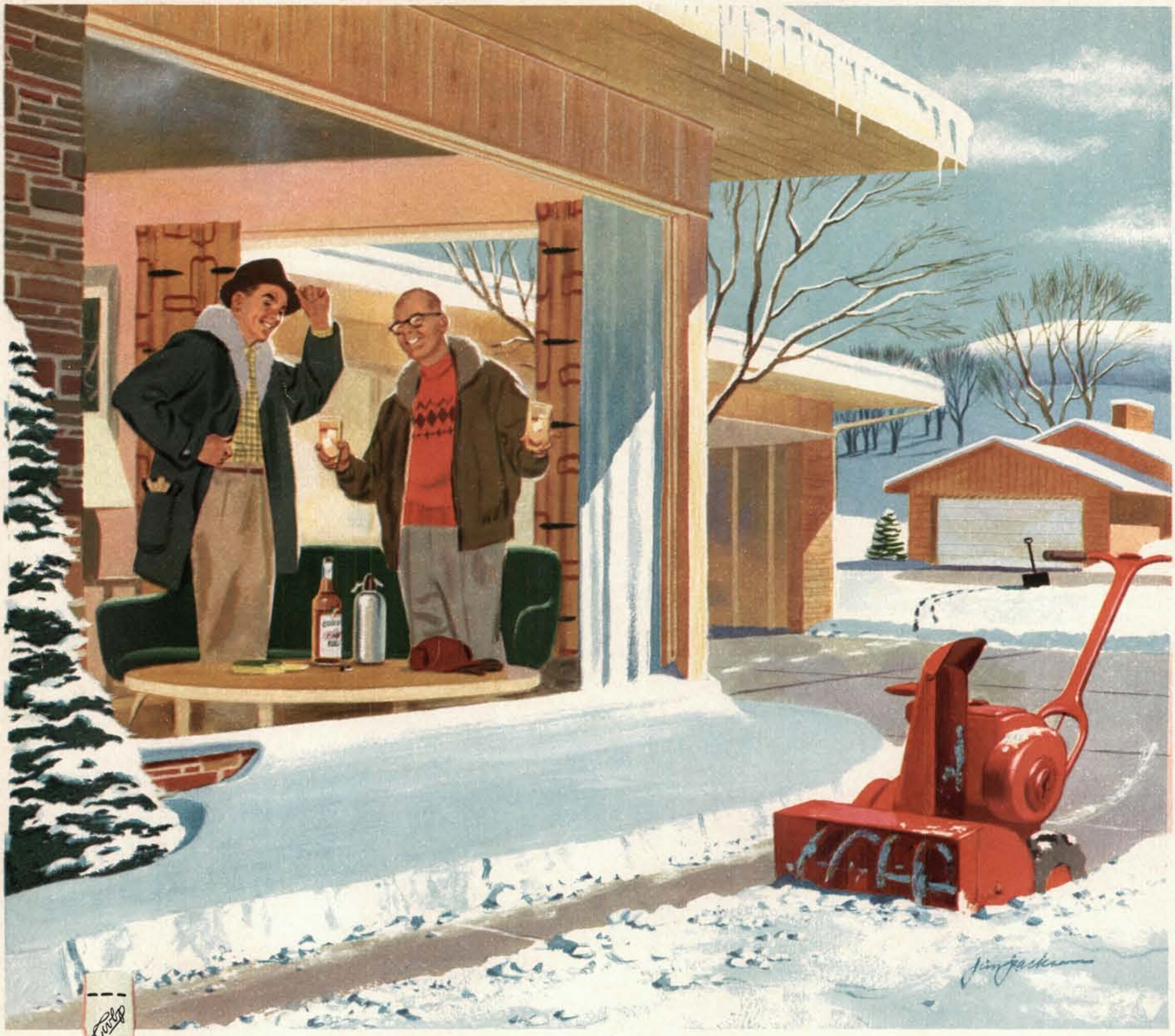

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Collier's

JANUARY 21, 1955

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THE COVER . . Bill Mauldin and Howell Conant

The three girls who symbolize carefree youth on our cover are (left to right) Anne Helm, Pat Farrell and Val Reiner. The masculine teen-agers surrounding the photograph were provided by Bill Mauldin and exemplify matters of particular concern to boys—the armed forces, hot rods and (naturally) girls. Mauldin's broad, perceptive, text-and-sketch survey of modern youth and its problems starts on page 46

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The raw and chilly months of winter used to be dreaded because of the serious health threats that came with them. Pneumonia, for instance, was especially feared.

Just a few years ago, this disease claimed one out of every three of its victims. Now, fortunately, the threat of pneumonia is much less marked than it once was. This is because the sulfa drugs and antibiotics have been found to be so effective in a large number of cases.

Pneumonia is still dangerous when treatment is delayed. Proof of this fact was shown in a recent study of 15,000 cases. It indicated that the case-fatality rate was *twice* as high for patients treated after the fourth day of illness as for those treated earlier. This is one of *the big reasons why* you should call the doctor immediately when you suspect pneumonia. When proper treatment is given at once, pneumonia can usually be cured in a surprisingly short time.

What can you do to escape becoming a target for pneumonia? Your doctor will tell you that one of the wisest things is to take proper care of yourself when you have a cold. In nine out of ten cases of pneumonia, colds occur before pneumonia develops.

Should you "come down" with a cold, doctors recommend that you stay at home and rest in bed, eat lightly and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids. *If a cold persists . . . and especially if you develop a slight fever . . . call the doctor promptly.*

High fever makes the difference between a "slight cold" and a "serious cold," because it usually means that complications have developed. If, in addition to fever, you also have *chills, painful coughing* or *difficult breathing,* report these symptoms to your doctor at once, for they almost invariably indicate pneumonia.

While winter is upon us, it is important to keep your general health at the best possible level. Try to avoid becoming "run down." You may do this if you get all the sleep you need, eat a properly balanced diet, and avoid needless exposure to severe weather unless properly dressed. In addition, keep away from anyone already suffering from a respiratory ailment.

If you guard your health in these ways, the chances are that your resistance to colds, virus infections and pneumonia will be increased. In the event you develop one of these ailments, your ability to fight the infection and recover quickly will be greater.

Should you have repeated attacks of respiratory trouble despite your precautions against them, it would be wise to discuss with the doctor the benefits of some immunizing agents.

If you would like more information on how to help avoid becoming a target for these common winter ailments, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free copy of its booklet, *Respiratory Diseases*. Just fill in the coupon below and one will be mailed to you.

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

AS YOU step out of the airplane at the Reno airport the stewardess is more than likely to say: "Come back loaded." This cheerful injunction, which is mildly startling when you first hear it, turns out to be an idiomatic expression; it means Good Luck, and has nothing to do with booze. The dear little trim-waisted misses, who want you to beat the wheel or the dice or the cards or the ka-thumper, are, of course, ignoring the other major attraction Reno has for visitors, through which you come back very much un-loaded.

I have no statistics on the subject, and I wouldn't believe any that were given me, but my guess is that reasonably rapid divorce is now no better than a slow second in Reno industry. The most desirable visitor, I would suspect, is the man or woman who goes to Reno loaded and returns light, without ever having set foot in the Washoe County Courthouse.

There are, then, the two customary reasons for going to Reno, and since I was there for neither, I wandered about for a week, snooping a little, keeping my eyes and ears as alert as the passage of time has allowed, and making myself as inconspicuous as possible in my Eastern garb.

After I was in Reno a couple of days I became aware, and increasingly aware, of a resemblance to another place I have visited: Bermuda.

The points of resemblance are not immediately apparent, but they're there.

Reno is pretty much surrounded by sand, and Bermuda is rather permanently surrounded by water. Bermuda does what I suppose is a thriving trade in Easter lilies, just as Reno is a distribution center and a cattleman's meeting place. But both are out to get the tourist's buck, and in Reno's case the tourist may also be a curist, that is, one who is taking the cure.

An economy based on visitors' spending does things to the natives. Good will is, naturally, the most valuable intangible that the natives can possess, and they are supersensitive to any criticism of their Paradise, justified or not. It isn't necessary to be critical of the Bermuda weather or the ka-thumpers, the Reno slot machines. You needn't go that far. Just say you didn't have a good time, as one writer had said when I was visiting Reno, and you have wounded the natives into a deep sulk. It was not so much that he may not have had a good time. His sin was in saying so. I am quite sure the same pouting would go on at the Bermuda Trade Development Board.

Another characteristic possessed in common by the British colony and the citizens of Washoe is their double life. I mean the kind of double life that is led by a receptionist or a hotel clerk. The cordiality is there, but it is professional, it is an act. When a Bermudian or a Renovian goes home, he sees other Bermudians and Renovians, not curists or tourists.

One more similarity. Bermudians and Renovians are name-droppers to a degree that might impress, oh, let's say a husband and wife team on radio and TV. Bermudians are likely to speak familiarly of New York and Philadelphia society people, authors and stage actors. In Reno it is Café Society and Hollywood. It might be fun, although not for me, to pick two teams, one from each place, and score them on the celebrities they could claim acquaintance with. Reno to get a point for a Bobo Rockefeller against Bermuda's Eugene O'Neill; Bermuda to match a Reno Neil Vanderbilt with a James Thurber.

In Reno they feel about Las Vegas approximately the way a Bermudian might about Havana. In the wonderful way that time operates, Reno has become elderly and respectable, and a third-generation Nevadan is as lineage-proud as any Gosling, Trimingham, Outerbridge or Lightbourne in Bermuda. It's no fun being respectable unless (if it's ever fun) you have some raffish ones to condescend to, so Las Vegas has earned, without getting, Reno's gratitude in that respect. And here, by the way, let us say farewell to beautiful Bermuda, islands of the invidious comparisons, and give the whole of our attention to Reno.

The prosperous presence of 164 lawyers in Reno should be one statistic that will right any wrong inference you may have drawn from my calling divorce the town's second industry. That is a lot of lawyers, and through one of them I was able to watch the coolly impersonal ritual by which two persons who once had been made as one are made as two again. The Washoe County Courthouse, inside and out, has all the respectability that Reno has grown up to; a stone building that would be recognizable for what it is in any county in the Union. I was taken to the chambers of a judge, who explained that there were two kinds of proceedings, open and closed. The closed ones, obviously the more pyrotechnical, are really closed and I was not permitted to sit in on one.

Presently I was guided to the courtroom. There was the judge; below him, the court reporter, the attorney for the defendant, the plaintiff and attorney for the plaintiff, the residence witness, and the clerk of the court, a woman, and a man who I guess was the bailiff. The spoken words consisted of testimony by the residence witness that the plaintiff had lived at such-and-such, "each and every day" between a certain date and another certain date; the plaintiff identified herself and answered, or echoed, the words used by her attorney; the defendant's

AL HIRSCHFELD

In Reno you see many different classes and ages of people gambling

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

attorney had no questions, and that was that.

I have deliberately made it seem dull. It *was* dull. It was all over in five minutes, and was followed by another just like it except that the plaintiff was a man. Again it was all over in five minutes. The court attendants hardly looked at the plaintiffs. Everything was cut and dried, or at any rate cut.

I do not ask you to believe this, but don't call me a liar: the case that was being announced as I was leaving the courtroom was "Love versus Love." I must say this caused a tiny chuckle among the officers of the court.

The Riverside Hotel is hard by the Truckee River, and on the opposite shore is the Mapes, the other big hotel.

My first question at the Riverside concerned the legend that all new ex-wives go from the courthouse to the river and fling their wedding rings into the water. Not so.

Another part of the Reno legend was that ladies went from the Virginia Street bridge to the Mapes or the Riverside and broke out the champagne. I saw no champagne during my entire stay in Reno. (That is not to say I saw no Martinis or bourbons or vodkas.) Whether you are lunching at the Mapes or the Riverside, or just going there to wash your hands, you can't get to the dining room, the bar or the washroom without passing between batteries of slot machines, scaled from a nickel to a buck, crap tables, roulette and 21 boards. You will see many different classes and ages of people gambling. The only thing you can be sure of is that you won't see a Reno businessman taking his chances. It isn't only that he knows the percentages are against him (which the House will readily admit); it is not considered good form for a Reno businessman to try to make eight the hard way or any other way.

That was explained to me by a real-estate man, who said, "Suppose you got $1,000 option money on a real-estate deal. Your client sees you shooting craps and he thinks it's his money you're using."

The cynical attitude toward gambling is based on sound psychology. The chump—although he's never called that in Reno—doesn't know when to quit. The legitimate House-percentage figures to bring in an admitted 4 per cent in a year, and you can assume it's bigger than that even when conducted on a simple no-tricks policy. The player doesn't know when to quit, because he's greedy, and in time the adverse percentages catch up to him and he blows his stack. The Reno reputation for being on the up-and-up is carefully guarded, and the cashing of a check is made difficult. A loser can sometimes borrow the money to get home, and unlike the loser at Monte Carlo, he is not forbidden to return.

The nickel trade is the only thing about Reno that might make me question my extremely liberal attitude toward gambling. There are so many slot machines in the town that here and there a shop will carry a sign proclaiming the *absence* of ka-thumpers. Housewives in the supermarkets and almost everywhere else are tempted by the machines, which are strategically placed near the cashiers' desks. It is almost like watching a new sport to see a Reno housewife playing four machines simultaneously. And it isn't pretty,

Like a new sport: seeing a Reno housewife play 4 slots at once

but I don't know how you're going to stop it.

The casual approach is, I suppose, the only one to take toward Reno. I have said it has points of resemblance to Bermuda. It also looks a little like Riverhead, Long Island, another county seat. It calls itself the Biggest Little City in the World, a slogan which strikes me as about as meaningful as the old one of the Biggest Little Theater in the World (Grosse Pointe, I think that was). It is a small city with big traffic problems, like every place else. It is a busy shopping center for a large hunk of Nevada real estate, and Reno must be the place they mean when they say "slightly higher west of the Rockies." There is a not too strenuous effort to publicize a larger number of marriages than divorces, a claim which I will not dispute, if they're trying to maintain a healthy balance and be like other cities of similar size. The motorists are horn-happy, but that is not uniquely a Reno failing. The telephone service is rather less efficient than the switchboard at the White House. The climate, I'm sure, is healthier than that of New Haven, Connecticut, and there is no smog. In slightly more than a week I saw not one really drunken man and only two fairly tight women. There isn't at this late date, or for that matter at any date, any good reason to cry hell and damnation over the fact that gambling and divorce have been so conspicuous in Reno's history. Except for the miles of neon signs and the ubiquitous ka-thumpers it could be any of a dozen Western towns.

Except for one phenomenon: the shills.

You go into a joint and you will see a pretty blonde. She is the only person making bets at a roulette table. You know she is a shill, getting six dollars a day. She knows you know she is a shill, playing roulette with House money and entitled to no winnings. You know it, she knows it, everybody knows it. But there she is. In a funny and sad way, the shill symbolizes Reno.

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"Is it a habit of yours to go around knocking on doors and asking strange women to go out with you?" she asked

The ROOM NEXT DOOR

By LUCY GOODRICH

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

THE noise—very faint at first—disturbed Reagan in some way he could not understand. He put aside his newspaper and listened to it again. There it came, a low steady whirring that was somehow familiar.

In the quiet sterility of his hotel room, Reagan closed his eyes and a picture sprang to mind: his wife, working at her sewing machine—making drapes for the living room, a spring dress, a pink cotton blouse.

The noise stopped, began again: *whirrrr,* stop, start. Yes, that was the way it went. He sat very still so that he would not miss hearing the slightest movement in the room next door. The telephone rang, and a feminine voice answered. He couldn't hear the words.

He lighted a cigarette and noticed his hand was trembling.

Read the paper, he thought. He picked up the thin Saturday edition again and went over the sports section. He had read it twice, and it was only eleven o'clock. The weekend yawned emptily ahead of him.

He heard the woman hang up the telephone in the room next door. Then the whirring began again. She must be a little mad, whoever she was, bringing a sewing machine with her to a small New York hotel room.

The noise annoyed him, and he got up and began to pace the floor. He thought of knocking on the wall. Or he could call her and tell her he wanted to get some sleep.

Sleep. How long had it been since he'd slept, he wondered, since the day he had packed up his bags and moved out of the apartment and into this hotel, alone. Alone for the first time in nine years. He had told himself at first that he liked the life. No worry about getting home for dinner on time. No cross words over his lateness. And he could read his morning paper without interruption. It was a smooth life, and he hated it.

He began to clock the noise next door. If it went on for another half hour, he decided he would knock on the door. He glanced in the mirror and straightened his tie. He ran a comb through his hair. It was dark hair, quite thick, with a good natural wave and a sprinkling of gray, though he was only thirty-five.

He waited only twenty more minutes; then he knocked at her door.

She was small and blonde and pretty. She opened the door only a crack and looked at him with surprise and a kind of hostility, and suddenly he was unable to speak at all.

"You must have the wrong room," she said angrily, and started to close the door.

He couldn't let her close it. He started to make his complaint about the noise, just to keep her there. But he hadn't come over to complain about the machine; he knew that now. He glanced over her head at the clutter of the room beyond. Except for the open suitcase, it could have been his wife's sewing room—the scattered pattern, the scraps of fabric, the beautiful familiar disorder.

"It's Saturday," he blundered. "I thought you might be alone. I thought you might want to see a movie—"

"Are you in the habit of knocking on strange women's doors and asking them out?" Her hazel eyes had an angry, defensive flash.

"No," he said. "I heard you sewing and I—well, it's an unusual sound in a hotel like this. I thought if you didn't have anything else to do—"

"Well, I do," she said. "I have plenty else to do." She closed the door.

There was a florist shop down the block, and he sent her a dozen roses. He didn't know her name and so he just sent them to the room and

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

Collier's for January 21, 1955

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COSTUME: TINA LESER

Almost everyone appreciates the best...

—and that's the nice thing about serving ice-cold Coca-Cola to a friend. Almost everyone appreciates the distinctive tang of its taste . . . its ever-fresh sparkle . . . and the way Coke brings you back so refreshed, so quickly (with as few calories as half an average, juicy grapefruit). Serve it often—ice-cold Coke!

Fifty million times a day . . . at home, at work, or on the way *"There's nothing like a Coke!"*

See Eddie Fisher on "Coke Time"—NBC Television twice each week

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MOLLE BRUSHLESS is a heavier, richer, lanolin-loaded cream. For tough beards you use it full strength. If it's too rich for your beard...tailor it . . . simply leave your face wetter when you apply MOLLE. Known everywhere as the world's smoothest, most comfortable shave.

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The world's Best shave

*Pronounced Mō-Lay

put his room number on the card with his name in parentheses below it.

When he came back upstairs again, the machine was still whirring away. It had a determined sound to it, as if she were trying to concentrate and forget the interruption.

After a while, he heard the bellboy knock on her door and give her the flowers. He heard her say that she wasn't expecting any flowers, that perhaps he had the wrong room. There was a ripping of paper, a pause while she read his card.

He waited, and nothing happened except that the door closed and the bellboy went away.

IT WAS three o'clock when his telephone rang. "I can't accept these flowers," she began. "I don't even know you. I don't want—"

He suddenly caught the warmly pungent aroma of coffee brewing. "Are you making coffee in your room?" he cut in.

"Yes, and—"

"It's against the hotel rules." Anything to keep her talking, so she wouldn't go away again.

"Look, I've always made coffee in hotel rooms. I always use my sewing machine. Sometimes I use a typewriter, and—"

"I haven't had a decent cup of coffee," he managed, "in . . ." He tried to think, but his mind went blank. It had been so long—a lifetime it seemed to him now.

Her tone changed. "Come to the door," she said briskly. "I'll hand you a cup of coffee."

She handed him the coffee in a hotel glass. His hand, when he took it, was unsteady.

He made no attempt to go back to his room, but stood in the hall drinking the coffee.

With a sigh of resignation, she asked him in. "But only for a minute," she said, "and then I've got to go."

Her quick glance found the wedding band on his left hand almost right away. "Are you away from home—traveling?"

He sat down and struck a match for his cigarette. "No," he said, "this is my home town—New York."

Her eyebrows darted up in question.

"I lived in an apartment here," he told her, "up until six months ago. Then I moved out and moved in here. It's the first time I ever tried living alone."

Her glance found his wedding band again. "Do you like it, living alone?" she asked.

He leaned toward her, his elbows propped on his knees, his hands gripped tight together to steady their trembling. "Have you ever been married?" he asked her.

She hesitated. "I was engaged," she said after a moment. "My fiancé married another girl. That's why I got this job traveling. Gives me less time to think."

His gaze moved over her purposely blank face and rested upon her eyes. "A quarrel?" he asked.

She nodded. "You too?"

"All married people quarrel sometimes," he said.

"And then regret it?"

"And then regret it," he said, the ragged desperation edging through his words. Now that they were talking about it, the pain was back—a freshly opened wound, as if it had happened only today, this morning.

"But if she loved you—your wife—wouldn't she forgive you?"

"Always," he said. And then at last, "It's myself I can't forgive."

"What did you quarrel about?" she asked.

He searched his memory quickly. Late nights at work. Cold dinners. The new living-room furniture Rosalie had wanted, but which he'd told her they didn't need. The year she had planned a vacation in Maine and he couldn't get away—no, *didn't* get away; he could have if he had tried. And what was the last, the most recent, quarrel? Somehow, he couldn't remember.

"But the good times," the girl said. "Weren't there any of those?"

"Yes. Yes, of course." He started to tell about them, but he couldn't go on. The day they had taken a picnic lunch out to Long Island when they were first married . . . rainy nights in the city, when the sound of rain against their windows kept time with the beat of his heart . . . their first Christmas together. . . . They were memories that he hadn't dared think about, that he'd kept locked in the back of his mind.

"Was it another woman?" the girl said now. "Was that what you quarreled about?"

"No," he said. "There wasn't another woman." The honest words surprised him, because he'd never thought much about it before. There'd never been anyone for him but Rosalie.

"You loved your wife, didn't you?" the girl asked.

"Yes," he admitted wretchedly.

"Then go back to her," the girl said. "And tell her that she's lucky. It's one big love that matters to a woman, not the little quarrels." She unfolded the dress she had been sewing and held it up for him to see. "A bridesmaid's dress," she said, "for my sister's wedding. We were supposed to have been married the same week." She said it in a flat voice as if it didn't matter at all. But his own voice sounded that way sometimes; he knew the pain behind it.

He got up slowly and went across the room to where she stood. "Will you have dinner with me?" he asked. "I'd consider it a favor."

She hesitated, her eyes searching his face. Then she went to the closet and got out her hat and coat.

AS THEY went out into the rain together, her hand light on his arm, he knew he would be able to tell her—to talk to someone at last about that morning, six months ago: the emergency call at his office, the two twisted cars at the intersection—one that had been Rosalie's, and the other, larger car that had crashed into hers, from which the driver had escaped, miraculously, with his life. He would be able to tell her that he could never go back to Rosalie, because Rosalie was dead.

And later, much later, he might even be able to tell her about Rosalie's errand that morning: that she had gone downtown to get thread for her sewing machine for a silk shirt she was making him—a gift to make up for a quarrel they'd had over something he couldn't remember.

He could tell this girl with the sewing machine because she was a woman with a woman's understanding heart, and she'd said that his wife was lucky.

—LUCY GOODRICH

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When I'm eating Jell-O
I wish I were a mountain goat

I'd eat mountains and mountains
of my favorite dessert!

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Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

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ORMOND GIGLI

Gigli and Gina clown while their friend maintains a serious mien

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

DO YOU think it was very easy to bring a donkey and Gina Lollobrigida together in the fashionable Sixty-fifth Street apartment of photographer Ormond Gigli in New York? You can call Gina on the telephone and ask her to appear, but the donkey doesn't have a phone. So Hopalong Abramowitz, the Bronx horse entrepreneur, brought the donkey down from his stable in a taxicab—except that at 125th Street the donkey stuck his head out the cab window just as a policeman looked their way. No donkeys allowed in cabs.

So Mr. Abramowitz walked the donkey the rest of the way. The elevator at the Gigli studio is not donkey-size, so it was up the stairs with the critter, much against his will.

But Mr. Donkey was a good model, and the pictures went all right, in spite of the phone ringing and people saying, "I hear you have a donkey in your studio." With the pictures finished, there was much pushing and pulling downstairs. Finally, the donkey was on his way back to the Abramowitz stables. And today people on Sixty-fifth Street will say you're a liar if you tell them there was a donkey on the second floor of that building.

★ ★ ★

NOW safely back in his Paris apartment, where he writes his popular column for the New York Herald Tribune, Art Buchwald contemplates his last two assignments for Collier's: to Rome to report on the Italian male's custom of pinching females in public (Collier's, August 20, 1954), and to the Belgian Congo to shoot big game (page 23). He concludes:

"The pinching assignment was the most dangerous I've ever been sent on. That was the one my wife was against."

★ ★ ★

WANDA JABLONSKI is an attractive young woman who—you'd never guess—is an expert on oil. She's international editor for McGraw-Hill's petroleum publications, and for ten years was oil editor and columnist on the New York Journal of Commerce. She went to Iran last year during the oil snafu there, and in this issue of Collier's she has an interesting story about how it happened and what it all means to you and us.

Miss Jablonski was born in Czechoslovakia and followed her geologist father around the world, going to a dozen high schools from Egypt to New Zealand. In 1938 she started out as a premedical student at Cornell but had to give it up when she couldn't bring herself to dissect the frog that all premed students have to dissect.

She went on instead to a straight B.A., to graduate work at Columbia University in political science, to messenger girl at the Journal of Commerce and then, by a lucky break, to oil editor.

All she is today, Miss Jablonski owes to her sympathy for frogs.

★ ★ ★

MARGARET CHASE, the author of I Believe in Living Rich, is in private life Mrs. Werner B. Schmidt, a Rye, New York, grandmother who is married to a rabid chess player. He won 40 of the first 41 games they played together. Whereupon Mrs. Schmidt turned to writing.

For the last year, in between his work as a commercial artist and in between his chess matches, Mr. Schmidt has been making chess tables in his workshop. He just finished his seventh. He has presented them to his two sons, his daughter, his friends and to his wife. In fact, there are two in the living room and one in the bedroom. Mrs. Schmidt uses hers, but not being a very good chess player, she uses it as a typing table to write her short stories on.

"Honestly," she says, "it's the best desk I've ever had."

★ ★ ★

"MAULDIN," we said to him, "go mingle with the youth of the nation, be one of them, make 'em talk to you."

That he did, as the great story in this magazine proves. And what a disguise Mauldin affected: Still known for his youthful looks at thirty-two years of age, he simply appeared in his crew cut and unmatching coat and trousers. In fact, he was so good at it that in two places—Washington, D.C., and Dallas—when he sat in honky-tonks with kids half his age, waiters said to Bill:

"Sorry, kid, we can't serve anyone under twenty-one."

Dig *him!* —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SIMPSON KALISHER

Disguised as himself Mauldin fits in with teen-agers. (He's at right)

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THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN ZENITH'S CRUSADE TO LOWER THE COST OF HEARING

Now—Zenith's finest quality in the tiny, new 3-transistor "75-X" hearing aid

for only $75.00

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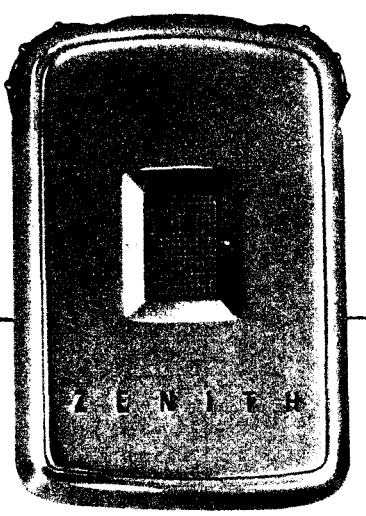

SENSATIONAL NEWS! Zenith has combined the recent development of transistors into another milestone in its famous "Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing!"

For those who are hard-of-hearing, the discovery of transistors to replace conventional vacuum tubes opened a bright new horizon of hearing-aid help. But price—and price alone—has kept many from enjoying the greater hearing-aid clarity, compactness, convenience and low operating cost offered by this modern "electronic miracle."

Now—in the tubeless 3-transistor Zenith "75-X", *all* these advantages can be enjoyed for only $75! The importance of the "75-X" to America's hard-of-hearing is instantly evident when you compare its low price to the *$250* to *$300* being charged for some competitive 3-transistor hearing aids!

The quality of the "75-X" is nothing less than Zenith's finest! It is backed, *in writing*, by Zenith's ironclad 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee, 1-Year Warranty and 5-Year Service Plan.

NEVER BEFORE HAS $75 BROUGHT YOU HEARING AID FEATURES LIKE THESE:

The tiny, new 3-transistor Zenith "75-X" weighs only 2-3/5 ounces... is as powerful as some hearing aids twice its size. Fingertip tone and volume controls. Operates for just 10¢ a week on one small 10¢ dry battery (available everywhere). No "B" battery. No tubes. Super-sensitive Permaphone® offers amazing microphone clarity; resists heat and humidity. Price of the new Zenith "75-X" Hearing Aid includes an air conduction receiver and stock earmold.

You owe it to yourself to discover the superb performance of the new Zenith "75-X." Try the aid at home, work, church, *anywhere* without risking a penny...you must be entirely satisfied! And here's more good news: the "75-X" can be purchased on an easy time-payment plan. See the yellow pages of your classified telephone directory for the name and address of nearest Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer, or mail coupon below for free literature and local dealer list.

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Please mail me free literature on Zenith's new "75-X" Hearing Aid and list of local dealers. Also enclose booklet showing scientific proof of Zenith quality and value.

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Want a high-scoring word combination for your next scrabble game? Try C-A-R-L-I-N-G-'S B-L-A-C-K L-A-B-E-L B-E-E-R. Everybody enjoys its deliciously light, dry goodness. And the host has a *special* reason for enjoyment—he buys top quality Black Label at the popular price! That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

Hey, Mabel—
Black Label!

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

LETTERS

Churchill's Biography

EDITOR: A New Life of Winston Churchill (Dec. 10th) was like a romance. It held me fascinated from the very first word. He certainly lived a rich and full life!

RUTH E. SPIEGEL, Brighton, Mass.

Mounting Sinai

EDITOR: Your November 26th issue has just reached me here in Cairo. In his article Everybody's Making Like Cleopatra, Mr. Murray Robinson refers to my climbing to the top of Mount Sinai on camelback and on foot to shoot scenes for The Ten Commandments and saying "it has to be done that way." Then, Mr. Robinson quotes the well-known Egyptian architect, Dr. Sayed Karim, as saying, "Mr. de Mille is going to do it the hard way. I always go to the top of Mount Sinai by automobile."

An automobile could get to the top of Mount Sinai the same way our camera did—by being dismantled and carried up wheel by wheel and piece by piece—but I cannot think of any animal able to reach the summit except the cat, dog, monkey, squirrel, goat or man. A horse or camel could certainly never make it—much less a horseless carriage.

Dr. Sayed Karim may have been referring to the drive to the Monastery of St. Catherine, at the foot of the steep ascent of Sinai. You can go that far by automobile, as we did, if the car and you are rugged enough. But if anyone has gone to the top of the mountain by automobile, I should like to make a date with him to climb Mount Everest on a tandem bicycle next winter.

CECIL B. DE MILLE, Cairo, Egypt

Whoa!

EDITOR: As a native New Yorker, I was interested in Morton Dan Morris' story The Seven Wonders of New York (Dec. 10th). It is true that there has been some slippage of the Brooklyn Bridge cables. However, it was not caused by a horse car, as you say, since no horse cars ever crossed the Brooklyn Bridge. Streetcars did not use the bridge until 1898, and then they were of the electric trolley type.

JAMES WILSON, Bayside, N.Y.

Our slippage was showing. A horse-drawn cart caused the cable to slide.

. . . I am delighted with the nice write-up of myself in Collier's Credits in connection with my article. However, may I correct the writer: winter concrete never turns to goo; without the proper heat it just crystallizes instead of hardening to one uniform mass. Also, the last statement in the column is most extravagant, as I never called Pier 57 "my" pier. I did say in a paper that the pier was engineered under the supervision of the Department of Marine and Aviation of the City of New York, by Madigan-Hyland, and was constructed by a combine of firms. All these people deserve credit for the over-all job, of which my steam generator setup was just a part.

M. D. MORRIS, New York, N.Y.

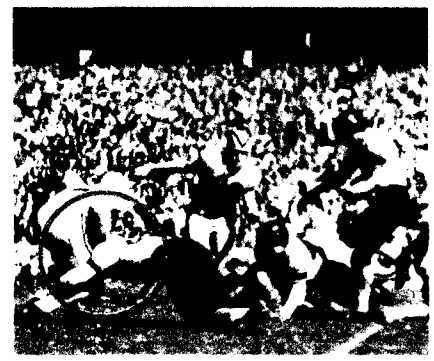
65th All-America

EDITOR: An interesting facet of Collier's 65th All-America (Dec. 10th) is that 10 of the 11 players come from the states in which their colleges are located. Perhaps it is a sign of sanity in football, indicating that schools are not recruiting all over the lot.

LESTER LEBER, Locust Valley, N.Y.

. . . Bill Fay stated that Army defeated Michigan 26 to 0, but the actual score was 26 to 7. And in the picture (below) showing Dick Moegle of Rice carrying the ball against Vanderbilt, the Rice blocker (circled) is using his hands illegally on offense.

GARY SHIVELY, Portsmouth, Ohio



Referee, penalties all around!

Mail Called

EDITOR: After reading Collier's Letters (Dec. 10th) on Alan Paton's series, The Negro in America Today, I can only say that often I am ashamed to be a Southerner. A Missouri reader stated that his background dated from Plymouth Rock and that he believes the white race will always be superior to the colored. Has he forgotten that the reason the Pilgrims came to Plymouth was to escape from the very persecution we are now heaping upon the Negro? MRS. NANCY WILLIAMS, Pasadena, Cal.

. . . I felt sick after reading some of the letters. Where do they get off saying that no two men are created equal, or that white people are better than colored? I believe in segregation, but I also believe that the colored are as good as the white and that they should have their chances at higher education. MRS. ROY SCRIBNER, Vanderbilt, Texas

. . . Segregation of the races may be unchristian, but at what time in America was it not practiced? Miscegenation or segregation—which will *you* choose? . . . J. GORDON SIMPSON, Mulberry, Fla.

. . . The Negro wants to be the white man's brother, not his brother-in-law. . . . E. MARTIN JAKE, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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$40,000.00

SEND $2 DONATION

With Puzzle Answer and Qualify to Win

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A FORTUNE FOR SOMEONE!

We're going to give away $40,000.00, and soon! Besides the GRAND AWARD of $10,000.00, there will be 399 other cash awards. 2nd Prize is $6,000.00, 3rd Prize is $3,000.00, 4th Prize is $2,500.00, and 5th Prize is $2,000.00. If you have never "hit the jackpot," here is a puzzle made to order for you. It's exciting; it's thrilling; and the rules are crystal-clear. ACT NOW, for here's an opportunity you may never have again!

Help Build this Urgently Needed Hospital in Seattle

In our previous Hospital contests, thousands of generous persons contributed over $350,000.00; and $50,000.00 IN CASH AWARDS WAS PAID BACK TO 400 LUCKY WINNERS. The Hospital now owns a 35-acre site, and has at present in the bank sufficient cash to justify immediate plans for the building of the first 200-bed unit of the Hospital. Our Trustees are now faced with the gigantic task of raising an additional 2 million dollars in the next few months.

The Northwest Memorial Hospital invites the support of our friends and well-wishers everywhere. Your donation will provide you with the satisfaction of having supported this Hospital which is so urgently needed by the people of Seattle, with the added opportunity to WIN A SMALL FORTUNE WHICH CAN BE AS MUCH AS $10,000.

ENTER WITH CONFIDENCE

G. F. Gemeroy, supervisor of this contest, was named "AMERICA'S FAVORITE CONTEST SPONSOR" for 1953-1954 by the National Contesters Association.

Gemeroy contests have been declared legal and lawful. Judge Felix Medina, presiding over the Federal Court, Southern District of New York, declared: "G. F. Gemeroy's business of conducting, managing and supervising fund raising campaigns, through the medium of puzzle contests, is a lawful business entitled to protection in equity."

ALL Gemeroy contest awards are paid promptly and in full! At the close of the contest, every entrant will receive a complete list of prize winners, plus a reproduction of the actual prize-winning puzzle solution.

PRIZE MONEY NOW ON DEPOSIT! The magnificent sum of $40,000 is *now on deposit* at the Seattle 1st National Bank, ready to be paid to winners of this puzzle contest.

MASTER WORD LIST

AKRON	ELMA	KENT	QUAY
ALBANY	EMME	KIROV	RACINE
AMAZON	ENZELI	LHASA	ROHATYN
APACHE	ERIE	LOGAN	RUMMEL
BEAVER	EUREKA	LOWELL	SALEM
BETHEL	FAIRFAX	MIAMI	SEATTLE
BOZEMAN	FELLIN	NOHANT	STALIN
CANTON	GHENT	OAKLAND	TACOMA
CHICAGO	GIZEH	OGDEN	TAFT
CHOATE	HELENA	OLNEY	THUR
DENVER	HIERA	OMAHA	XANTHUS
DESOTA	HODGE	ORION	YORK
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A BRAND-NEW FUN-PUZZLE CONTEST

No dictionaries or reference books needed. Everything is right here. You know exactly what words to use and how to spell them. There is no worry or uncertainty about it. MATCH YOUR SKILL IN THIS THRILLING "BATTLE OF WITS" WITH PUZZLERS EVERYWHERE.

$10,000.00 GRAND AWARD

ENTER NOW— HERE'S HOW!

To solve this easy puzzle, fill in all the blank white squares on the puzzle chart with individual letters to spell 30 different interlocking words. Use only words selected from the 50-word Master List. Spell from top to bottom for vertical words, and from left to right for horizontal words. The 18 Key Letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions shown. *No word to be used more than once.*

Starting with the 6-letter horizontal word section at the top left corner, select a 6-letter word with "A" as fourth letter. Next, choose a 4-letter vertical word that begins with the last letter of your top-left word. To help you get a good start, it's easy to see that "ALBANY" is the 6-letter word to use in this position. Proceed in the same manner until all the blank letter squares are filled.

Each letter used is given a definite point value (see letter chart), and all interlocking letters are allowed triple (3 times) value. It is not necessary to show separate values in each letter square. Note—Triple-value letter spaces have all been circled. To compute each of the subtotals in the long-ladder-like column at the right, add together the letter values in each horizontal path or row. (Study example chart to see how these totals are obtained.) The GRAND TOTAL, being the total of the horizontal line totals, MUST be added together and shown at the bottom in the space marked "GRAND TOTAL". In other words, the GRAND TOTAL is simply the total value, added together, of all the letters used in all the letter squares in the entire puzzle, not forgetting the triple values where such occur.

The object of the puzzle, when ALL the blanks have been filled, is simply to obtain the highest possible Grand Total when these horizontal sub-totals have been added together. Pen, pencil or typewriter may be used. Residents of the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest.

TIEBREAKER MAILED IMMEDIATELY

Each and every person who submits a solution with a score within 25 points of the Correct High Grand Total, accompanied by a donation of $2 for the Hospital Fund, will be eligible to proceed at once to the Main Event Tiebreaker without a further donation. The Tiebreaker will be the same style as this Initial Puzzle, but will be larger and will require more words. To break the ties, consecutive puzzles—not to exceed two more—will be employed.

The same day your puzzle solution is received, we will send back by First Class Mail your Main Event Tiebreaker, accompanied by complete rules and instructions.

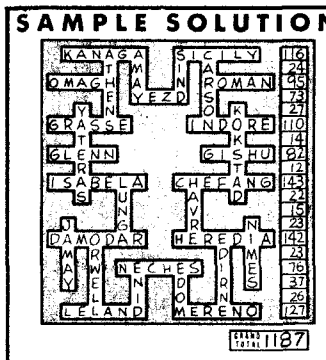
In this same letter, you will also receive a full explanation as to the Special Options available whereby you have the opportunity to increase your Prize up to the maximum Grand Award of $10,000.00. REMEMBER NO ADDITIONAL DONATION BEYOND YOUR INITIAL $2 WILL BE NECESSARY AT ANY TIME TO PARTICIPATE RIGHT TO THE END OF THE CONTEST.

Start working the Puzzle now. When completed send your solution with $2 donation to the NORTHWEST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION, MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. In a few weeks *you* may have the thrill of winning a big CASH AWARD up to $10,000.00.

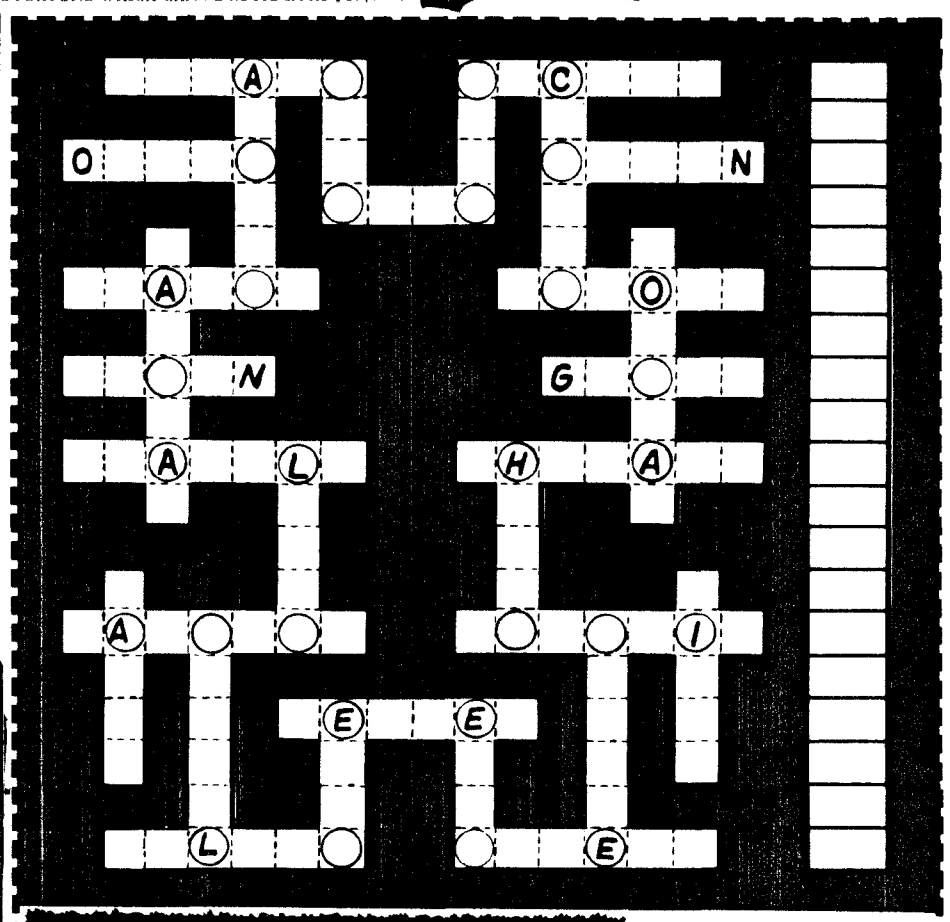
LETTER VALUES

A — 5
B — 8
C — 6
D — 7
E — 5
F — 8
G — 5
H — 9
I — 5
J — 8
K — 6
L — 9
M — 6
N — 6
O — 6
P — 7
Q — 8
R — 4
S — 6
T — 8
U — 4
V — 9
W — 4
X — 9
Y — 9
Z — 9

SAMPLE SOLUTION



This example solution illustrates how the words interlock and shows the manner in which the subtotals are obtained. The words used are all different from the Master List and of course cannot be used in your puzzle solution.



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GRAND TOTAL

Send addressed stamped envelope for large size extra puzzle charts if you need them.

I have shown above my Grand Total for this Crossword Puzzle and also enclose my $2 donation for the Northwest Memorial Hospital. It is understood the Main Event Tiebreaker will be forwarded by return mail provided my answer is within 25 points of the Correct Total. DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES: March 25, 1955.

Name .....

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City or P. O. ..... *State or Prov.* .....

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

So here we are plunging into a new year with the country just the same as it was before the defeated candidates started warning us of dire consequences if they weren't elected. Can't trust anybody these days.

★ ★ ★

On the opposite sides of a mountain near Staunton, Virginia, live sisters —Miss Amanda Dehart and Mrs. Emma Dawson, a widow. They live alone. The harsh cries of the outside world enter neither home. Telephone lines have not yet climbed their mountain. Yet they are in daily communication. That's because Mrs. Dawson has a dog—Sprig. Mrs. Nell Barbere, of Roanoke, feels sure you'll be

IRWIN CAPLAN

warmed to know that Sprig trots daily from the Dawson to the Dehart house with a message tied to his collar. There he has his lunch, inspects the premises and, finding everything in order, trots home with sister Amanda's answer.

★ ★ ★

The coming of the new year has failed to gladden the heart of Mr. Ed Scarlett. His neighbor (a parakeet voice trainer) in Baltimore, Maryland, said: "Well, Ed, let us all work together to make the new year bigger, better, busier and bullier." But Mr. Scarlett was not to be bullied. Said he: "Probably gonna be the same old year with new license plates."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Dale Capron is not a clergyman. But he advises us that if he were, he would be guided by the words of his father, who was. In Montana, where Capron Senior did his preaching, he told his son: "A sermon should begin with a bang, end suddenly and the two should be close together. Pray briefly and simply. God must be tired of orations." Mr. Capron is a salesman in Indiana. He says the same advice holds good in his business.

★ ★ ★

There are those in Florida who idly think they can keep their activities secret from Mr. Jack Stark, of Coral Gables. Silly of them. Take the nearby merchant, for example. Merchant sends out statements to delinquent customers. No response. Then another statement—tripling the amount due. Enraged customers canter in, waving bills, demanding satisfaction. Merchant begs them to calm down while he has a look at the books. Then, apologetically, he says bookkeeper made a mistake and asks would irate customer care to make a settlement then and there for one third the amount? They would. Most do.

★ ★ ★

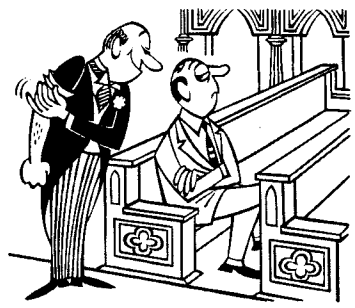
Old 48 rose to pretty dizzy oratorical heights the other day while talking to Mr. James A. Quigney. Subject, How to Govern a Small Town. Mr. Quigney is one of Collier's resourceful photo editors and we must say that seldom if ever has this political how-to-do-it pundit had a more attentive audience than Mr. Quigney. "Take your town, for example," old 48 shouted. "Sure," said Mr. Quigney; "I live in Stewart Manor, Long Island." Whereat we proceeded to tell him how the place should be run. But before we had finished, Mr. Quigney said he had to get back to work. "But thanks anyway," said he. "I'll try to remember what you've said. Incidentally, I'm mayor of Stewart Manor."

★ ★ ★

The Maine State Grocers Association is imploring the legislature to permit a grocer to grab anyone inside his store whom he catches stealing. Present law says a grocer may stop a shoplifter only after the latter has left the premises, and logically adds that it's hard to say what will happen inside while the owner is chasing canned-goods lifters down the street.

★ ★ ★

A short course in congregational engineering was recently offered by the University of Mississippi. We asked Major Fred Sullens, of Jackson, to look into it for us. The major reports the course is aimed at teaching church ushers how to avoid "psychological booby traps in congregational receptions." For example, how to handle



visiting VIPs and how to deal with "new-end sitters"—the ladies and gentlemen who insist on sitting at the entrance to the pews for later comers to stumble over. Major Sullens, a veteran church usher, is the author of several best sellers on proper usher attire and the use of the boutonniere by congregational engineers. ▲▲▲

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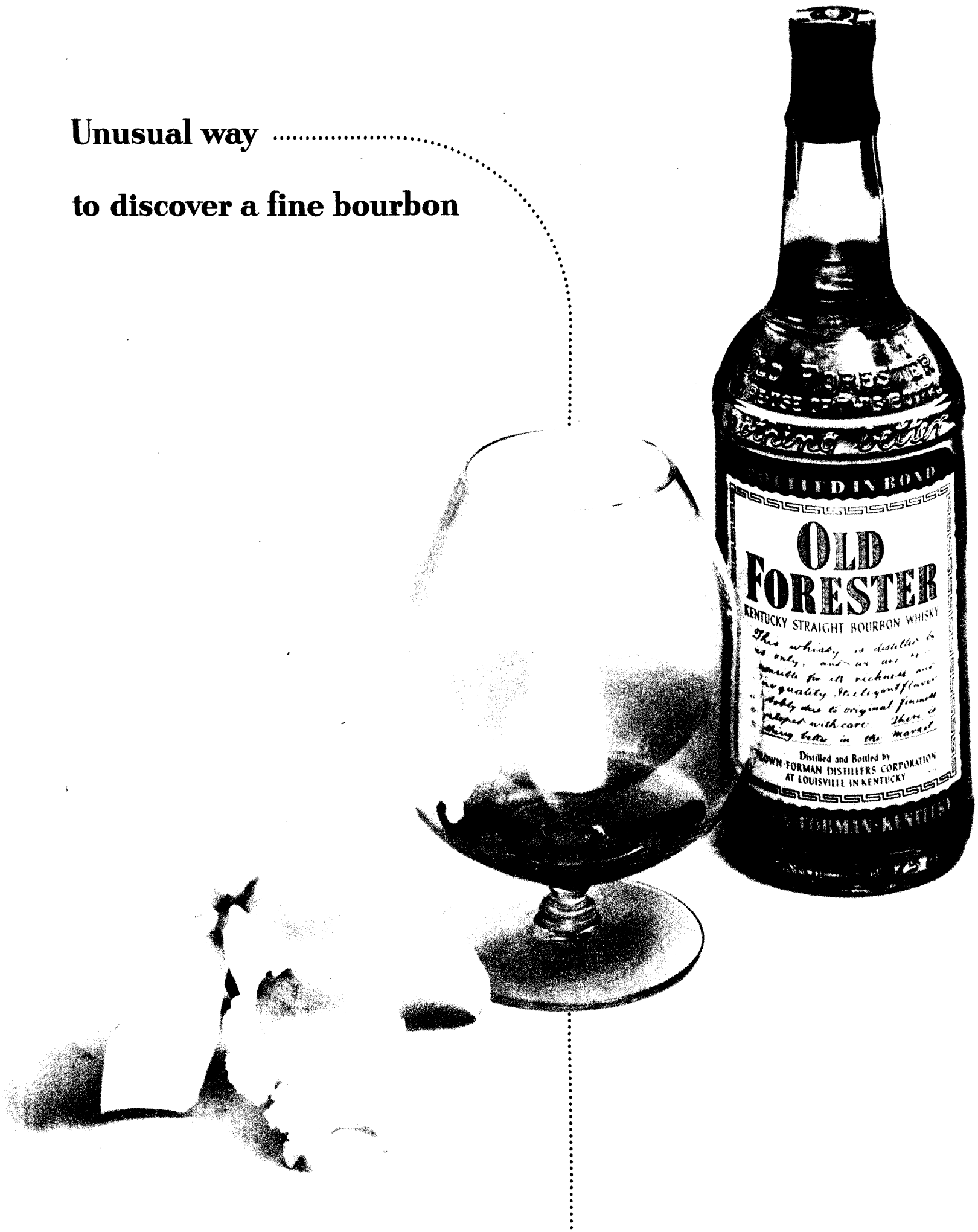
Unusual way

to discover a fine bourbon



Old Forester in a snifter? Unusual, yes, but an interesting way to prove how wonderful a bourbon this is. Pour a few ounces of Old Forester into a snifter, the special glass that sharpens your taste judgment and most fully captures the aroma of this remarkable bourbon. Sipping slowly, you'll discover Old Forester's pleasant bouquet and full 100-proof flavor...you'll enjoy the rare excellence that explains why *only* Old Forester suggests such a test... and you'll know why it is constantly said of Old Forester, "There is nothing better in the market."

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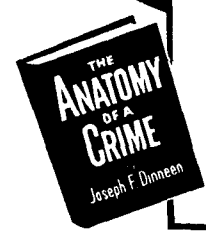

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COWARD in the CONGO

Native tom-toms beat out the news of his coming: "White hunter . . . no guts . . . white hunter . . . no guts." But he fooled 'em all. He drew a bead on the buffalo and—

By ART BUCHWALD

DEEP down in every writer lies the horn of the hunter. To most people it may sound like gas on the stomach, but when a writer hears it, he knows Africa is calling. There was a time, many years ago, when to be a writer all you had to do was write. Today if you want to be a writer you have to shoot a big-game animal. You've got to go to the Dark Continent and prove you're a lion among men, a killer of kudu, a butcher in the bush and a fearless fellow in the forest.

While covering the European scene for the New York Herald Tribune in the last year I have been insulted by friends and strangers. "Hemingway has killed his leopard," they say, "Ruark has killed his lion. Pray, what have you killed?"

Last summer I began to feel the pressure even at home. My wife would never come out and say anything, but I could tell by the little things that all was not going well. Finally, after an unexpected outburst of tears, she told me what was bothering her. "We've been married for more than two years," she said, "and you don't have a trophy to your name. Everyone is laughing at me. They ask me what you do and when I tell them they say, 'If he's a writer, what's the name of his white hunter?' "

I tried to comfort her, but I knew I had failed her. I knew if I wanted our marriage to last I could no longer keep the killer instinct down inside me, next to my ulcer. I could no longer ignore the horn of the hunter.

I picked up the phone and called Sabena Airlines.

"Let me have two tickets to the Congo."

"Why two tickets?" my wife asked.

"You have to come with me to take pictures of my trophies. All the wives do it."

"I'm not going," she said. "I can't stand the sight of your blood. Take Joe Covello. He's a photographer and he can give you moral support. Besides he'll make a wonderful gin bearer."

"Gin?"

"You heard me."

It's funny she should have mentioned Covello. The last I had heard from him, he was in Rome photographing Italian movie stars on leopard skins. He probably knew a great deal about animals by now, and I was sure he would welcome a change. Besides, this safari would give him an opportunity to photograph animals in the flesh, instead of vice versa.

Covello seemed reluctant to leave his work, but he did admit he was running out of leopard skins, and Africa seemed like a good place to replenish his supply.

We flew directly to Stanleyville, our yellow fever shots tingling in our arms, our eyes glassy from typhoid serum, our hands shaking from the effects of quinine pills. Even before we landed I could hear the native tom-toms beating out a message. "White hunter . . . no guts . . . white hunter . . . no guts."

In Stanleyville we took a taxi to the office of José Ingels & Son, who operate a company called Congo Safari. Ingels is no stranger to the safari

"Yellow Hunter" Buchwald and his kill: it wasn't a buffalo, but it was his very own

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business. He took John Huston out in search of wild boar, he took Katharine Hepburn out in search of wild crocodiles and he took Humphrey Bogart out in search of a drink. During the shooting of the movie The African Queen, he saw that Lauren Bacall had 45 bottles of soda water a day for her bath, and he killed hundreds of mosquitoes on producer Sam Spiegel's back. Ingels is a good man for a tough job.

I stuck out my trigger finger and we shook hands.

"Do you have any safaris for cowards?" I asked Ingels.

"Not at the moment," he replied. "I've got a group of 35 Americans, the oldest eighty-seven, who are going to the Albert National Park to take some movies. I could put you on that."

I was about to sign up when Covello reminded me I had to kill an animal.

"Oh, you want to *kill* something," Ingels said, putting on his pith helmet. "Well, you've come to the right place. The Belgian Congo is full of wild game. We can offer anything you want. What about a lion?"

"Is it dangerous?"

"Heavens, no. Except of course if the creature is hiding in the bush, or if you wound him or have to follow him into the dense undergrowth. Or if the female is trying to protect her cubs, or if the lion thinks he's cornered and wants to make a fight of it, or if you attack the male and the female tries to sink her claws in you. But on the whole lion hunting isn't dangerous."

"What else do you have?"

Why Elephant Hunting Is So Much Fun

"How about a nice pachyderm? Elephants are great fun, particularly if they know they're being hunted and decide to hunt the hunter. You have to get right up to an elephant to get in a good shot and naturally he'll charge if he sees you. He'll put up his flappy ears and head straight at the man with the gun. If you don't kill him on the first shot it may be your last.

"When he gets on top of you he'll grab you with his trunk and smash you against a tree or the ground. Then he'll either trample on you or gut you with his tusks. Once he thinks you're dead he'll cover you up with leaves or grass. Elephants always give their victims a proper funeral. I must warn you of one thing. It will cost you $200 for a license if you want an elephant."

"Two hundred dollars," I said thoughtfully. "That's not too bad, considering you get a burial and everything. But don't you have something a little more my size?"

Ingels measured me around the waist.

"You can try for rhino if you wish, but rhinos usually attack without provocation and there is not much to shoot at, once one is coming toward you. You'll be a big man if you shoot a rhino.

"Then there's always leopard. I'll bet you'd like to bring your wife back a nice leopard coat. Shooting leopards in the Congo is a praiseworthy business and the natives will be grateful if you do it. But leopards are not easy to find. They've been known to hide in trees and jump on you as you walk under them. They'll rip you to bits with their claws. Even if they just scratch you, some people say, the poison in their talons can kill you. But they do make wonderful coats."

Ingels ran down the list of other game. He mentioned hartebeest, waterbuck, sassabies, red and black lechwes, Vardon cob, Thomas cob, impala buck, bushbuck, oribis, klipspringer, wart hogs, Livingstone eland, bongos, topis, Neuman cob and scaly anteaters.

"You are not permitted to hunt gorillas," he said. "They're protected by law."

It was the first good news I had heard all day.

Finally it was decided by Ingels and Covello that I would shoot a buffalo. The buffalo is the meanest, most thieving, card-cheating, wife-stealing animal in the Congo. But Covello tried to be encouraging. "The buffalo isn't as dangerous as everyone makes him out to be. Statistics prove that in the United States more Americans are killed in automobile accidents than are killed by buffalo."

Ingels arranged to send us out with his son, a strapping twenty-five-year-old lad who would be in charge of our porters, buy our food, take care of our transportation, guns and camping equipment, and tell us true stories of other hunting safaris.

Before we left Stanleyville, Ingels and his son took me to be outfitted. They bought me regulation shorts, a bush jacket, a slouch hat, a toothbrush and a bottle of gin. There was no doubt about it, I was dressed to kill.

We loaded the car with mosquito netting and first-aid equipment and—as is the custom with anyone who is going out hunting for the first time—I was asked to pay Ingels in advance. "The executors of the estate are sometimes reluctant to pay," Ingels explained apologetically.

It is 250 miles as the crow flies from Stanleyville to Irumu. No crow would make it if he went by car. The road twists and turns through the rain-soaked Ituri forest, and the elephants, which have a habit of sitting in the middle of the road, are neither frightened nor impressed by an automobile horn. The law of the jungle reads that under all conditions an elephant has the right of the way, and in the few recorded cases where the driver and the elephant have both lost their tempers, the elephant has always come out on top.

As an added attraction on the safari, we stopped off at a Pygmy camp to take pictures. It cost us only twenty dollars each, but the Pygmies warned us if we made any post cards from the photos they wanted royalties on the sales.

In Irumu we found the white hunter. His name was Alex Pierrard and in six years he had bagged more than 100 elephant, lion, leopard, rhino and pythons. His walls were jammed with trophies and you couldn't walk on the floor without slipping on an antelope or leopard skin. He had rhino horns for ash trays and elephant tusks for coat racks, and wild boar heads for doorstops. Pierrard was a white hunter to give any yellow hunter confidence.

Young Ingels explained to Pierrard that I was after buffalo, and the white hunter, who noticed that the left side of my face was twitching, looked surprised.

"I can find you all the buffalo you want," Pierrard said. "But are you sure you want to do it? It's pretty risky business, particularly if you've never hunted them before."

"See here, sir," said Covello. "We know it's risky business and that's why we're out here. If you don't want to take us we'll find another white hunter."

I tried to shut Covello up, but he was very indignant. "It just so happens my friend here is one of the best shots in Paris. Just because his face is twitching and he's cowering behind your couch is no reason for you to become insulting. My friend wants a buffalo in the worst way and he's determined to pay for it."

Pierrard apologized and said he would arrange porters and would borrow a *tipoye*—a carrying chair for rough travel—as we had a great deal of country to cover. "If it's buffalo you want," he said, "it's buffalo you're going to get."

The next morning we started out bright and early to find a camp. We hired 25 porters at 20 cents per head. They were in the truck with the supplies and we followed in a station wagon. Our first inkling that all would not go well on the safari came when the truck, which was being towed on a raft across a fast-moving river, sank to the muddy bottom. We saved the porters and the supplies, but it took us two days to get the truck out of the river. It was heartbreaking work, particularly when I thought about the porters costing me 20 cents a day.

We finally made camp and I was given a tent to myself and my own Gideon Bible. These modern safaris think of everything.

The best part of hunting in Africa is camping out. There—underneath an autumn moon, with a large roaring fire and the companionship of good fellows, large safari ants and malaria-ridden mosquitoes feeding on what little there is left after the scorpions get finished with you—a man is at peace with the world.

Over warm beer and pickled elephant ears, we talked the talk of men—the animals we had shot, the women we had known, the Marilyn Monroe pictures we had seen.

The Preparations Included Splints

Pierrard cleaned and oiled the guns, Covello and Ingels practiced making tourniquets and splints in case anything went wrong, and the natives argued amongst themselves who was going to draw my bath the next morning.

It was a pleasant evening, and I thought to myself, perhaps for the last time, that it was good to be alive.

The next morning Pierrard and I went out to find my buffalo. The porters carried me for three miles in the *tipoye* and my gunbearer walked by my side. I had intended to shoot my buffalo from the seat, but Pierrard wouldn't permit it. Besides, if the buffalo charged and the porters ran, I would be caught with my *tipoye* down.

So the white hunter, the beaters, my gunbearer and I went into the savanna on foot. About seven o'clock we sighted a herd. We dropped down on our bellies and Pierrard indicated it was time to

Buchwald hits the Hemingway

Natives (Pygmies, yet!) surround Buchwald. . . .

To give game a break, author removes glasses. . . .

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f the estate are sometimes reluctant to pay," he said apologetically

crawl forward. I kept thrashing with my arms and legs but I wasn't going anywhere and finally Pierrard made the beaters pull me along. We got within 60 yards and then Pierrard whispered:

"That's your boy."

He pointed to the largest bull in the herd, the meanest, cruelest hunk of fauna in the entire green hills of Africa. He had horns the size of two curved Eiffel Towers, and a face that could stop Big Ben. His hump was slightly smaller than Mount Everest and each shoulder looked like the front of the Super Chief. To top it off he had Native Dancer's legs.

I tried to crawl away but Pierrard held me by the belt.

"Let's forget the whole idea," I whispered. "Live and let live, I always say."

"It's too late now. You better take him. Bust him between the neck and the chest."

I got up on one knee and sighted. I squeezed the trigger slowly.

You think a lot of things when you're about to kill your first buffalo. You remember a lot of people who have been close to you.

As I squeezed the trigger I thought about the boys at Toots Shor's and how we used to sit around together with Leo Durocher, Joe DiMaggio, Bill O'Dwyer, Bob Considine and Tallulah Bankhead.

I thought about my good friends Leonard Lyons, Earl Wilson and Ed Sullivan and how we used to hunt items together in much darker places than Africa.

I thought about Sherman Billingsley. Good old Sherm. I knew I was going to miss him, even though he used to throw me out of the Stork Club every night. Well, that's not exactly true. He never let me in.

I thought of Elsa Maxwell and what a fine buffalo hunter she would make if only she took it seriously. I thought of Walter Winchell and the many Sunday nights we used to stay up together, he in his radio studio and I in my home in Forest Hills. I fervently wished he and Lenny Lyons would stop feuding.

I kept squeezing the trigger.

I thought of Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons, who had gone after much bigger game than I had, and had Hollywood's finest collections of shrunken heads of movie stars and producers.

I thought of Aly Khan and Rubi Rubirosa and the wonderful trophies they had collected during the years.

There was so much to think about and I kept squeezing and squeezing.

The Mystery of the Vanishing Buffalo

All of a sudden, just before I got to Jane Russell, the gun went off. For a second I was blinded but when I looked up the buffalo was gone.

"I got him, I got him!" I shouted.

"The hell you did," said Pierrard. "You missed him by a mile."

"But I hit something. I could hear the thud."

"You hit a Thomas cob antelope which was standing two hundred yards to the right of the buffalo. Let's have a look."

We crawled up to the animal and found him dead. I had shot him true and straight and he had died brave and strong. I fainted.

The gunbearers and porters whooped for joy.

They threw the antelope on the carrying chair and then they threw me over the antelope and carried the whole mess into camp.

Covello was waiting for us at the camp.

"Where's the buffalo?" he asked.

"I was about to shoot one," I explained, "when I saw this Thomas cob. They're very rare and Pierrard insisted I shoot it instead. What could I do? Buffalo are a dime a dozen, but have you ever seen a Thomas cob like that? He charged me and I had time for only one shot. Fortunately I got him in the chest, right smack in the heart."

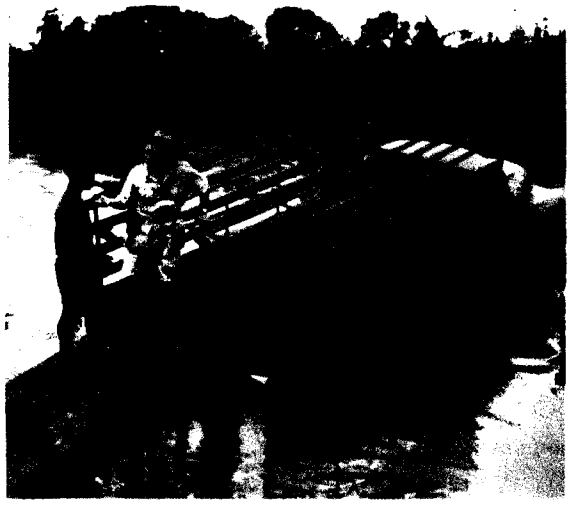
Pierrard nodded his head, and the gunbearers didn't speak any English.

The porters gave me the tail of the cob as well as the horns and carried me on their shoulders to the airport in Irumu. It took only a half day, so I was in my rights when I paid them only 10 cents each.

I'm back in Europe now and I can already tell the difference. People are now saying, "Hemingway killed his leopard, Ruark killed his lion and Buchwald killed his Thomas cob."

Now that I'm a full-fledged writer I'm even thinking of writing a book. I've got a great idea for one, about an old man who goes fishing off the coast of Cuba by himself, and catches the biggest fish in the sea only to have the sharks eat it before the old man can get it back to shore. I haven't got a title for it yet, but it should make a whale of a story.

rail and, a mighty (scared) hunter he, meets the challenge of Africa on his own terms



A crisis in the jungle: the truck sinks. . . . Faithful bearer stands by as author relaxes. . . . Scanning horizon, author bites his nails

There's nothing as refreshing as a jungle bath . . . unless it's a drink with your white hunter. . . . Then the hard trek back to Irumu

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

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I Believe in Living Rich

By MARGARET CHASE

Tons of money were at stake, the boss was wild, heads were about to roll. My, it was fun to be a player in the Advertising game!

THIS is my sophomore work report for Ad Pro, my major at Alterne College. I am supposed to evaluate the experience of being employed by the Dunster-Beasley Advertising Agency for two twelve-week periods. It's all over now. The wounds have stopped aching.

The work-study program of Alterne College provides alternating occupations: first, study on campus; next, a job in a related field off campus; then back to college again. This program helps the student select a career.

We are expected to diagnose difficulties and suggest action, embracing the imponderables.

(Private note to Prof. Chester, teacher of Advertising Procedures: I am not sure what the imponderables were, but there was a surprising amount of embracing last night. I did not suggest it, however. Signed: Pixie.)

Diagnosis: Dunster-Beasley suffers from nervous eruptions like a volcano, crisis bursting upon crisis like lava. Suggestion for action: girls, marry an advertising man if you get the chance, provided you like a life as dizzy as someone in a dream, falling from a height but never smashed.

I began to work at D-B on the first of July. I roomed at the Y.W. The first day I wore an absolutely adorable new princess-style cotton dress of hyacinth blue, knee-length red wool socks, my sorority pin and two fraternity pins. I believe in living rich. I'll never die rich.

Murphy Something, the office manager, was my boss. I never did understand his last name. He is a small, pale, well-dressed man who kids all the girls in the hall, holding them by one earring. He is always saying, "Damn! Why can't I get any co-operation around here?" He's been married about three times.

Evaluation of Murphy: very little spiritual quality.

He towed me along the hall by my left earring. "Pixie," he said, "you don't know from nothin', so I'll put you wherever there's an empty desk."

"Can I choose? I like art."

"Sure, long as you choose what you're going to get. I'll give you to Arnott. He's the sharpest one of the art directors."

"Is he nice? Is he married?"

"No, neither one. He's as romantic as a lawn mower. He'll cut you to ribbons if you make a mistake. His artists turn out the best comps in the shop. Might as well get some work out of you for your forty a week."

"I need it. Alterne is the only college I could afford to go to, on account of my dad is a poor minister out West in Sunset City." I moved my head and the earring broke.

"Don't gab so much. Arnott will kill you."

Naturally I was scared when we went into Mr. Arnott's big room. He sat at a desk, comparing two layouts, while a tall boy stood watching his expression anxiously.

"Arnott, this is Pixie Dent, the trainee from Alterne College," Murphy said.

The art director looked at me with the keenest gray eyes you ever saw. Really a good-looking young man, but I had been warned so much I went all ridiculous. My heart knocked like a woodpecker, and I could feel my face getting red.

"Budgie," Mr. Arnott said to me, "you can have a drawing table in the bull pen between Alec and Axel. This boy is Axel. He made a comp yesterday that was three sixteenths of an inch too narrow, so he came in at six o'clock this morning to do it over. This one is fine, Axel."

Axel smiled at me, picked up the two comps, and tore one of them in two. I backed away in silent horror even before he looked down and uttered a loud moan. He had torn up the good one.

Murphy burst out laughing. Axel rushed out of the room ready to cry.

"He can repair it," said Mr. Arnott patiently. "Trottie, you just got your first lesson. Watch what you're doing all the time. Ever box with a kangaroo?"

"You mean me?"

Mr. Arnott grinned. "This place is much like boxing with a kangaroo. Great fun, especially for the spectators, but if you look away for a second, he knocks you flat."

An office boy came in with some proofs for Mr. Arnott to okay. He studied them and signed his initials.

"How do you like this picture for Gray Pharmaceutical?" He showed me a photograph of a druggist in a white coat, standing beside a shelf full of bottles and cans. The druggist was looking attentively at a bottle in his hand. The caption was: GET THOSE SLOW MOVERS OFF THE SHELF!

"Wonderful!" I said tremulously, trying to be bright. "It's a dazzling idea that advertising influences all America. Not many people see the great paintings in the museums, but everyone will see that ad and be impressed by the cleanness and knowledge of the druggist. Advertising promotes greatness."

Murphy and Mr. Arnott raised their eyebrows at each other. "Mitzi, I hope your girlish enthusiasm survives the day," Mr. Arnott said.

He smiled so kindly that I rushed on: "It's a dazzling thought that we who work in advertising give the green leaves of our labor and the white flowers of our thought to the nation."

"Yep. But watch out for the kangaroo. I have to catch the noon plane to New York to buy some finished art. Can I trust you to do one job, Trottie?"

"You can."

"I've okayed this photograph for Gray Pharmaceutical, and Fryer from Traffic will come to get it. There is a label on one of the bottles that has to come off. Take it to the Photography Department and ask Prow to disguise it. Give him this note."

"Depend on me," *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

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Murphy towed me along the hall by my left earring. "Is the art director nice?" I asked him. "Is he married?"

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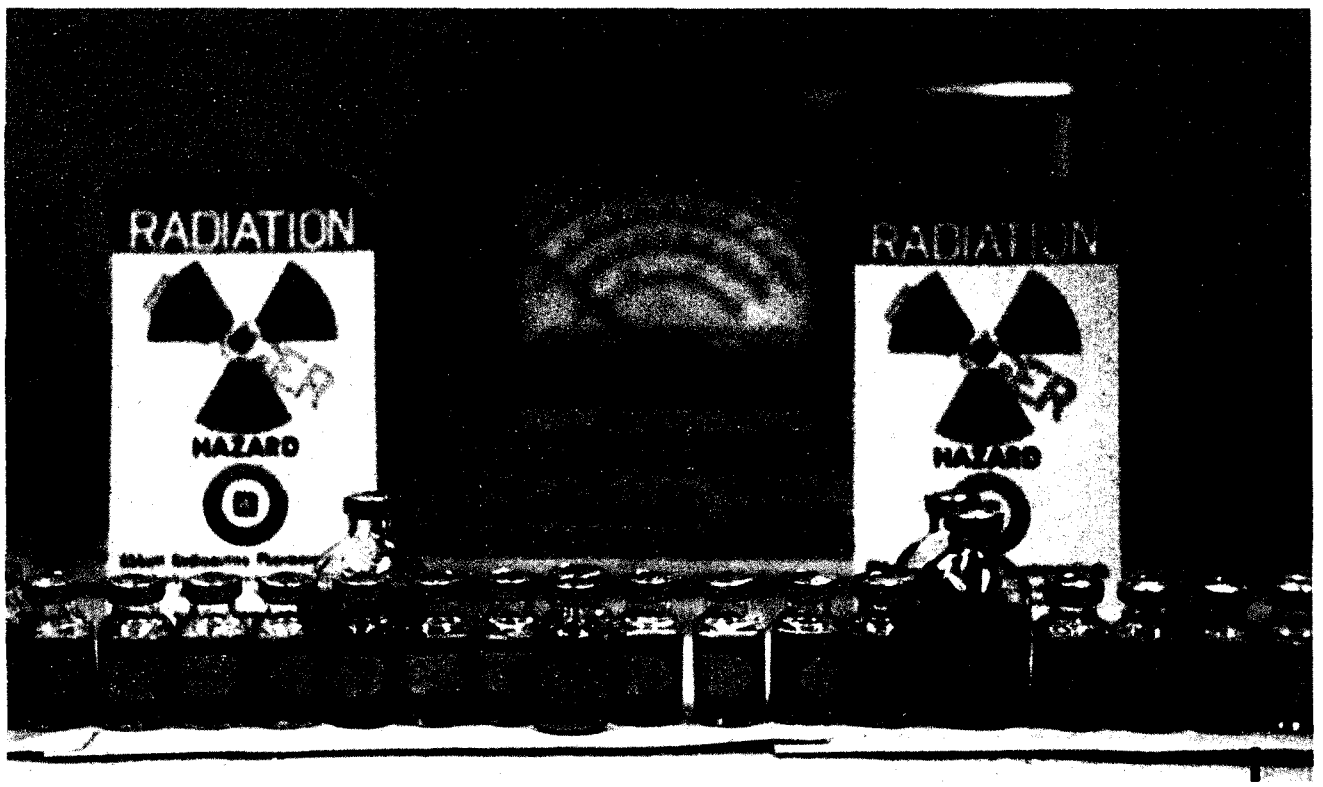
NOW—AN ATOMIC

But you'll find no aspirin or other familiar remedies in this shop. Its bottles



Here are medicines Oak Ridge atomic drugstore dispenses—radioactive drugs and chemicals that are helping doctors save thousands of lives. Meter is used to measure radioactivity

THE atomic age has been darkened by the shadow of death from the very beginning. Consequently, it is a pleasure to report that in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, capital city of this radioactive era, a funeral parlor has gone out of business for lack of customers and the quarters are now a place of hope—site of the first drugstore to dispense exploding atoms as healing and lifesaving medicines.

Billions of these explosions occur on a miniature scale. But, handled properly, they carry no danger of blowing up the patients who take the medicines, the doctors who write the prescriptions or the drugstore itself, which is tucked innocuously behind a low wire fence on an Oak Ridge side street.

The institution within the plain white concrete walls bears no resemblance to an ordinary drugstore. There are no clerks; no customers come to be waited on. Orders arrive by telephone, telegraph and mail from as far away as Argentina and Switzerland. Deliveries are made by air express direct from the beakers.

The stock includes no aspirin tablets, soda mints, cough drops or any of the other commonplace items drugstores usually dispense. Many of the items available have names few of us have ever heard: cesium, rubidium, yttrium, Aurcoloid, diiodoflorescein, tetraiodophenolphthalein.

Not just any doctor can order them. Of the more than 220,000 physicians registered in the United States, only about 1,500 have filed Atomic Energy Commission permits to write the required prescriptions. Furthermore, doses are measured not by ounces or by grams but by how many millions of atoms disintegrate within one second of time.

The atomic drugstore gets the raw ingredients for the medicines it dispenses not from drug-supply houses but from nearby X-10, the Atomic Energy Commission's workhouse atomic furnace at Oak Ridge.

In the fuel box of X-10 is the atomic fuel itself (uranium or plutonium), and scattered around the fuel in separate compartments are cartridges filled with other elements intended to be turned into radioisotopes—radioactive forms of natural elements. Two neutron bombardments occur in the furnace. The first breaks down the atomic fuel into complex combinations of radioisotopes which must be separated later by a chemical process. In the second, neutrons freed by the disintegrating atomic fuel are showered on the nonradioactive substances in the cartridges.

Ordinary iron is thus converted into radioactive iron, or radioiron; gold into radiogold; chromium into radiochromium. The bombardments transmute other ordinary substances into entirely different elements which are radioactive. Whether they come from fragments of the atomic fuel or are baked by the neutron showers as waves of heat bake bread in a stove, these radioisotopes are the medicines shipped all over the world by the Oak Ridge atomic drugstore.

"Alchemy while you wait" would be an appropriate legend for the glass front doors of this obscure establishment, which is officially known as the Oak Ridge Radioactive Isotope Division of the North Chicago pharmaceutical firm, Abbott Laboratories; in every bottle on its shelves, the changes which began in X-10 continue. Every radioisotope is constantly changing into another, different, isotope. Radiogold turns into mercury. Radiochromium changes to vanadium. Radiophosphorus decays into sulfur. Radioiodine transmutes to xenon.

Turmoil of Atoms Goes On Unceasingly

The pharmacists did not initiate this ceaseless turmoil, and they cannot stop it. The process is as hidden as it is mysterious because the newly created atoms are locked in with the survivors of their progenitors, like clinkers fused inside poorly burned lumps of coal in a furnace. This Siamese-twin existence of the quick and the dead is dramatized in a glass cylinder displayed on one of the drugstore's shelves.

"This is our atomic cow," the chief apothecary (plant manager), pink-thatched Geoffrey Gleason, told me. "It is radiostrontium. We feed the radiostrontium a chemical and it gives us radioyttrium milk."

Suspended in the chemical, the decaying radiostrontium filters through a string of mahogany-brown resin beads. As radioyttrium atoms form in the slowly descending solution, they drip at the rate of a few drops a day into a beaker below the transparent column. This "milk" actually is a clear liquid.

"Science can no more tell when an individual atom will decay than a doctor can predict when a particular person will die," Gleason explained. "But insurance companies which study vital statistics know that most people die by a certain age. And atomic scientists know that half the atoms in a given radioisotope will decay within a given time. We call this time a half life."

Gleason's "atomic cow" gives only a few drops of radioyttrium milk a day because the radiostrontium it springs from has a half life of 20 years. At the end of those 20 years, half of the radiostrontium will still be left, and 20 more years must pass before half of that half is gone.

The radioyttrium survives a much shorter time. Its half life is 65 hours. At the end of a week, most of it has become zirconium, a stable element which remains zirconium ever after.

All the while these transmutations are taking place, sparks of energy are being thrown off. Although they are invisible, these millions of twinkles can be felt and counted by scientific instruments. The fleeing energy of some elements is as harmless as the fiery snowflakes of a Fourth of July sparkler. The Oak Ridge drugstore sells these harmless

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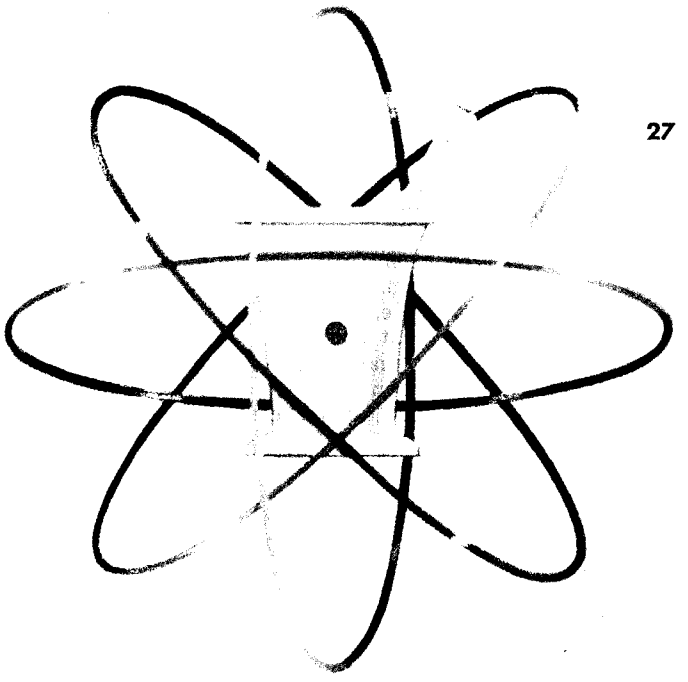
DRUGSTORE



are filled with exploding atoms

By JOHN LEAR

radioisotopes for use as diagnostic "dog tags." Injected into animals or humans, they serve as tracers and messengers whose reports on conditions within the body can be picked up by medical Geiger counters. The escaping sparks of other radioisotopes—gold and cobalt, for example—stab with deadly effect. They are the destroyers of cancer.

Unlike the usual small-town apothecary, who knows how his prescriptions affect the people in his neighborhood, Gleason rarely hears the outcome of his ministrations. He was consequently cheered to read the testimony of Dr. Seymour Kety, of the National Institutes of Health, at last summer's Congressional hearing on atomic energy's contribution to medicine.

Thousands of lives and millions of dollars have been saved, Dr. Kety said, by only one of the many uses of radioisotopic tags—in the preservation and transfusion of blood.

A Service for Our Wounded in Korea

Radioiron is the oldest of the blood tags, but it has been largely supplanted by newer products like albumin to which radioiodine has been added. (Albumin is the blood fraction that controls shock during bleeding.)

Throughout the Korean war, radioiodinated albumin was air expressed on regular schedule to the fighting front. There it was transfused in tiny amounts into the veins of wounded soldiers. Within minutes, Geiger-counter checks on a blood sample told how many pints of blood a man had left and how many more he needed to survive.

Radioiodinated albumin is the first atomic biological (natural substance of the human body) to be accepted officially by U.S. government medical authorities. Orders for it, like those for tritium (triple-weight hydrogen) and deuterium (double-weight hydrogen), are taken at the Oak Ridge shop and relayed to Abbott's parent laboratory at North Chicago for filling and delivery. Oak Ridge itself makes direct delivery of another isotope valuable to blood transfusions: radiochromate.

Radiochromate was flown from the Tennessee drugstore to the Newport, Rhode Island, naval hospital at intervals for two months after the aircraft carrier Bennington caught fire at sea last spring, killing 103 of the officers and crew and severely burning scores of others. The prescription was based on the knowledge that radiochromate, when transfused into the blood, is grabbed by the red cells and held as long as the cells live. Red cells exhaust themselves rapidly in trying to feed oxygen to tissues that are fighting suffocation from bad burns. From the radiochromate, the doctors got news of how the battle was going. When the news was bad, blood transfusions could be made in time.

In mid-September, 1954, America's 1,600,000 diabetics heard of a new discovery in which the atomic drugstore had played a part. One of its tagged hormones, insulin, was used by two University of Pittsburgh scientists, Dr. Arthur I. Mirsky and Gladys Perisutti—to uncover an enzyme of the liver. The scientists called the new substance insulinase because it destroys insulin.

Since diabetes is caused by a shortage of natural insulin in the bodies of its victims, insulinase may be the long-sought secret of that affliction. Hence a cure for diabetes—as opposed to mere control by repeated insulin injections—becomes a reasonable possibility for the first time. Like all mysteries of metabolism, the exact role of insulinase is not easy to trace. But one logical assumption is that if insulinase excretions in diabetics could be controlled—perhaps by diet—the victims might no longer need insulin injections.

With billions of telltale atoms disintegrating in every one of the pharmacy's bottles every second, it might be supposed that the perils of unseen radiation could be braved only by a force of robots. But the laboratory staff consists of 15 very lively young men and women.

The Man in the Flowered Aloha Shirt

Because everyone calls everyone else by his first name the only distinguishing mark of manager Gleason is a wild-flowered *aloha* shirt staring madly from under his long white laboratory coat. This blinding raiment disguises a quiet, mild-mannered, acutely shy man.

"Jeff" Gleason runs his peculiar establishment by suggestion. At every opportunity, he drags his lean frame into an empty corner to wrestle forth such wonders of atomic chemistry as radioactive thyroxin (the hormone the thyroid gland sends through our bodies to keep us moving), and radio-tagged gamma globulin (the blood fraction which immunizes us against specific diseases). Behind his contented back, the fast mail-order machinery clicks smoothly along under the even hand of stubby, affable Richard Leitner.

"The real trick of this business," Leitner told me, "is to buy just the right amount of the radioactive chemicals we compound into drugs of guaranteed strength and purity. We must keep enough

Lab technician Evelyn Skelton checks atomic disintegrations in various batches of drugs

Here's the stainless-steel skillet in which the lab people carry packaged radioactive drugs

Chemist prepares the medicines for shipment. Drugstore's orders come from all over world

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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A safety rule in the atomic drugstore: "If anything unexpected happens,

on hand to fill prescriptions, yet not enough for time to gobble our scant profits."

Radiocopper, for example, is used to study a rare nervous disease. The demand for it is not great. Only a little can be stocked at one time. But every 13 hours that little is reduced by half, and in its place is a thickening sludge of nickel and zinc.

Keeping exactly the right supply of such flighty elements is like holding onto a greased pig at a Sunday-school picnic. Leitner does it with mystifying success.

Since the temperamental, custom-built chemicals in X-10 can be extracted only once a week, when the atomic furnace shuts down to shake out clinkers at dawn on Mondays, he must order the radioisotopes he wants at least a week in advance.

Which amounts of what will be needed on the Monday after next? Leitner tots mentally in tune with the teletype printer which rattles orders from 20 branch offices of Abbott Laboratories across the country and from the boss of Abbott radiopharmaceuticals at North Chicago, Dr. Donalee L. Tabern.

As fast as they come in, the prescriptions are relayed orally on a squawk box by teletype attendant Ruth Felker.

"Dick," Ruth will call, "can Dr. Asper have some iodine for use on Monday morning?"

The name of Dr. Sam G. Asper, of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, is one of a number that have become familiar to all in the drugstore. Along with men like Dr. Solomon Silver of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, Dr. Henry L. Jaffe of Los Angeles, and a growing number of others, he is helping to perfect a treatment that will take atomic medicine into thousands of despairing homes: the homes of people left bedridden or helpless by heart attacks.

In the past, "atomic cocktails" of radioiodine have been drunk as a substitute for surgery for hyperthyroidism and thyroid cancer. The thyroid sops iodine like a sponge and with it manufactures a hormone, thyroxin. Radioiodine goes to the thyroid, too, and if there is enough of it, it destroys the gland.

Slowing the Body's Pace

A new "heart cocktail" has been described by Dr. Jaffe in the Journal of the American Medical Association. It, too, is of radioiodine, but in small doses. These slow down the secretions of the thyroid. The speed of the whole body is lowered as a consequence, and an overworked heart finds it easier to keep up with its pumping job.

The original observations of the chain of phenomena touched off by the "heart cocktail" were reported in 1951 by a group of New England doctors headed by Dr. Hermann L. Blumgart, professor of medicine at Harvard. By last June, according to a survey read to the 1954 A.M.A. convention, 48 clinics had tried the "cocktail" in 1,070 cases with marked success.

Of all the radioisotopes the Oak Ridge drugstore dispenses, radioiodine is the most demanded. Aside from its therapeutic value in thyroid and heart cases, it is widely used as a diagnostic tool. Compounds of radioiodine have been developed that can locate brain tumors, map cancers in the liver (the only vital organ which cannot be X-rayed), determine whether gall bladder trouble is due to gallstones and provide an amazingly quick and simple basal metabolism test (the patient just swallows a radioactive capsule).

Radiochromate's popularity and effectiveness were demonstrated in the Bennington disaster. There is a consistent demand, too, for radiocobalt needles and threads for treatment of cancers in the chest and abdomen. There are also calls for radiotagged amino acids (body-building blocks), sugars, fats, vitamins and carcinogens (provokers of cancer), whose action is traced in animal experiments. Frequent orders for two other radiodrugs are evident in the running chatter of the squawk box.

"Dick," Ruth will say, "Dr. Wallace in Harrisburg would like some phosphorus for use tomorrow morning. Is it okay?" Or, "Dick, can we give Dr. Elkins in Iowa City some gold for Monday?"

Radiophosphorus reduces excessive accumulation of red cells in the blood. Among the lives it has saved is that of the famed anti-Communist, Aloysius Cardinal Stepinac of Yugoslavia, who suffers from that condition. Radiogold colloid, one of the atomic drugstore's most-sought-after items, was developed by Dr. Paul Hahn at Vanderbilt University for certain types of tumor therapy.

Dick says "yes" or "no" to the orders, depending on available supplies, and the answers go right back on the teletype. If he doesn't recognize the name of the doctor who signs the wire, Dick asks Ruth to check it against some 1,500 AEC permits on file beside the teletypewriter. New doctors can get on the list (it has grown from 300 since the drugstore opened) only by acquiring experience under men already trained in atomic medicine.

In filling prescriptions, the atomic druggist must allow for the fact that part of the medicine will disappear between the time it is bottled and the time the doctor uses it. Some doctors make this allowance themselves in the orders they send in; others leave it to Leitner to make the adjustment.

A physician who wants 10 millicuries (a millicurie is 37,000,000 atomic disintegrations a second) of radiophosphorus for use tomorrow morning will actually be shipped 10½ millicuries at sundown tonight. The half life of radiophosphorus is 15 days, so the addition of one twentieth part of the dose will safely cover the one thirtieth decay that occurs in one day.

The half life of radiogold, on the other hand, is only 2.7 days. If an order calls for 200 millicuries of radiogold to be given to patients on Monday, 431 millicuries is shipped at nightfall Friday.

Not even the bills that go out from the drugstore are uniform. Radioisotopes intended to fight cancer are sold at an 80 per cent discount, and the AEC reimburses Abbott.

The drugstore's customers could obtain the raw radioisotopes directly from the AEC. In that event, however, the AEC would hold each customer individually responsible for purity, consistency and safe dosage. In buying the finished and tested drugs instead, the doctors and the hospitals are paying for accuracy and dependability.

Lab worker George Dagley packs radioactive remedies for shipment. Driver Lon Greene (in the background) will take them to Knoxville airport. Most will reach doctors within 18 hours

The Radioactivity Menace

Those qualities are not easy to maintain in the handling of everyday drugs in a conventional pharmacy. In the peculiar setting at Oak Ridge, they are incredibly difficult. The mere presence of radioactivity can wreck a formula that is otherwise foolproof.

Few outward signs betray the complexities of the atomic drugstore's labs, which are isolated by glass walls along one side of the building. There is nothing remotely resembling a leaden cave. Red rubber gloves are the closest anyone comes to an atom-repellent suit. The emergency regulations boil down to one spoken rule:

"If anything unexpected happens, act immediately or get out. Don't stand there and think."

There are, of course, the Geiger-counter monitors usual to all atomic installations. Everyone also wears a film badge, which gives evidence of exposure to radioactive danger.

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Flasks are shielded by small hoods of lead bricks. The white-frocked quartet who keep the labs going—Gil Young, Charles Estep, Charles White and George Dagley—do handle drugs with metal arms, fingers and tongs. But the general safety of the place lies in the law of physics which says that atomic radiation dies away in ratio to the square of distance.

New Use for Tea Strainer

The bright yellow strips of radiogold that are brought from the A-furnace, for example, are dumped from their heavy lead bottle through a dime-store tea strainer with a handle a yard long. If any examination is called for while the gold is being dissolved, evaporated and precipitated into colloid, the boys do the job with a ten-cent shaving mirror at the end of another yardstick. When the drug is bottled, ready to be boxed for delivery, the bottles are carried in a stainless-steel skillet with a handle as short as the one on the pan that fries your breakfast eggs.

For strangers to the atom's power (all but three of the drugstore staff were recruited within Tennessee and had no experience with radioactivity), these people are amazingly nonchalant. Every afternoon, the control expert, Evelyn Skelton, measures the millions of atomic disintegrations in successive drug batches against her standard yardsticks of radium and cesium as calmly as though she were threading sewing needles. Her casualness is twice deceptive, for the place is alive with activity other than radioactivity.

Stan Helton is on his knees on the stockroom floor cutting sheet lead into strips to nest the drug bottles when they are sealed into cans. Homer O'Dell checks the air-delivery routes. The office girls—Adeline Owen, Sara Parnell, Betty Wallace and Aileen Willis—fill out the last of the bills of lading (to save time at the express office) and the shipping stickers which proclaim: RUSH: EMERGENCY MEDICINE.

Every prescription received by 3:00 P.M. on a given day is on its way by sunset. The boxes are loaded in the back of the store's delivery truck and driver Lon Greene hurries off to the Knoxville airport. Barring accident or really dirty weather, the farthest domestic shipment will reach its destination by the following noon; most will arrive before 9:00 A.M.

Necessarily autonomous because of the drastic limits time imposes on its decisions, the Abbott pharmacy at Oak Ridge calls for nothing but a passing glance from Dr. Tabern at North Chicago. It is just as well that way, for Dr. Tabern has time for hardly more than a passing glance. So intensive is his salesmanship of atomic medicine that some people wonder whether he may not be radioactive himself.

"Tabern has isotopes not only on the tip of his tongue but distributed throughout his anatomy," James F. Stiles, Jr., chairman of Abbott's board of directors, told me. "If you trailed him with a Geiger counter," added Elmer B. Vliet, vice-president and scientific administrator for the firm, "you'd have a map of the United States."

Under these gibes is a quizzical respect. Dr. Tabern created the atomic drugstore practically single-handed. He did it in spite of heartbreaking obstacles.

The idea did not spring from Dr. Tabern fullgrown. In fact, it originated as a question in the mind of someone else. Dr. John Lundy, then chief of anesthesia at the Mayo Clinic, had made the original clinical use of Pentothal, the first intravenous anesthetic. He wanted to know how Pentothal worked, and although radioisotopes then—the early 1940s—were only freak offspring of the atom smashers, he had the vision to glimpse their future value as medical tracers. He asked Dr. Tabern, the Abbott research chemist who developed Pentothal, to tag the drug with radiosulfur. Dr. Lundy bought an isotope, but Dr. Tabern couldn't make his own formula work because of the radioactivity.

Chagrined that the Mayo doctor had spent $585.90 in prize money for the wasted isotope, Dr. Tabern went to isotope school. He then made radio-Pentothal, and he refined other radioisotopes. He organized a one-man special research department inside the Abbott firm. He drove 80 miles to and from the Chicago airport every working day to pick up and deliver his wares. He sold the radioisotopes himself, or gave them away for experiments. His one-man special department grew to a full-fledged department of radiopharmaceuticals.

Then he acquired a truck—the first truck Abbott's had owned since the company was born in 1888. And the atomic drugstore practically backed up to the truck.

Funeral Parlor Is Leased

The AEC and its medical research protégé, the Oak Ridge Institute for Nuclear Studies, desperately wanted reliable atomic drugs to administer to patients in its hospital. Thanks to Dr. Tabern, Abbott was the only established pharmaceutical house with any record of consistent interest. A block away and across the street from the hospital in Oak Ridge was the abandoned funeral parlor. Would Abbott lease it from the AEC (everything in Oak Ridge is owned by the AEC) and move in? Abbott would and did.

The atomic drugstore filled its first prescription on July 9, 1952. Its trade has doubled each year since. Moving off the Abbott drawing boards into construction contracts today are plans to triple the floor space by next summer, and it seems inevitable to AEC officials I have talked to that other atomic drugstores must soon arise.

The 1955 edition of the U.S. Pharmacopoeia, the American family doctor's bible of reliable drugs, may prove prophetic. That volume will list an atomic medicine—Abbott's radioiodine—for the first time in history. ♣ ♣ ♣

Lollobrigida:
PIN-UP ★ ★ ★

On two continents the smoldering stare and sumptuous sculpturing of Italian actress Gina Lollobrigida have become household conversation. But to Gina, the look men admire and women covet is just a happy disguise

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★ ★ ★ ★ OR

As a brawling Italian "heelbeely"

LAST fall, when Gina Lollobrigida came to America for the first time since her rocket-like rise to international movie stardom, the expected happened. Endless yards of photographers' film were exposed to the now-classic Lollobrigida Look—an awesome mixture of dignity and simmering appeal, tightly laced into satin and silver lamé. But the role she came to promote—that of a boisterous, barefoot Italian mountain girl in a movie called Bread, Love and Dreams—doesn't perpetuate the Look at all. In it, Gina travels about on a donkey, tangles with the police and spends a tempestuous night in jail.

Miss Lollobrigida, a calm, hard-working professional, knows the value of the velvet and alabaster image she and press-agentry have created. But as the upcountry waif of her new film she's doing something she really likes. "I am strong," she explains. "I have strong feet because I go often barefoot. You never do anything different —crazy—you never get anything. Is like American hillbilly, almost. I show."

She did. In a Tobacco Road setting with log cabin, real live Southern-type donkey, hay and other hill-folk accessories, Gina, a hand at making things, seasoned her costume herself. "I ruin," she said, razoring her trousers to a Huck Finn rakishness, and proceeded to cut up the red flannel shirt. Into the entire ensemble she rubbed ashes and face powder for properly grubby effect.

The results are rather like the Venus de Milo in jeans, as these pictures show. But though the Look sneaked through, Gina proved a true *paesana*—to the benefit of the wily donkey. Balking, he was won over only by Lollobrigida's soft Italian chit-chat and liberal helpings of after-dinner mints. Lucky donkey! —EVELYN HARVEY

Gina, above, as Italian mountain girl; left, as Southern hillbilly counterpart

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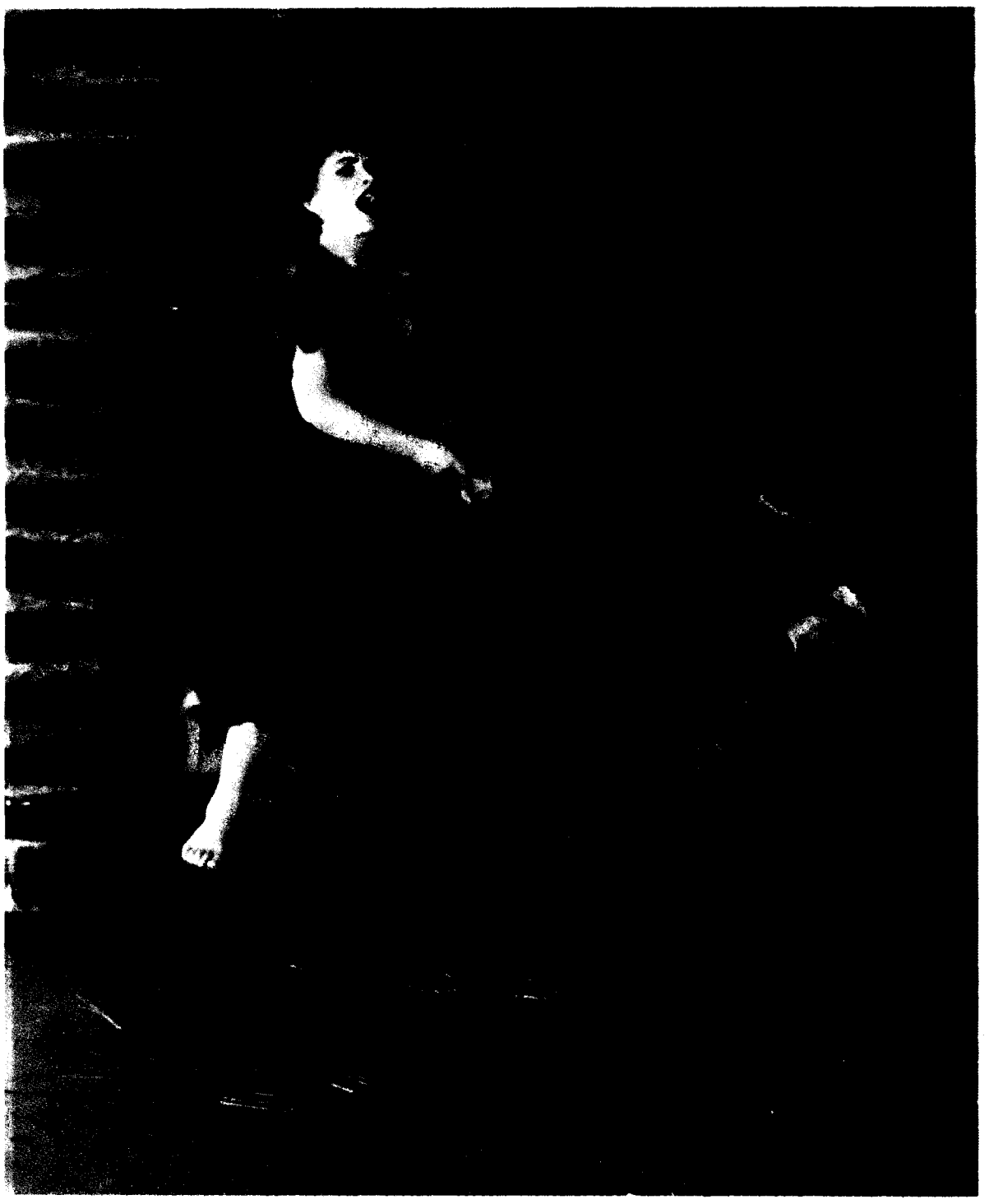
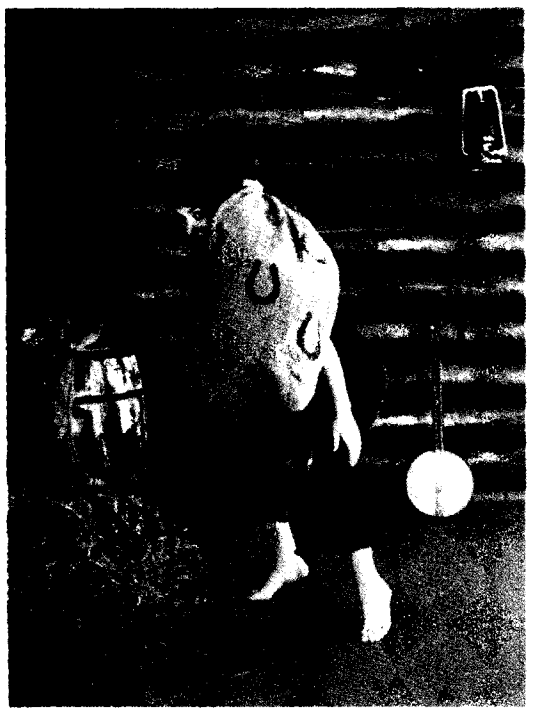
PAESANA?

Lollobrigida is in her element. She proves her point Kentucky-style

Even Tobacco Road atmosphere can't hide the Lollobrigida Look for long



Riding 20-year-old donkey-for-hire from the Bronx, film star, who has a rich, full singing voice, gamely attempts chorus of current "country" favorite, This Ole House



Sack of hay provides fodder for the donkey and camouflage for the actress

Gina ends hillbilly fling with joyful jump before clambering back into lamé

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

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Master Stroke in IRAN

By WANDA JABLONSKI

Since 1951, Western experts had tried vainly to settle the great oil dispute. Then Herbert Hoover, Jr., was asked to try for temporary agreement. He aimed instead for a final solution—and achieved it in eleven months

MATAMI

Abadan workers going back to their refinery jobs on the day Iran oil fields opened up again

Collier's for January 21, 1955

WHEN, early last November, a fleet of fully loaded American, British, Dutch and French oil tankers left the torrid, palm-fringed island of Abadan in the Persian Gulf, a sigh of relief swept through the Western World. Abadan, site of the world's biggest refinery, erected by the British to make use of Iran's abundant oil reserves, was back in business after a three-and-a-half-year shutdown. Officially, the Iranian, or Persian, oil crisis was over.

That crisis has been on and off America's front pages, in and out of our consciousness, ever since 1951, when the tired and ancient Persian lion reared up and took a surprise bite out of its bigger British cousin. We have known, if at times vaguely, that a colorful old politician named Mohammed Mossadegh kicked the British out of their lush, half-century-old oil concession and broke off diplomatic relations with London; that as Mossadegh's country rolled down the road toward economic ruin and political suicide, a score of solution-seeking British and American governmental efforts, World Bank missions and United Nations debates came to naught; but that finally, last fall, the bitter Anglo-Iranian dispute was formally settled.

Don't, however, make the mistake of assuming that we can now write finis to the Persian oil saga or pigeonhole Iran itself. We cannot slip back to the old, comfortable view of the country as merely the home of handsome Persian cats and carpets.

In Tehran early last year I visited a highly placed Persian who looked beyond the then pending oil settlement into the future. "Mark my words well," he told me as a servant padded in with ceremonial glasses of tea in silver filigreed holders. "The oil operations will remain the central political theme of Iran for a long time to come. Every politician who is in power, and every politician who wishes to come to power, will use the oil issue to his own ends."

Even in the general rejoicing after the settlement a similar cautionary note was sounded by Loy W. Henderson, then U.S. Ambassador to Iran and now Deputy Under Secretary of State for Administration, who won the State Department's Distinguished Service Award after his astute handling of the oil problem.

"We have won a skirmish, but the main battle is still ahead," he warned. "The local Communists, with the prestige of the neighboring Soviet Union behind them, are mobilizing all their forces and exerting every possible pressure to prevent a lasting settlement."

Iran is a land which is often difficult for Western realists to understand. Its 20,000,000 people are famed for their hospitality and great charm, but at the same time notorious for their volatility and mysticism. They value their poets more than their plumbing, and talk of their glorious past more than their future. Even the illiterate common laborer can often quote the classics, but Iran's standards of productivity have scarcely changed since Cyrus the Great. A country less than one fifth the size of ours, it retains, despite the oil pact, some mammoth political, social and economic problems.

True, Mossadegh, after several years of theatrics on the world stage, no longer faints, weeps nor wears pajamas in public. Thrown out of office in August, 1953, he is now in the second year of a three-year jail sentence for disloyalty to the shah. But his shadow still lies over this strange and beautiful land.

The billion-dollar question, and it is quite literally that, is whether Iran will grasp the potentialities opened up for it by settlement of the oil dispute. There's no denying that the oil pact is in itself a tremendous victory both for Iran and for the West. One of the world's most strategically placed countries, Iran is a gateway between East and West through which have swept some of history's great invasions, including Tamerlane's and Genghis Khan's. In more recent times, it has stood squarely in the way of Soviet aggression into the

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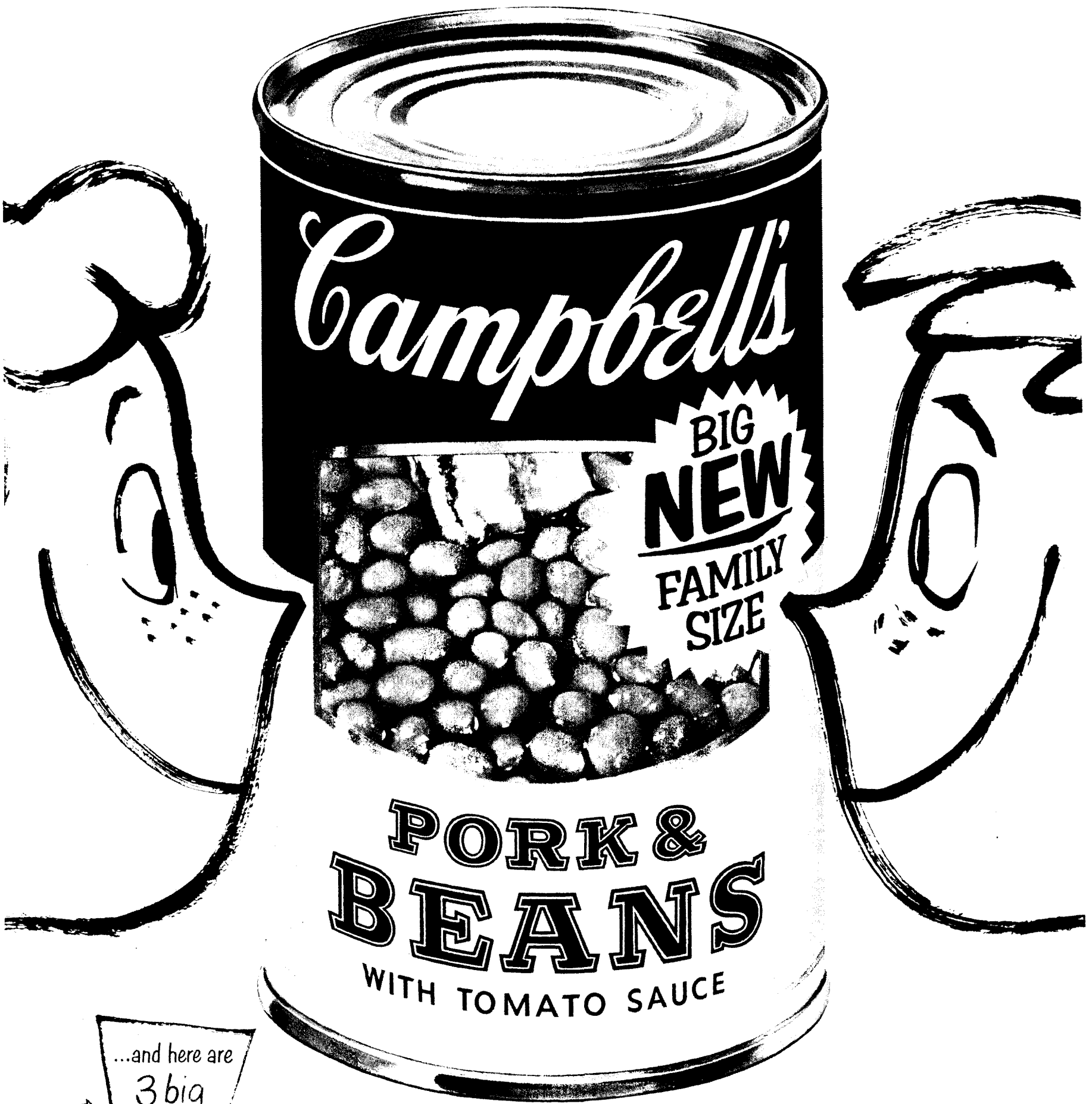

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entire oil-rich Middle East, which holds an estimated 70 per cent of the free world's oil reserves; it has a 1,200-mile common border with Russia. By starting Iran on the road back from bankruptcy, the oil settlement helps plug the gap through which Russia might otherwise roll.

The oil deal itself had some remarkable aspects. It was the biggest single business transaction ever recorded, entirely a private-enterprise affair. Representatives of the British and American governments were conspicuously absent from all direct oil negotiations. No American or British governmental money was directly involved; the oil companies concerned will put up all the capital and take all the risk. Yet, paradoxically, the settlement was negotiated for political as much as for commercial reasons. It was, in short, a unique example of big-scale business diplomacy.

Basically, the deal provides that Iran's flag will continue to flutter over the huge oil fields in the southern part of the country and over the Abadan refinery where it was hoisted at the time of the 1951 nationalization. But these installations will be used and managed for the next 40 years by a group or "consortium" of oil companies. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (now renamed British Petroleum Company), former concessionaire, retains a 40 per cent share in the consortium. Another 40 per cent is split equally among five U.S. companies —Standard (New Jersey), Socony-Vacuum, Gulf, Texas and Standard of California. Fourteen per cent goes to Royal Dutch Shell and six to Compagnie Française des Pétroles.

This group will produce, refine and export the shah's black gold on much the same 50-50 profit-sharing terms as generally prevail in other, non-nationalized, Middle East oil countries. To keep Uncle Sam's antitrust lawyers happy, however, each company will handle all its own marketing, exporting and pricing on a strictly individual basis.

FROM a selfish view, the five American oil companies in the consortium have little incentive to put Iran's oil back on the market. Each has billions of barrels of its own oil at hand just across the Persian Gulf in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Iraq and Qatar. But they were asked by their governments to help heal a critical international breach; they and the other consortium members were the only companies with big enough overseas distribution facilities to come to Iran's rescue on any substantial scale; and they all realized that if Iran went down the drain, the stability of the other Middle East oil countries would be threatened.

With the world currently oversupplied with oil, the Persians can legitimately regard the pact as a major achievement. They won a firm promise from the consortium to export at least 500,000,000 barrels of crude oil and refined products over the next three years. On the basis of present costs and prices, this sale will pump some $420,000,000 into Tehran's empty treasury—more than enough to straighten out the economy and get new projects rolling.

At the same time the agreement indicated to other oil countries that "doing a Mossadegh" hardly pays off. For the lengthy oil snafu, Iran has paid a heavy price: loss of more than $1,000,000,000 in oil revenues and foreign exchange income, and loss of her former position as leading Middle Eastern exporter. While other Middle Eastern countries have shot ahead, it will take Iran until 1957 merely to get back to where she stood in oil production in 1950, before nationalization.

Simple though it appears now, the Iranian settlement looked far from easy on Labor Day, 1953, when Herbert Hoover, Jr., an oil consultant with wide experience in international oil legislation (and now U.S. Under Secretary of State), was picked for a fact-finding mission.

THE summons caught the fifty-one-year-old son of the former President by surprise. He was lolling on the beach near Santa Barbara, California, reading a newspaper account of the royalist uprising in Iran that had just restored the shah to power and tossed Mossadegh into jail. Hoover was just congratulating himself that he wasn't mixed up in the Iranian crisis—he had been in Iran during World War II—when Washington called. Secretary of State Dulles wanted him—quick. The Communists had been within a camel's eyelash of taking over Tehran when the uprising occurred. Further, Iran was dead broke. Would Hoover see if he could bring the British and Iranians together in some temporary arrangement to get oil revenues flowing to Tehran until a final settlement—which would probably take years—could be reached? The job, Hoover was assured, would take only 30 to 60 days.

Eleven months later, almost to the day, he came up for air—with the *final* settlement achieved. It had early become evident that a temporary agreement would be just as hard to work out as a permanent one, so he had gone after the lasting solution.

Initial study of the problem had led Hoover to two conclusions:

First, the oil properties would have to stay nationalized, and the British could not return to the oil fields in a clearly dominant position. These were "musts" dictated by the Iranian political situation. Any other course would sign the new government's death certificate.

Second, compensation for the properties would be a major snag. Any attempt to put a figure on what Iran owed Anglo-Iranian might well prove fatal to the negotiations. The company claimed compensation for future rights and profits under the 39 remaining years of its concession. Iran had flatly refused to consider future rights. If the issue were to be taken to court or arbitrated, all the old claims and counterclaims would be dragged out, and all the old passions inflamed.

No—clearly the trick was to find some scheme to get the oil moving again in a way that side-stepped the compensation issue.

Slowly, in the course of many conferences, an idea began to take shape. How about having the Iranian government transfer full operating rights to the properties to some new, politically acceptable international oil group for a long-term period roughly corresponding to the old concession? Under the former concession, these installations would have become the property of the Iranian government in 1993, anyway. What difference would it make if Iran took legal title to these installations now —so long as the new oil group had full and effective control and management over the properties for the same period? The new oil group would in effect take over Anglo-Iranian's former rights on a new basis, and would compensate Anglo-Iranian directly for the rights and interests it acquired.

Thus the idea of an international consortium was born. Many times after that it almost died of asphyxiation. But Hoover—whose easygoing, engaging manner belied a determined streak—kept at it: pushing, pulling and cajoling.

There were moments that would have strained the patience of a consortium of saints. Most Iranians were still floating on pink clouds, so far as the realities of the oil industry were concerned. When I visited Tehran last January and February, you could count on one hand the realists in the land of Omar Khayyám. Many were delighted at the idea of a consortium of big companies coming to their rescue. But they pictured the oil moguls as lining up their tankers along the whole length of the Persian Gulf for the privilege of a sip of nationalized nectar. Few Iranians seemed to realize that no one needed their oil any more, or would offer them higher terms than paid elsewhere.

There were some British, meanwhile, who were openly wondering whether the overthrow of Mossadegh might not offer a chance—if one were patient and the U.S. didn't meddle—to restore completely the British position in Iran. Anglo-Iranian's able but autocratic ruler, Sir William Fraser, still referred at times to "my Persia." After all, Anglo-Iranian had created the vast Iranian oil enterprise from nothing but sand and sweat, and had pioneered in the Middle East years before any other oil company had even stuck its nose under the tent.

The arrival of Hoover in London as an official, third-party intermediary, was met in many British quarters by resounding silence.

"Suppose," one U.S. oilman said to me, "that the situation were reversed —that American oil companies had been expropriated someplace, and Washington thought it might be able to get things patched up. And suppose the British then stepped in with the idea of sponsoring an international consortium. We'd be madder than hell."

IT WAS not till the middle of December, 1953, that Sir William finally extended his first invitation to major oil companies with Middle East holdings to attend a meeting at Anglo-Iranian's stately Britannic House in London to discuss the possibility of forming a consortium to operate his former Iranian properties.

By the end of March, the consortium details were worked out. It was agreed that the property was worth around $1,000,000,000, and that Anglo-Iranian would retain 40 per cent. The remaining $600,000,000 would be subscribed to by the other companies.

"You never saw a more reluctant group of buyers—agreeing to purchase something they didn't want from someone who didn't own it," quipped one U.S. consortium member.

In mid-April came the first meeting of the Western parties with Iran. The scene shifted to Tehran—a city of drab monochromes, of mud-colored bricks and high mud walls, cuddling against the glistening white Elburz Mountains. The first consortium team to arrive almost didn't make it. The sky was overcast, and Tehran airport lost touch with the chartered plane as it circled down over the jagged mountain peaks.

The white-faced oil negotiators who finally emerged—headed by Orville Harden, retired vice-president and director of Standard Oil (New Jersey) —found that they weren't the only guests in Iran. Every hotel, boarding-house and hostel overflowed with dignitaries invited to celebrate the 1,000th anniversary of Avicenna, a famous Persian philosopher-physician-poet.

"Typically Persian," commented one visiting scholar. "Here they are, dead broke, yet they let their oil negotiations play second fiddle to a dead philosopher."

"Fiddling while Abadan rusts," remarked an unphilosophical Westerner.

But the Persians are renowned for their hospitality. The oil team ultimately was handed the entire Officers Club, a handsome three-story structure in the heart of the city, hung with lavish silken carpets.

IN THE next 35 days, at 17 conferences, the consortium and the Iranian government officials, headed by the quick-witted, bushy-browed finance minister, Dr. Ali Amini, sounded out one another's views. It was soon clear that agreement could be reached easily on almost every point—except the basic one. The consortium, feeling the eyes of every oil-producing country in the world peering over its shoulder, wanted to stick as closely as possible to the traditional "concession" type of operation. At the very least, it wanted a lease over the properties. On the other hand, the Iranian negotiators—under the watchful portraits of a host of Persian shahs and princes that adorned the conference room—wanted the consortium to act as Iran's agent in a sort of master-servant relationship.

On May 19th the oil team returned to London amid widespread reports of a bog-down. For the next month, both groups did some soul searching and re-examination of their positions.

Round two opened June 20th, when the consortium returned to Tehran. Harden had had to drop out for reasons of health, and had been replaced by another top-notch chief negotiator, Standard of New Jersey's youngest director, forty-eight-year-old Howard W. Page.

The consortium was now ready to make a formal bow to Iran's sense of ownership under the nationalization law. It still wouldn't act merely as the shah's agent, but it agreed to drop its former insistence on a lease, provided it received a firm contract for 40 years permitting exclusive use and complete management of the nationalized properties. After 46 swift-paced days of negotiation, the Iranians agreed.

As one slightly puzzled Tehran paper tried to explain it: "The consortium will act as Iran's agent, only Iran won't be able to tell the agent what to do for 40 years."

"The really tough thing," Page told me later, "was not just to make matters politically acceptable to Iran, but to get unanimous agreement to each clause from eight companies of four different nationalities."

Page pooh-poohs fears that the consortium's willingness to forgo ownership rights might set a dangerous precedent. "The difference between this and the normal concession-type of contract," he says, "is the same as if someone gave you full use of his car

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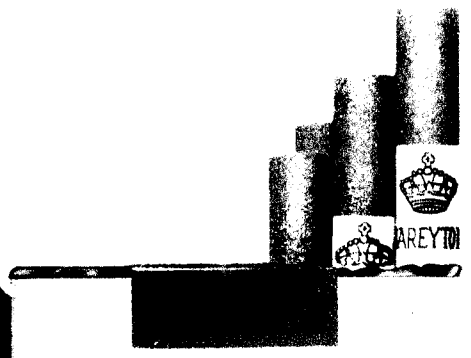

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Will the pact solve Iran's problems? Not if Russia can help it

for a specified period, instead of selling it to you for the same period. True, you don't own it. But, in reality, you get much the same results. And you can get the finest lawyers to argue themselves silly over the legal distinctions."

"We knew we were over the hump," recalls one U.S. oilman, "when instead of the usual ceremonial tea and coffee that we'd been getting, Amini sent in some Scotch and soda."

Iran Has a Smart Negotiator

Amini, short, lively, French-educated chief of Iran's negotiating team and a member of one of Iran's wealthiest and most influential families, is rated by foreigners as a smart and able politician, one of the few Iranians willing to take responsibility for getting a job done.

"He was quick as a trap," reported Page. "It was extraordinary to see how he squeezed out every point for Iran without any previous background in oil. Amini never missed a trick, and even taught us a few."

When Hoover told Amini that he hoped to come to Abadan to watch the first tanker sail—a hope unfulfilled because of Hoover's appointment as Under Secretary of State—Amini promptly replied: "Don't worry; I'll be there, too, with my hand out for that first check."

After agreement was reached, everyone worked day and night for six weeks translating it into a legal document. There was even an Eric Ambler photo finish. Amini wanted the pact presented to the Iranian parliament for ratification no later than September 21st. The 64-page document, with numerous supplemental letters and texts, was not ready at the printers in London until September 18th. Each page had to be signed not only by the Iranians in Tehran, but also by the heads of the companies in The Hague, London and New York. During the next three days, the consortium burned up enough aviation gasoline to keep all its salesmen happy as it rushed the documents back and forth in specially chartered airplanes.

The agreement was handed to the parliament on schedule. At the end of October, the oil pact went into effect as "supreme law of Iran."

Will the oil settlement last? Or will the consortium find that the millions of dollars it has just spent reopening Abadan will disappear under the shifting sands?

"No wise man invests his capital in a hundred per cent risky business, or, as we Iranians say, 'paints on water,'" warned a letter received one day by the negotiators in Tehran and signed only "Central Committee of the National Resistance Movement." It continued: "We Iranian people cannot and will not guarantee even one dollar of the capital which you have spent or will spend in Iran." Crackpot words? No one knew. But it sounded just Persian enough to be disturbing.

During my seven weeks in Iran, everything I saw confirmed two basic conclusions:

First, the reasonable attitude of Premier Fazlollah Zahedi's regime toward an oil settlement doesn't mean for a moment that oil nationalization has lost popularity in Iran. Nationalization remains a semimystical symbol of independence from foreign intervention—Iran's own Boston Tea Party. Oil never was the primary issue in Iran (any more than tea was in Boston). To this day, few Iranians would think of criticizing Mossadegh for the nationalization of 1951—only for his failure to do something constructive with it.

Second, the decision to let a consortium of foreigners run the oil installations, even on a nationalized basis, is bound to carry certain touchy implications. Foreign "operation" can easily be twisted again in the Iranian mind to mean foreign "domination."

"Don't fool yourself," remarked one astute observer. "You Americans will be the goats this time. The signs are there already."

Most Iranians are convinced that tium is really nothing but the old Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in disguise.

And the Russians are watching for every chance to throw a monkey wrench into the oil deal. True, one they threw last July changed in mid-air into a boomerang. When the oil negotiations were dragging a bit, Pravda blasted Iran for engaging in the oil talks. Moscow followed up with a formal note warning Iran against joining a Western alliance.

Nothing makes a Persian angrier than open interference in his country's affairs. Moscow's clumsy move rallied Zahedi's opponents around him and emboldened the government officially to tell the Kremlin to go jump in the Caspian—a brave gesture for a tiny nation on Russia's border.

COLLIER'S PETER ESTIN

their continued freedom still depends, as it has through the centuries, on playing off one foreigner against another. And they are masters at that art. Today, Englishmen who visit Iran are deluged with stories about how the Americans engineered the oil nationalization so they could get their hands on the British oil, about how such-and-such an American bribed so-and-so to help kick the British out, and so forth. And Americans are bombarded with similar balderdash about the British.

This Persian trait of seeing intrigue behind every door plays right into Moscow's hands. The Russians are keeping the air waves red hot with Persian-language broadcasts plugging two main themes: that the Americans and British are fighting each other for control of Iranian oil; and that the new consor-

"If we could count on a Russian blooper like this once every six months," grinned a Western diplomat, "the oil settlement would be sounder than gold."

The real danger is not so much direct Russian influence as it is Moscow's ability to bore from within through the Soviet-financed clandestine Communist party of Iran—called Tudeh, or The Masses. The Tudeh has not made much headway among the major part of Iran's population—the people in the villages and migratory tribes, where tribal and feudal loyalties still tend to run strong. Most are too busy scratching out a bare existence to give a hoot for Marx. The Tudeh has infiltrated deeply into the towns, particularly among Tehran's young university intellectuals, and even into the govern-ment, police and army. Even though it is underground, the party could readily seize power during another period of disintegration of law and order such as occurred near the end of the Mossadegh regime.

At the moment, everything seems under control. The Zahedi regime has demonstrated not only its ability to reach an oil settlement, but also its ability to keep order. The jails are stuffed with Tudeh, as well as Mossadegh's, ringleaders. Riots and demonstrations are rigidly banned.

Furthermore, Iran's well-meaning but often indecisive thirty-five-year-old Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi finally put his imperial blessing on the oil pact last August. That was vital. It virtually guaranteed parliamentary approval.

Nevertheless, there is a restless undercurrent in Iran's political seas that may become apparent once there is a return to "normal." In the past, governments have come and gone in rapid succession, in endless shifting patterns of little political factions, usually grouped around individual personalities. Also, Iranian nationalists tend to be somewhat negative—more inclined to throw bricks than to build with them. All that is lacking at the moment to spark this destructive force is a unifying issue, and the silver-tongued oratory of a Mossadegh.

Mossadegh Still a National Hero

The problem of Mossadegh himself is still there, too, although the Zahedi government has kept it well in hand. Solitary confinement—with two more years of jail sentence still to go—has cramped Mossadegh's style. Nevertheless, he remains something of a national hero—a pajamaed George Washington of modern Persia.

At its best, the oil settlement could mark what President Eisenhower, in a letter to the shah, called the beginning of a "new era of economic progress and stability." Premier Zahedi has already announced plans for a $500,000,000, five-year development program of land reclamation, increased farm and mineral production and improved transport and communications. He also has announced strong measures to wipe out admitted corruption in government.

But there are also pitfalls ahead. One big danger is that the Iranian public may expect too much too quickly from the oil pact. If the people don't see some tangible benefits from it fairly promptly, they may become disillusioned. Yet, during the two years it will take to resume large-scale oil production, the government's income probably will barely meet basic budgetary needs.

Another pitfall is the question of whether the oil revenues will be as wisely used as the government has promised. Some people say a transformation is required *in* Persia before there can be a transformation *of* Persia. The fact that the entire world is watching may make a difference now, however.

Plainly, the Iranian problem cannot yet be written off as finished business. Until Iran's internal strength is built up, the nation will be—in former U.S. Ambassador Henderson's words—"a tempting sitting duck for Soviet marksmen."

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"Sir," the sergeant said, "this one has been dead four thousand years, but in its back there is a modern knife"

Invisible Killer

Never had Inspector Chafik had a problem so puzzling: the victim had been strangled, yet witnesses swore no murderer was present

THE police sergeant and the Inspector knelt beside the first corpse. The sergeant said, "Sir, this one has been dead four thousand years, but in its back there is a modern knife." It was cool here in the vaulted chamber, but outside, the sun beat down on the treeless plains of Iraq and on the dun-colored remains of Akkar, an ancient city recently uncovered by archaeologists.

The Inspector flicked ash from his cigarette. "My dear Abdullah," he answered the sergeant. "We of the Baghdad police should concern ourselves solely with corpses of our era. The recent stabbing of this long-dead one is desecration, not murder. However, I am intrigued and you did right to serve up this gentleman as appetizer."

He touched his forehead in a salaam to the figure between them; it had the substance of leather and was blackened by the bituminous soil that had preserved it. Burial had been made in a squatting position with arms wrapped around the legs. Elaborate ornaments of lapislazuli, crystal and carnelian were scattered around, and fragments of a robe, stiff with gold embroidery, still clung to the remains.

The knife between the shoulder blades, incongruously, had a cheap wooden handle.

"English manufacture," said Sergeant Abdullah. "Imported for the bazaar trade, sir, and sold mainly to tribesmen."

He was interrupted by an exclamation from his superior, who had focused a powerful reflector lamp on the body.

"Observe the small strong bones, the delicately shaped hands and feet!" cried the little man. "Note the head, overlarge for his otherwise perfect proportions! The wide brow, the hollow cheeks, the pointed chin, the sharp high-bridged nose! He was a handsome man, his height about five feet five and his weight possibly one hundred and thirty pounds. Whom do you see, Abdullah?"

The sergeant said in a shocked voice, "I see you, sir!"

"Yes! Myself! Chafik J. Chafik as he would be if miraculously preserved after death. But this is really only of passing interest," he said, and the flush faded from his swarthy cheeks. "This man begat my race yesterday and is as forgotten as I will be tomorrow."

He passed a cigarette to his assistant and then

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chose one for himself. The flame of the match made dancing points of light in his flat, neutral-colored eyes. The sergeant, who was massive, sat and waited as patiently as the dead man beside them.

"Well?" the Inspector asked.

"Sir, I will brief you concerning the other corpse. It is that of Mr. Jamil Goury."

Chafik said impatiently, "That information was given me before I left Baghdad." He went on to quote from his memory of records: "Goury, Jamil. Age thirty-three. Unmarried. Educated at the Oriental Institute, Beirut. Formerly an assistant curator at The Iraq Museum. Appointed field representative to the Department of Antiquities in nineteen fifty-two. Brilliant. High-strung and inclined to nervousness. Yes, yes! I know all about Mr. Goury, except how he died."

"He was strangled."

"And where did it happen?"

"Here, sir, in the passageway to the tomb." Sergeant Abdullah indicated the shaft the excavators had dug into the tomb. It was narrow, and one section could be passed only by crawling. "It was there that he died," Abdullah went on. "The bruises on the throat resemble those made by powerful hands. Yet there was nobody in the tomb to strangle him except this dead gentleman."

"Do you accuse my ancestor?" Chafik asked mischievously.

Abdullah looked at the Inspector reproachfully.

"Who else was present when Goury died?" Chafik asked.

"There was Dr. Anton, sir; he is head of the expedition. And there was Mr. Garwith, a New Zealander who is his assistant. Also the doctor's wife, Gisela Anton, and Mahomet Kubba, the foreman. Many workers, sir, at least fifty."

"A surfeit of witnesses is as bad as none at all," complained the Inspector. He leaned forward to look at the knife in the back of his ancestor. "And the hand that did this was not seen either?"

"Nobody knows how it got there."

THEY sat in silence. The body that had sat for four thousand years threw a shadow on the brick wall of the tomb; and the shadow was shaped like a question mark.

"I find it cold here," Inspector Chafik said to Abdullah at last. "Let us go seek the sun."

"Yes, sir, I also find it cold, yet I perspire," the sergeant said.

They crawled out. The Inspector, who was leading, stopped in the narrowest part of the shaft and examined a forked twig partly covered by sand. It had been broken recently and he recognized it as peach wood, yet no peaches grew at Akkar these days, and the gardens of Baghdad were thirty miles away.

He said, "This is as old a relic as the other, and even better preserved—it is greener."

Still lying in the narrow shaft, he picked up a lead pellet the size of a small bead and wondered for what purpose it had been cut with a groove. Then, crawling on, the back of his jacket caught on something and ripped. Freeing himself, Chafik damned the unknown relations of the unknown man who had long ago driven a bronze hook into the brick that formed the roof of the tunnel.

Light blinded the Inspector as he crawled out into the sun. He brushed his clothes and was soothed by the familiar scene. Columns of dust, raised by the wind, danced over the drab, empty plains. On the horizon, date palms stood along the winding course of the Euphrates. And above was the copper shield of the sky.

He was a devout Moslem, and half aloud he chanted to himself from the Koran: "By the noonday brightness and by the night when it darkeneth, the Lord has not forsaken thee!"

DR. JULIUS ANTON, who headed the expedition, was a big blond man of vigorous middle years. He had a short beard streaked with gray, and tufted eyebrows shaded his blue eyes. His hands were strong and square and grimed by the rubble of the city he had resurrected. The streets of Akkar and the foundations of buildings were all around him, monumental evidence of his patience and enthusiasm.

The archaeologist was an Austrian who had dug in various parts of the Middle East before the second World War. Politically, as Inspector Chafik knew, Anton had been a neutral.

COLLIER'S — DICK HESSER

Anton spoke brusquely in English. "I trust you have not touched anything down there. We have not yet catalogued the finds."

Chafik answered precisely: "I prefer to let sleeping ancestors lie."

The archaeologist stared, then turned to his wife and said, "Do you not see the likeness, Gisela? The Inspector is a throwback to another age!"

Mrs. Anton had a fair and gentle beauty. She was small, a figurine in porcelain, and considerably younger than her husband. The Inspector wondered at her lack of vivacity as he bowed over her hand; her touch was as timid as the brush of a moth's wing.

He said, "Madame!" ardently, and was rewarded with a smile.

"My husband is very rude," Gisela Anton said.

"To call me a throwback? But I am! Oh, I assure you, madame, I also see myself as a curiosity walking."

Her hand was withdrawn, and the life that had been kindled by his gallantry flickered out. "So, another scientific mind?" she asked wearily.

Dr. Anton said, "Please, Gisela! Enough! The Inspector does not make a social visit." He turned as a man came up the ramp from the excavations, and then he said, "My assistant, Mr. Garwith."

The New Zealander was dwarfed by his chief. He had a sun-dried face, deep-set gray eyes and an oddly twisted mouth. The thumb of his left hand had been amputated and a scar on his arm suggested a war wound. Garwith greeted Chafik with an indifferent nod, and then his manner softened as he turned to Gisela Anton and said, "I've uncovered some pre-Amorite pottery, might be Sumerian, we're getting down to that level. Wish you'd go take a look." When she hesitated, he added, "Please?" and she turned to go.

Richard Garwith's expression as he watched her walk away was gentle, and he said, "We don't want her here when we talk about Jamil Goury."

Dr. Anton said, "Foolishness, Richard! Inspector Chafik wishes to question her."

"What d'you want to know about the Rabbit?" Garwith asked Chafik.

"Rabbit? I do not quite comprehend."

"Goury was a timid bloke, so are rabbits," Garwith explained.

"My records say he was high-strung—" Garwith gave a short laugh and the Inspector asked authoritatively: "High-strung or timid, how did he die?"

Garwith said, "We were all going in. Goury was leading, he didn't as a rule, but I'd teased him—"

Dr. Anton interrupted, "You were inconsiderate, Richard. Goury was frightened of the mummy. It is not a true mummy, of course, Inspector—your people, the ancient people, had no cult of the dead, as had the Egyptians. The preservation of the one in the tomb was accidental—"

Inspector Chafik said impatiently, "The soil of my country is productive of more history than crops. Kindly tell me how Goury died."

Anton shrugged and said, "We were crawling through the narrow part of the shaft; I was behind Goury. The lights went out—"

"Somebody stumbled over the power cable and unplugged it from the generator," Garwith explained, interrupting. "There were a dozen of us in the shaft at the time: the doctor in front of me, Gisela in back, then Mahomet Kubba and a party of workers. All of a sudden, it was blacker than hell down there."

"The horror has begun," Julius Anton said, his command of English giving way as he recalled the horror. "Goury has cried, 'Let go!' Never have I such fear heard! And then he has pulled back, and then has thrown himself forward."

"Why forward?" asked Chafik.

The archaeologist threw up his hands. "Perhaps to grasp the enemy. But then Goury has jerked; his legs have thrashed, like he is being choked. Awful!"

GARWITH was calmer and took over the story: "Goury fought something down there; I'm sure of that. But the shaft was so narrow we couldn't see what held him. Dr. Anton tried to haul him out—"

"By the legs, hopeless," said Anton, calmer now. "I could not move him, someone—something held him fast. And then his body became limp. I reached over him to grapple with whatever was holding him. Nothing was there! And then all at once he was free and I got his body out."

"There is no other way into the tomb?"

"Positively none, Inspector! Furthermore, my foolhardy assistant, Richard, went in—"

"Nothing there except the blasted mummy!" Garwith said.

"Had my ancestor been stabbed?" asked Chafik.

Garwith rubbed his jaw with his mutilated left hand. "No," he said.

"Yet the knife was there an hour later," Anton said. He became angry and stared about at the ruins. "As if I did not have enough trouble!"

"Ah, yes," Chafik said. "Rumor—always an unreliable witness—has informed me you are stopping work here, Doctor."

Anton's expression was angry. "What can I do! The foundation that was financing my dig has withdrawn funds. They claim I spend too much. My life's work!"

The Inspector was familiar with the shrill voice of fanaticism and thought: If only this man saved some of his emotion for his wife. Aloud he said sympathetically, "Indeed, much money is needed for an army of workers. Have any of your men deserted since the murder?"

"Only one, a man we call El Chukar," Anton said.

"Chukar is the name for our Middle Eastern partridge," the Inspector said, frowning.

Dr. Anton laughed. "Exactly, this man has the scuttling run of the partridge. Not quite right in the head,

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'touched by God' you call it in your Arabic. He was Goury's servant."

Garwith said, "Whatever El Chukar was, he was devoted to Goury. He probably took to the ruins to be alone with his grief."

Chafik said dryly, "We of the Middle East enjoy grief, Mr. Garwith. Therefore I find this man's disappearance odd, and a chukar hunt is in order. And now excuse me, I have an appointment with the recently dead. I am always at the beck of somebody's corpse," he added plaintively and applied a handkerchief saturated with orange water to his fastidious nose.

THE dead man lay on a canvas cot in one of the tents. The Inspector, who was not easily shocked, exclaimed when he saw the body, "This was not a tidy killing!"

"No, sir. I, too, was disturbed," Sergeant Abdullah said.

"He looks like one badly hanged," the Inspector said. "The throat is discolored and lacerated. What opinion did you form?"

"Sir, the hands that strangled him were of exceptional hardness, one might almost say they were fleshless—"

The Inspector, who had been bending over the corpse, abruptly straightened and seized his assistant by the throat. "What do you feel?" he demanded.

"Chiefly, sir, I feel—your thumbs," gasped Abdullah.

Chafik released him. "The grip used in strangulation relies upon the thumbs; the bruises they make are deeper than those left by fingers," he said. "With this in mind I suggest you look again at Mr. Goury."

The sergeant obeyed. "I do not observe the contusions that you described, sir, and that doubtlessly appear on my own throat. Pressure on the dead man's throat was equal at all points of contact, so it would appear that the strangler lacked thumbs."

"I am of that opinion, too, Abdullah," Inspector Chafik said and stepped out of the tent.

Akkar was dominated by a ziggurat, a vast pyramid of moldering brick which had once been topped by a shrine. There the sacrificial fire had burned for the twofold purpose of propitiating the gods and guiding caravans that voyaged on the vast plains. Now there were no gods and no travelers. Inspector Chafik stood atop the ziggurat and stared down at the unearthed city below.

"An eerie place," complained the sergeant, climbing up to join the Inspector.

"A graveyard at dusk always is, but here we are free from those who might eavesdrop. Was the chukar hunt successful?"

"No, sir, a dozen men searched diligently, but they did not find Mr. Goury's servant."

"We must widen the search; he may have fled to a village. Did you inquire into the marital relationship of Dr. Anton and his charming wife?"

"Yes, sir, most discreetly. The doctor is cold toward her."

"Wine and women, when left standing, become sour, although in this case another man appreciates the vintage and would sip."

"Yet the husband, this time, seems quite disinterested," Abdullah said, a note of surprise in his voice. "On the other hand, Mr. Garwith only recently fought with the deceased—"

"Do you suggest Mr. Garwith was jealous?" the Inspector said sharply. "I am sure that Mrs. Anton did nothing to bring about a quarrel between rival lovers."

"I confess to inaccuracy, sir. It is true she spurned the attentions of Jamil Goury, whose reputation with women is public gossip."

"Let him keep his reputation, he no longer has his life. The essential fact is that Gisela Anton is a virtuous little moth." And then he added harshly, "Ah, you fool!"

"Sir!" the sergeant said indignantly.

Chafik patted his arm. "I addressed the husband who has taken this lost city as mistress."

He sat with his arms folded around his knees, in the pose of his ancestor in the nearby tomb. He rocked as he sat, and noted that the dusk had created a mirage: out of the desert sprang a forest of enormous trees.

"What happened at Akkar?" he asked his assistant.

The sergeant said, "Sir, my knowledge of history is insufficient to—"

Inspector Chafik broke in impatiently, "My question referred to today's yesterday, Abdullah, not to yesterday's yesterday."

COLLIER'S **"Say, why do they call you Slippery Sam?"** BERNARD WISEMAN

COLLIER'S **"Got anything for chapped lips?"** WALT WETTERBERG

Abdullah nodded. "You refer to eleven years ago, a date in the second of the World Wars, when enemy units dropped from the skies and landed near here."

"They were saboteurs," Chafik said, taking over the story. "They had excellent geographical knowledge of our land, but they were not well informed about our people. They thought they could bribe our tribal princes with gold. Although they failed and were arrested, nobody ever found their gold."

"No, sir," the sergeant said. "I remember well the parachuted containers of their supplies which fell into our hands. But no gold, sir."

Preoccupied, Chafik got up and started to climb down the ruins of the ziggurat, stepping carefully in the darkness. When he had gone a little way he stopped, rooted by fear, as a grotesque shadow reared before him.

In shape it was human, but the way it moved was not. Chafik, who was unarmed, cursed the darkness and his imagination; then he told himself, fear is an expression of disbelief in God's hereafter, and he closed in for attack.

The shadow had substance, and the Inspector was encouraged until he realized the inequality of his strength. Sinewy hands gripped his throat; he broke the hold, shouted, "Abdullah!" and felt the hands seize his throat once again. There was a roaring in his ears, the stars above him seemed to leap like flames of wind-blown torches, and then suddenly there was peace.

WHEN he came back from the place of peace and darkness, Chafik was aware of pain in his throat. He opened his eyes and saw the soft glow of a lamp, not the flames of the stars; the anxious face of a woman, not the shadowy form that had attacked him.

"Madame Gisela!" The exclamation tortured his raw throat. He looked about and saw that he was in his tent in Anton's camp. "I did not die here; my corpse should not have been moved," he said.

The laugh that answered him was a caress, as was the voice that said, "Now I know you have recovered!"

Chafik's senses cleared. "The illusion of death was pardonable. I thought angels administered," he said gallantly, and his hand went to his neck where something rested lightly.

"That compress will soon take away the bruises," Gisela said.

"So cool," Chafik said, closing his eyes.

"They think it was Goury's servant who attacked you out there, the one we call El Chukar—" She stopped and then asked in a frightened voice, "What is it, Inspector?"

"Throats, bruises, compresses, interference with evidence!" he rasped, as he threw away the cloth. "Who did this? Bring me a mirror!"

Rudely, he snatched the compact the woman brought and tilted the small glass to examine his neck. "Thumbs!" he said.

"What?"

"Thumbs, thumbs! I looked for a thumbless man!" Chafik shouted.

The violence of his own voice startled him, and he stammered, "Madame —I—" He saw her face grow pale as she stared beyond him toward the tent door. He turned his head and saw the canvas flap being raised by a maimed hand.

"Richard," whispered Gisela Anton.

And then Julius Anton came into the tent, saying, "Such a shocking event to have happen in *my* Akkar!" He was followed by Abdullah and Richard Garwith.

"Sir," the sergeant said to Chafik, "your alleged attacker escaped but—"

"Let me rest!" Chafik shouted, turning to the tent wall. "Let me rest," he begged tearfully.

The sergeant ushered the others out and showed no surprise when he returned and found the Inspector sitting cross-legged on the cot, nursing the inevitable cigarette.

"I had to get rid of them and I have always admired myself as an actor," Chafik said, without looking up.

He was very tense and the sergeant recognized the symptoms and waited at attention. Presently the Inspector looked up from the objects laid out before him: a broken twig from a peach tree, the coat that he had ripped on the bronze hook in the tomb of his ancestor, and a bead of lead, deeply grooved.

"These are threads with which I must

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weave," he said, "and this is another"—he touched his lacerated throat.

"There is, of course, a thread that I shall have to reproduce. Also, we must add the psychology of these people, their passions and ambitions—" He stopped, and then said harshly, "The pattern I weave is hideous, but it is so with all murder. And the solution will be equally terrible." The rasp of command was in his voice as he went on, "Find me a length of wire, Abdullah. Thin and very strong. Find it discreetly. One of our drivers should have what I want in his tool kit."

"Yes, sir."

"Send a man to the nearest orchard and cut me a forked switch from a peach tree. A fast car should take him to the gardens of Baghdad and back in an hour.

"Finally, there is to be an alarm at dawn, Abdullah. The men should fire carbines and run shouting to the tomb of the man who died so long ago. Let them stop there; let nobody enter."

SIX hours later, Inspector Chafik stubbed out his final cigarette, adjusted the knot of his tie, combed his smooth black hair, put on his *sidarah*, and went out. The flap of the tent closed behind him and he stood for a moment looking at the ruins of Akkar, tinted pink by the sunrise.

The sharp crackle of police carbines stirred the Inspector and he hurried to join his men, who stood guarding the entrance to the tomb. Watchdogs barked in Anton's camp and the archaeologist hurried out from his tent, a coat thrown over pajamas.

"What has happened?" Anton called, running toward the tomb. Garwith followed close behind him.

Chafik said, "Somebody, something, went down into the tomb."

"There are devils in my Akkar!" Anton said. "Richard, the generator! Give us light! Come," he said to Chafik. "The one you call your ancestor is to me the crown of my Akkar, and already he is damaged with a knife."

The generator started and the lights came on. Dr. Anton went into the tomb, followed by the Inspector. Garwith, who ran to join them, was crowded aside by Abdullah; as always the sergeant was officious when his natural place was challenged. A file of policemen and workers formed the afterguard.

And then Gisela Anton appeared and was ordered back by a corporal, who said, "Madame, I have orders to escort you to your tent and guard you." He was deaf to her protests and led her away.

Inside the shaft, the men began to crawl forward. As the passage narrowed, Anton called back, "Careful."

Behind him, Chafik said softly, "Here Jamil Goury died." He felt for the cable along the wall, yanked on it, and the lights flickered. Impatiently he signaled again, and this time the generator coughed and died, and the tunnel was plunged into darkness.

"*Gott!*" Anton cried out and tried to draw back. His legs thrashed and he cried again, "*Gott, lieber Gott!*" And then he scrabbled forward to fight what was there in the darkness. The sounds he made were those of a man who was strangling.

Chafik seized the thrashing legs. Reaching over the Inspector, Abdullah gripped Anton's ankles and said, "I have him, sir."

The Inspector said urgently, "Release the pressure! Do not kill him!" And then he said to the strangling man, "Jamil Goury was called a rabbit, but there are other animals that kick and thrash when caught in the hunter's noose. Tell me why you killed him!"

Anton gasped and Garwith shouted, "Let him go, you devil!"

Chafik said grimly, "The devil and I have much in common. But you, Mr. Garwith, should be thinking of the lady. She will need you more than ever when our work here is finished," he added sadly.

Once again he spoke to Anton, saying, "You will tell me how Jamil Goury died; confession is essential to our law." The doctor did not answer and Chafik said to Abdullah, "Encourage him to speak."

"Enough," Anton gasped; "he died like this."

"Why was his death essential?"

"Because—because—"

"Because you found the gold brought here by the Nazi parachutists so many years ago?" asked Chafik.

"*Ja, ja,*" Anton choked. "Let me go. I will tell you."

The Inspector said, "So you found the gold in the tomb, where the parachutists had hidden it. You needed this gold for your mistress Akkar, and Jamil Goury knew you had found it. So he had to die. Perhaps you had prior knowledge the gold was here, perhaps the Nazis used you during the war—but it is of no importance, that war is forgotten.

"But what is not forgotten is how you killed a man with a rabbit's snare, how you hauled on his legs to 'save' him," Chafik went on. "Like this—" Savagely he pulled on the doctor's legs and the harsh sound of choking filled the tunnel.

"A rabbit's snare," the Inspector repeated, "a noose of wire weighted with lead beads—possibly bullets from a gun—carefully spaced like the fingers of a hand, a hand without thumbs. Such a neat way to conceal an obvious imprint of a wire. And then you used a twig of peach to trigger this contraption, so that the rabbit, entering, would blunder against it and drop the noose around his own neck. You prepared for him such a horror here in the darkness as I prepared for you. But *I* am merciful. I shall not wait for you to die, Dr. Anton. Turn on the lights!" he ordered.

WHEN the lights came on, Chafik reached over the feebly struggling man and loosened the wire noose. Then he unfastened it from the bronze hook on which he had once torn his jacket. "I shall not hide my noose as you concealed yours when you so lovingly removed Jamil Goury's body. But I wonder at your carelessness in not salvaging the broken peach twig, and the lead bead that became detached from the wire."

They took Anton out into the early-morning light. Through the streets of the ruined city came a small patrol of police, escorting a man who moved with the scuttle of a running partridge.

Chafik said, "Ah, so the chukar hunt is ended."

He went to them and said, "Be gentle. This poor man, befuddled with grief and superstition, went into the tomb after the crime and stabbed my ancestor. His poor brain thought that the hands of a man dead four thousand years had taken his master's life."

Wearily Inspector Chafik turned to Richard Garwith and said gently, "Go to the lady. When this cloud of horror has lifted, may she find a silver lining."

—CHARLES B. CHILD

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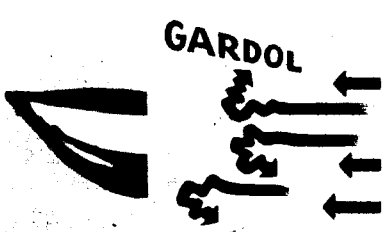

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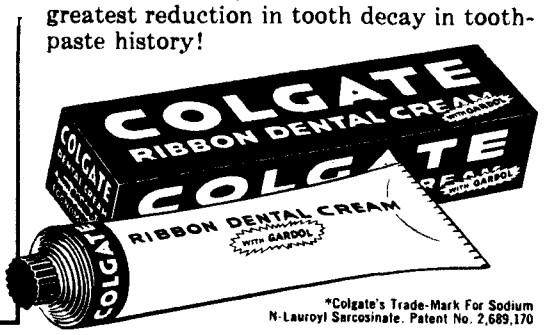

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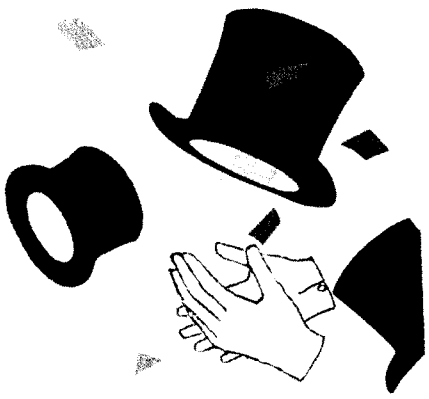

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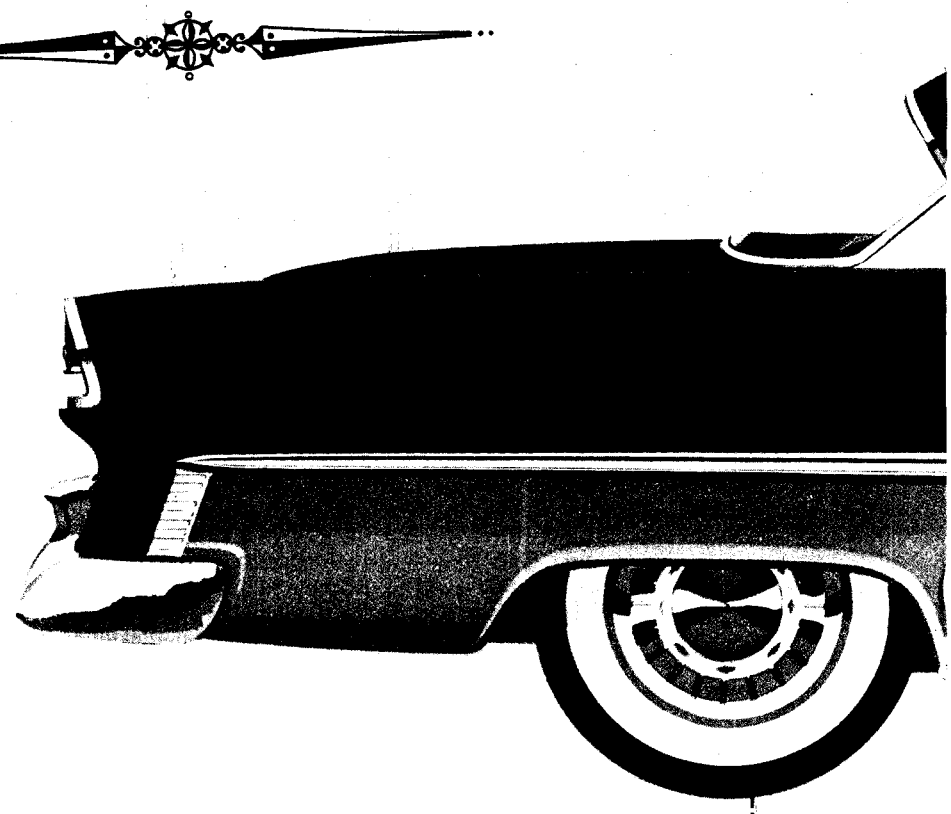

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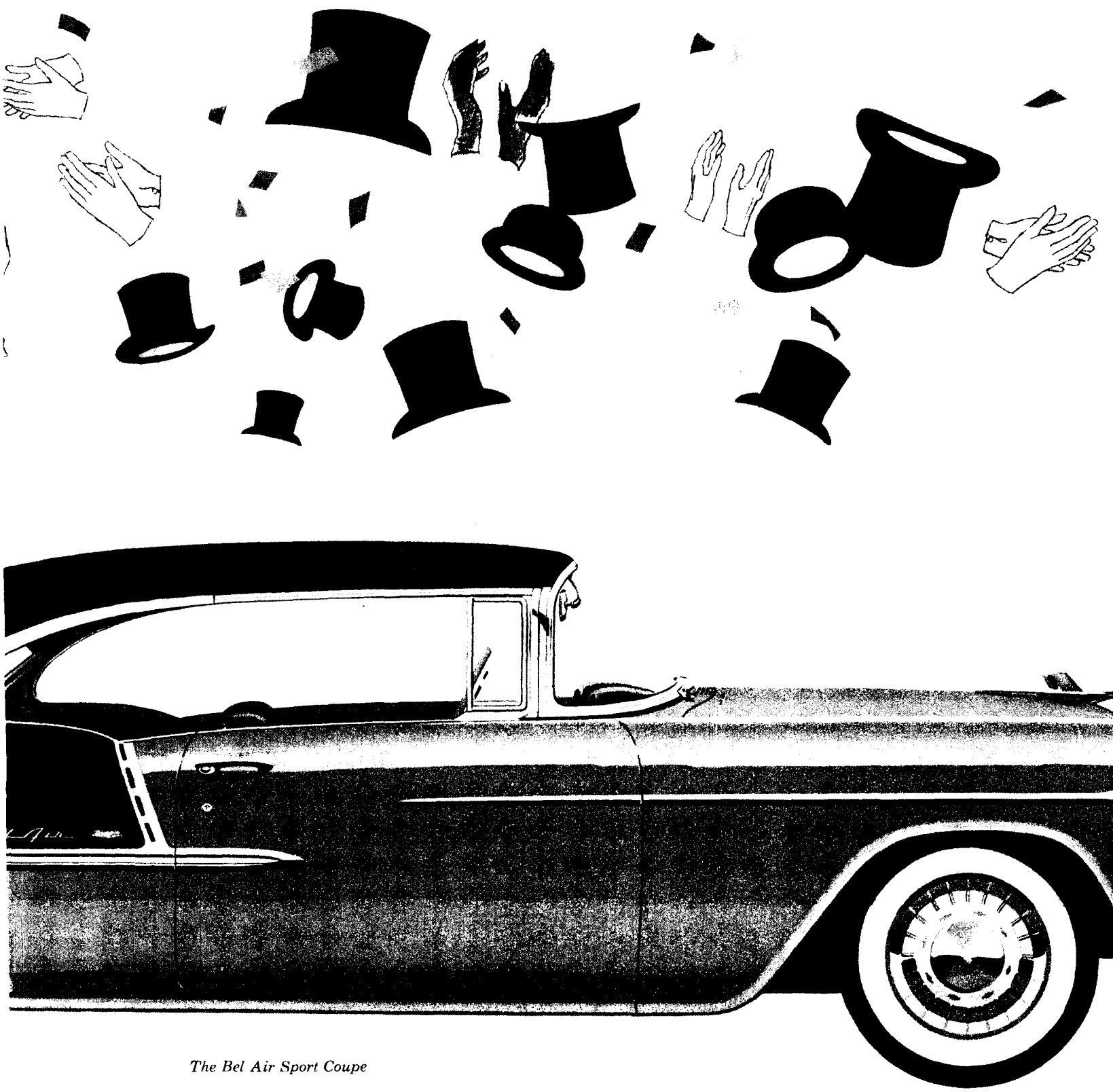

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Bill Mauldin Asks Today's

Delinquent or misunderstood? A gifted writer-artist surveys our

ONE pleasant afternoon, while buying some papers at the village drugstore a few miles from my house up the west bank of the Hudson River, I saw Philip Knox, a seventeen-year-old high-school junior whose folks I know fairly well, sitting at the ice-cream counter with his more-or-less steady girl, a pretty little thing named Letitia Simmons, and Jerry Greenberg, his best friend. The three of them were nibbling at some sticky confection or other.

Phil Knox is about as average as you could ask a teen-ager to be. The eldest of three sons in a family of middling means, he smokes a half-dozen cigarettes a day and a whole pack on some weekends. He drinks beer occasionally. He gets an allowance of four dollars a week, which his parents think is a lot, and which he thinks is the least they can do. He augments his allowance by part-time jobs, saving most of his money for a jalopy next year. According to Mr. and Mrs. Knox, Phil's school grades are steadily improving as he becomes aware of the draft and the comparative desirability of college. So far as they know, he is not experienced in matters of sex, but is highly fascinated by the subject. He has been seen in a pool hall, but then he has also been seen with his parents in church.

Ordinarily, I wouldn't look at the neighborhood adolescents with such a statistical eye. But I have recently spent several months traveling 12,000 miles around the country making notes for Collier's on this most publicized, analyzed, speculated-upon, worried-about, frowned-upon generation of teen-agers in modern times (the gimlet eye of society is upon today's kids even more than it was upon the benighted youngsters of the twenties who smelled gin in their bath water) and I just can't help regarding each specimen as a case history these days.

"Hi, kids," I said, ignoring their glum expressions and sitting down beside them for a cup of coffee and a glance through the paper. "How're the juvies?"

"Beg pardon?" said Phil, coldly courteous.

"Juvenile delinquents," I said, thinking to make merry and pointing at the top paper's headline: TEEN GANG SLUGS COP. "Look what your contemporaries have been up to."

Somehow, I seemed to have put my foot in it. Jerry, whom I hardly know at all, paid for his ice cream without finishing it, stalked out, and departed in a double trail of blue smoke from the twin exhausts of his 1941 coupé. Phil and Tish just looked blank and embarrassed and went on eating. From memories of my own not-too-far-past teens, refreshed by all my recent research, I know that when a kid chooses to erect The Wall against an adult, you have about as much chance of joshing information out of him as the warden of San Quentin does of learning inmates' secrets by kidding around the cell block. So I drank my coffee in contrite silence and left, but I was curious to know why my innocent wisecrack had offended the trio so. A few days later I caught Phil in a forgiving mood and found out.

It seems that Mr. and Mrs. Knox, who in their son's estimation used to be fairly decent characters,

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Teen-Agers—"WHAT GIVES?"

as parents go, have also been buying and reading papers lately. So have the Simmonses and the Greenbergs, and it had all come to a head the night before I saw Phil, Tish and Jerry at the drugstore.

"Used to be, nobody thought much about it when I was a little late for supper," Phil said. "My mother would heave a sigh and stick my plate in the warming oven and Pop would chew me out about hard-working parents, and that was that. The other night, though, he was laying for me with a newspaper in his hand—it had a big headline that said, 'KID BANDIT KILLED,' or something like that. Well, he hopped down my throat before I even got my coat hung up, and wanted to know where the blankety hell I'd been.

" 'Oh, my God, you've been reading that stuff again,' I said, looking at the paper, and then Pop started hollering about taking the Lord's name in vain and how I better start watching my language."

" 'COLLAPSE OF JUVENILE MORALITY CALLED WORSE THAN ATHEISTIC COMMUNISM," I quoted.

"Wasn't that in the same paper?" Phil asked.

"Yep," I said. "I've been doing a lot of research among headlines."

"Anyway, my mother jumped in on my side and told Pop he'd cussed at me first, and she was starting to dish up my supper when she saw some blood on my pants cuff and darn' near fainted."

" 'MODEL BOY GOES BERSERK, STABS GIRL,' " I commented.

"Pop got pretty pale around the gills, too . . ."

"Wait," I said. "I'm not finished. 'YOUTHS 17 AND UNDER COMMIT 19% OF U.S. FELONIES.' "

"Yeah. Well, I told 'em Jerry and me had been rabbit hunting over in the Ramapos and had got one and I must've got splattered when we skinned it and cut it up. You'd think that would have made them feel better, but right away Pop wants to know where we got the gun."

" 'PROBE SEES ARSENAL OF WASHINGTON, D.C., YOUTH GANG.' "

"No kiddin'."

"That's an old headline," I said, "but maybe your father remembered it."

"I told him it was Jerry's rifle," said Phil, "and got in a crack about how they'd never let me have one, and Pop said as far as he was concerned kids had no business with guns, even .22s."

" 'EISENHOWER PUTS BLAME ON DELINQUENT PARENTS,' " I reminded Phil. I was really warming up to this headline business. They were beginning to make a crazy kind of sense now against the background of Phil's story.

Over at the Greenberg house, Phil said, things weren't going much better. Jerry, having gone straight up to his room to put the .22 away, came storming down to the living room, where his father sat engrossed in a newspaper.

"Somebody'd been messing around Jerry's room," Phil said, "and naturally he thought it was his little brother Billy. He tore downstairs, hollering about how he was gonna kill that kid. Mr. Greenberg looks at Jerry kind of sad for a minute and said, real quiet, that he hoped he'd never hear the word 'kill' come out of his son's mouth again. This cooled Jerry off fast—it's not like his old man to act so gentle—and next thing he knew Mr. Greenberg was asking to smell his breath. Jerry was scared to do it, because we'd been smoking all afternoon and Mr. Greenberg feels pretty strong about cigarettes and a long time ago promised him $100 on his eighteenth birthday if he didn't smoke till then. But it looked like the old man meant business, so Jerry goes whoof at him, figuring he's blowing away a hundred bucks, and you know what? Mr. Greenberg actually seemed like he was relieved at just smelling tobacco. He thought Jerry'd been drinking."

"Sure. He'd been reading the papers," I said. " 'WEST SIDE BARS FOUND CATERING TO MINORS.' Or maybe the one that got Mr. Greenberg was: 'SIX HUNDRED PER CENT RISE IN SCHOOL-AGE DRINKING.' "

"Six hundred per cent since when? Anyway, Jerry was tickled because he figured now it would be all right to smoke at home. So then he brought up the thing about Billy and his room again, which was a bad mistake. It reminded Mr. Greenberg of some more unfinished business. Turns out *he's* the one who was poking around the room, and he pulls out a whole stack of comic books he found in Jerry's closet. It was all kid stuff—space rockets and that sort of glump—but Jerry says from the way Mr. Greenberg acted you'd have thought it was coated with cyanide."

"Some comics are pretty horrible," I said. "A psychiatrist named Fredric Wertham calls them 'SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT.' "

"The kind of stuff Jerry goes for wouldn't seduce anybody. Sometimes I think he's kind of retarded. He reads Mickey Mouse, even. But Mr. Greenberg told Jerry he was cutting his allowance for using it to buy books like that."

"Maybe he'd seen what old Cactus Jack Garner down in Texas had to say. 'TOO MUCH MONEY CAUSE OF DELINQUENCY, SAYS EX-VEEP.' How about Letitia? Were the Simmonses catching up on their reading, too?"

"Were they! When you ran into us the other day and started kidding about delinquents, Tish was just telling us what happened to *her* the night before. You know all this stuff that's been coming out about dope? Well, Tish got home from school and her mother was crying her eyes out.

" 'Cripes, whatsa matter?' Tish says.

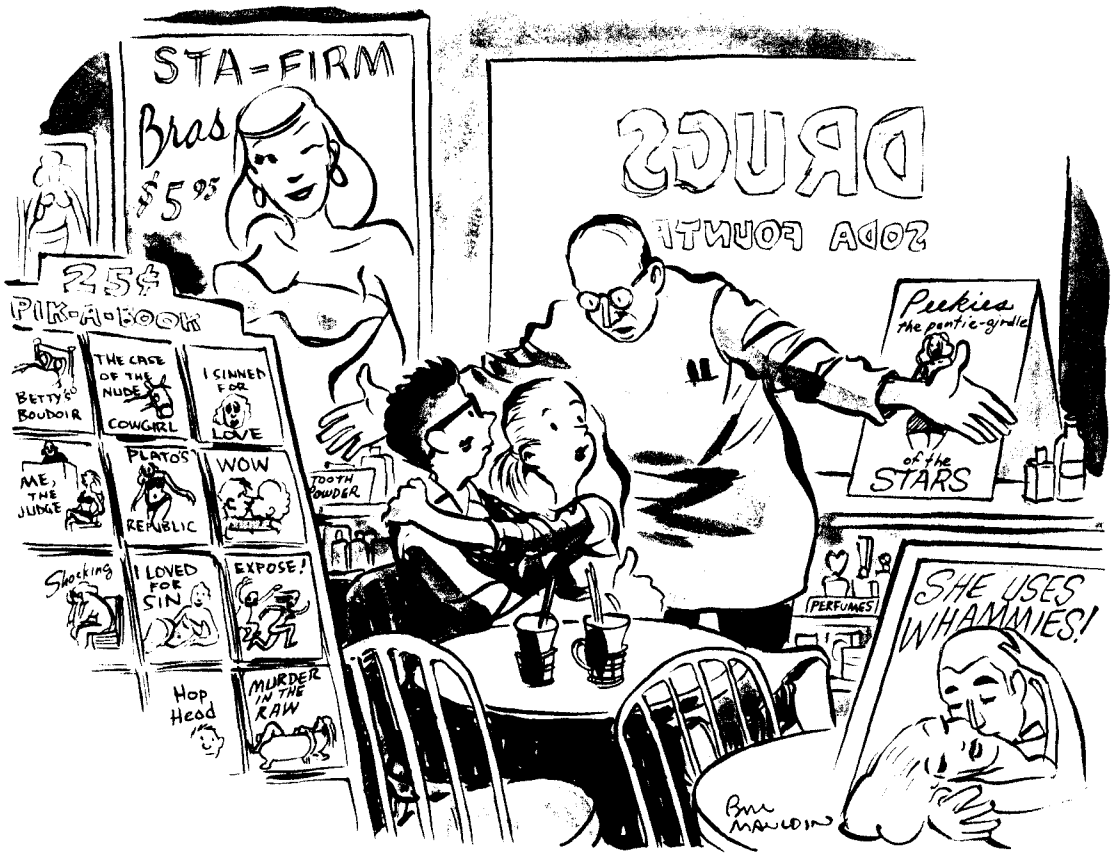
" 'Oh, Letitia, I hadn't noticed how coarse you talk,' Mrs. Simmons says.

" 'Well, I beg youh pahdon,' Tish says. 'What's the bad news about?'

"Well, talk about headlines and things—Mrs. Simmons had been clipping a whole slew of 'em. Stories about illegitimate births and girls in gangs and girls streetwalking, and a big bunch of dope articles.

" 'Holy cow, Mother, I didn't do all this stuff,' Tish told her, and then Mrs. Simmons outs with an old rusty hypodermic needle and asks her if she ever saw it before. Said she found it hidden in a floor crack under the bathtub. Tish said sure, she'd seen it. It was her aunt's, who has diabetes. The aunt had lost it while she was spending the weekend, and Tish reminded her mother how they'd had to get the drugstore to open up in the middle of the night so they could get a new one for her insulin shot.

" 'Good gosh, you mean you really thought you'd find me with blackened spoons and old capsules and stuff?' Tish asked her, and started laughing,



Druggist: "Aint you kids got no decency?" Author says adolescent today is exposed to more erotic stimulation than ever before—yet has no more outlet than Victorian youngsters had

Author found dances less acrobatic than he'd expected. Scene here was sketched from life. "Attitude of restraint," he says, "is partly due to innate dignity of 18-year-olds, partly to presence of uninvited square, seated right"

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"We got lots of radicals," a collegian said. "A radical has gotta be pulling against the times—and today's wild man is for McCarthy"

and you'd think that'd take the wind out of Mrs. Simmons' sails, but oh, no.

" 'Come, dear, tuck in your shirttail and sit in Mummy's lap,' she says. 'We haven't been very close lately, you and me, and I've been a terrible mother, not telling you things I ought to. We're going to have a long visit tonight, dear—just you and me.'

"Tish asked her if it couldn't wait, because she and I had a big deal on that night.

" 'You mean Phil Knox, that awful boy?' the old lady asks her.

"That made Tish mad and she said I was real cool, and maybe she was even thinking of marrying me. Man! Her mother says she sure *has* been neglecting her and if she ever catches Tish out alone with me after dark. . . .

"Well, anyway, we didn't think you were very funny next day with that newspaper."

* * *

Before starting to travel for firsthand material on this series, I did some copious reading about modern kids—newspaper files, containing hundreds of headlines like those (which are authentic, by the way) quoted in Phil's story, magazine articles, lengthy reports from the Senate's Hendrickson Committee on juvenile delinquency, opinions, essays, suggestions and predictions by psychiatrists, sociologists, sensationalists, syndicated preachers and lady judges. A lot of it was written sincerely and warmly, and it's plain that some mighty intelligent, perceptive people are devoted to the subject. But added all together, the tone was so grim that when I finally did set out with suitcase and notebook I felt like a war correspondent.

And yet by the end of the trip I had the very unsensational impression that the general run of today's teen-agers is just as tame as the majority of kids I remember from my own high-school days. Oh, there are some savage little cusses, all right, dedicated to felonies where the delinquents of my youth were satisfied with misdemeanors, and we'll get around to the stomping, stabbing, goof-ball set later, but I think it's more important and even more interesting to deal with the normal majority first. The average youngster has enough special problems, growing up in these ominous times, without having to be identified with and described in the same breath with the "juvies," whose antics reap

so much lurid publicity. Some of the kids feel this keenly.

"It's just like sailors," a Boston boy told me. "A couple of slobs go reeling down the street and everybody thinks we got a drunk Navy."

In El Paso, where I was busily doing research on tequila consumption among high-school students who cross the border to Juárez on Saturday nights, a senior from Austin High said he didn't think so awfully many students were real lushes—it's just that most kids are bound to experiment once in a while and there are more parents (and statisticians) going around smelling breaths these days.

It's really tough to be an adolescent today. It never was easy. The older an adult gets, the more he tends to remember his teens as a veteran thinks back on his service: the years soften the painful memories and exaggerate the fun.

"By gosh," he says, "I didn't know it at the time, but I never had it so good."

"It's the most horrible age they ever invented. I wish I could sleep through it," snorted a fifteen-year-old Chicago lassie named Polly Mitchel. "They don't excuse you for things like you were a child any more, and yet they don't give you privileges like you had any sense. 'Grow up, act your age, girl!' when you're silly, and then they turn around and tell you: 'You can't do *that!* You're just a kid!"

The old romancer disremembers the frustration of his violent young biological urges, when nature said go ahead, and society said he'd be an outlaw if he did. He forgets that the price of security was paid, as it always is, in the coin of freedom, and how many times he used to wonder in rebellious young fury if three squares and a measly Saturday allowance were worth the pain of knuckling under to parents and teachers who were so obviously mentally retarded peasants with medieval morals.

But such problems are old stuff. More timely is the case of a skinny, good-looking eighteen-year-old named Alan, who works in an Atlanta store after school. I thought for a while the boss was his father—the old man was so glad to talk about him and plainly thought so much of him:

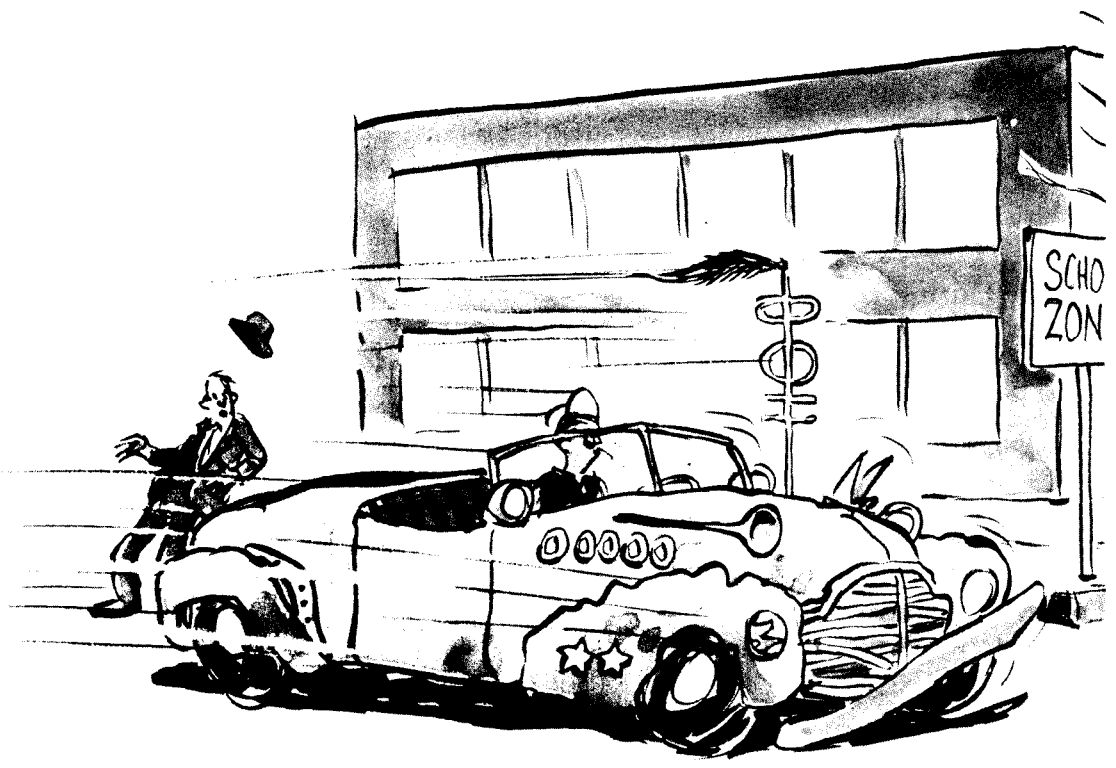
"He's a fine, smart boy, but he's going to hell in a bucket. His schoolwork is slipping, his work here is slipping, he won't save and he's always operating on next week's pay. He's good to his folks and pays his own keep, but he sure whoops around on what's left. He used to listen to me and treat me with some respect, but he's getting full of sass and independence and I'd fire him if it wouldn't give him satisfaction. He'd find just as good a job and probably with somebody who wouldn't harp at him —and maybe a little of what I say still rubs off and does some good.

"Alan, get over here and tell this man what makes you boys act like horses' tails these days."

This was a great beginning, I thought, but it turned out Alan didn't mind talking instead of working and, happily, his best friend and critic left us and went off to mind the store. Alan was very bright in the head, as advertised, and he turned out to be a draft-conscious type. Southern boys, as a rule, are less given to moaning about military service than their Northern contemporaries—and not, as some scoffers say, just because anything looks good after hominy grits. Alan probably never had to eat grits in his life. He didn't dread the Army; he'd just worked himself up a little preinduction philosophy, that's all.

"There's gonna be war," he said, "and I don't know how they expect you to act when that's what you got to look ahead to. And I'm not fooling around that we're a cinch to win, either. I don't spend any money I don't work for. If I save it and we win the war it'll be taxes. If we lose it'll be toilet paper. I don't break street lights or make trouble for my family. I don't even drink much. Kids act pretty good around Atlanta, at least the ones I know, and if we do get a party up, we go off by ourselves and don't cut up in public. I don't want to talk like we're a lost generation—I read someplace where a magazine said this was the new lost generation. I got nothing to get lost about and I'm having a pretty good time. We haven't even had our war yet to get lost about. But man, it's coming."

I remembered that when I was about ten one of my greatest sorrows was that it looked like there'd



The true hot-rodder (right) is usually a mechanical whiz—and a safe driver who hates to be

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never be any more wars to get into. I doted on war stories—anything from Charlemagne to Belleau Wood. When I started high school I wanted to plan my studies so I could make a try for West Point—but I gave it up because the chances of a war kept looking slimmer all the time, and my idea of soldiering was not a peacetime garrison with weekend passes and full-dress balls. I told Alan some of this because I thought it might amuse him.

"I used to read about the Crusades, the ancient Romans and Alexander the Great," I told him, "and the future looked pretty dull. The days of peril and strife and glory were past."

"Well," said Alan, grinning, "were you real tickled when the egg did hit the electric fan?"

"It came too late," I told him. "All of a sudden when I was eighteen there was the world I used to think I wanted, with slaves to be freed, monsters to be killed, campaigns to be fought and seas to be sailed. I should have been ten again. But now I was a soldier in the Infantry with a bayonet on my belt, and long before I even got overseas I was wishing I had that boring old future back.

"Maybe your predictions will turn out as wrong as mine did," I concluded.

"Could be," Alan replied, "but I'd rather expect a war and not get it than the other way around."

It was my last attempt at being an elder statesman. For the remainder of the trip I confined myself to asking questions.

* * *

War—past, present and pending—hangs heavy over the college student, and it is an important influence on the thinking and behavior these days of high-school kids, too, although a lot of them don't know it or won't admit it.

"So maybe there's gonna be a war," said worldly, eighteen-year-old Jim Ferris from the neon-lighted depths of his customized 1940 convertible at a Wilshire Boulevard drive-in. "So they know where to find me. Meantime, man, I'm gonna live."

"Honey," said Jim's girl, affectionately tucking a loose strand of his duck-tail haircut back into place, "how you gonna survive those long, cold nights in a barracks if you got no memories?"

"That's right, honey," said Jim, paying the waitress and starting his engine with a double-barreled roar. "Le's go make memories." They drove away, leering ferociously at each other.

"Look at me," moaned Aldous Barrett, a Pittsburgh collegian. "Born to be a playboy, with an incredible capacity for strong drink and an impeccable technique with the ladies, and I even have a secondhand Jaguar. The only way I can look forward to using these assets is to keep my draft deferment, and the only way I can do that is by spending all my time studying to keep the high marks. Sure, I credit the Army with making scholars out of a lot of us would-be bums, but that Jaguar is getting awful rusty."

The government's policy of keeping the brighter kids' noses stuck between textbook pages, in hopes of getting more technicians and officers later from among them, is fine, but now there's a sad tendency among able-bodied male students to plan courses with a warlike future in mind. The gentler arts suffer; any fool knows the Army isn't going to treat a budding young sculptor or archaeologist with nearly as much respect as a construction engineer.

"Why should I let two, three or four years of service just be a chunk out of my life?" said Jerry Frank, a high-school graduate in Indianapolis. "If I plan a career that's got a place in military tables of organization, then war's a continuation for me, not an interruption."

In Fort Lauderdale, Florida, last spring, when thousands of university students from all parts of the country, responding to some inner call, like lemmings marching to the sea, converged on the popular resort and carpeted long stretches of beach with empty beer bottles (for reasons not known, Fort Lauderdale seems to have become an off-season refuge for college kids), I was accosted by an Ohio art student I had met earlier. "Hey, Mauldin," he hollered. "How'd you get that deal on Stars and Stripes in the Army, where all you had to do was ride around in a jeep with a drawing board?"

"I had to work my way up to it," I replied, with dignity. "I spent three years in the Infantry first."

"I can't spare that much time," he mused. "There must be a short cut. I don't want to give up art."

"Why don't you draw ROTC pictures for the school paper?" I asked.

"Gee, thanks," he said, without enthusiasm.

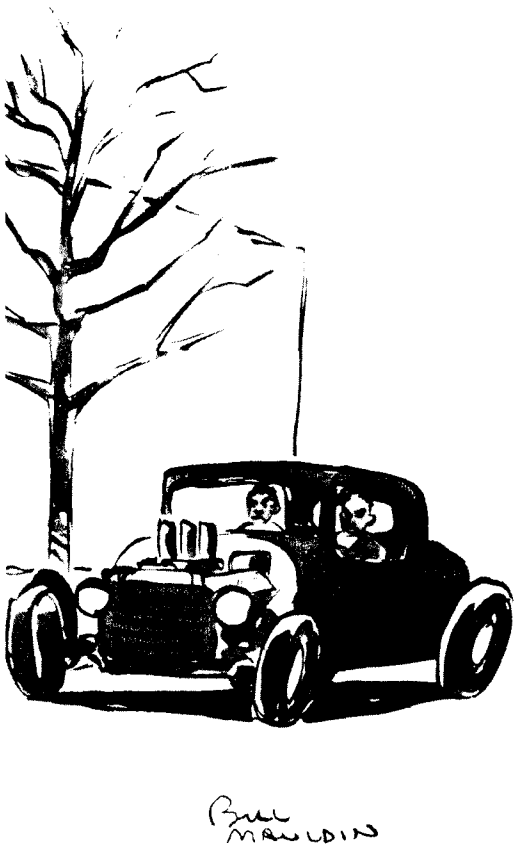
ROTC is, in fact, enjoying boom times in colleges. I don't offer the following quote as necessarily a universal opinion among students, but I think it's worth noting how a young and uncluttered mind treats the possibility of World War III with a certain spooky logic.

"Understand, I'm speaking as a civilian, not a military man," said Allan Markham, an ROTC cadet captain from Illinois, whose Florida mufti consisted of loud swim trunks, "but there's us and there's Russia. We're both strong; we don't get along. We both have interests in the same territories, and the U.S. doesn't treat the UN with a heck of a lot more respect than Russia does. I wouldn't be bucking for a commission in the Quartermaster Corps if I thought there was gonna be peace."

"You regard the Quartermaster Corps as a good military career?" I asked.

"Naw," he said, "but it's safe. We got an advantage over you guys from World War II. The only person who could advise you about the Army was your old man, and chances are he was talking through a romantic fog of time and you couldn't trust what he said. You World War II guys are already full of malarkey after only ten years. But when you first got back, boy, you had some good, fresh advice for your little brothers and we were about nine or ten—a pretty impressionable age, and just old enough to understand what you were talking about.

"My brother was in the Pacific, and all he used to say was, 'Kid, if we get in another war, whatever the hell you do, stay offa your feet. Get in the Air Corps or Navy or something, or get a job sorting socks. Stay outta the Infantry.' You ought to hear him now. To listen to him, the war was the greatest experience of his life, and the Infantry was nothing but a big, happy mob of congenial characters. Personally, I'm remembering what he said earlier."



confused with fools (left) who drive junk heaps

South end of a modern-day sharpie headed north is modeled after the rear side of a duck

In New Orleans, I had a long conversation about World War III with two less cynical ROTC types: Dick Brennan, a Tulane student, and Ben Bridgeman, of Loyola. Dick was a noncom, Ben a cadet colonel.

"It won't be a big war," said Dick. "Lots of little ones, like Korea."

"Well, even if it is a big one," said Ben, "I think there's too much worry about the hydrogen bomb. In the last war, both our side and the Germans had plenty of poison gas, with as big a killing potential as any superbomb, and nobody used it, for fear of retaliation."

Both these boys talked about war with the detached professionalism of a couple of retired major generals, yet neither, it turned out, would have taken up ROTC in normal times.

Bridgeman, who was about to graduate with a ready-made second lieutenancy in the Army, due to his ROTC proficiency, had already written the Fourth Army requesting assignment immediately after graduation.

"Strange to say, a lot of the boys *are* interested in the Infantry," said Dick Brennan. "In the last war, I understand the Infantry was always cracking about how soft the Air Force had it, but it's funny, there seems to be quite an allergy to flying among a lot of young guys these days."

"The Air Force makes its ROTC deal a little tough," Ben said. "Of course, everybody'd love the idea of one of those cushy Air Force desk commissions, but they seem to be a little overloaded with those types and won't fool with you unless you'll actually take flight training and commit yourself to two years of active duty."

"How sad," commented Dick. "The Air Force wants to get you up in airplanes."

The Louisville, Georgia, high school had a 1954 graduating class of 33, nine of whom planned to go to college. Of the rest, the boys seemed to accept getting drafted as inevitable. George Brewton, eighteen, had a game leg, which would probably prevent him from entering the Army.

"Why, no," said George, "I wouldn't say the boys exactly *envy* me. But I haven't seen any signs of anybody feeling sorry for me, either."

One fact seems certain. Today's potential draftees are going in with a lot more sophistication and maybe downright fatalism, than my bunch did.

* * *

"What's happened to the student radical?" I asked a California university sophomore named Charles Pruitt, my host at a small gathering in the back room of a college-side eatery, where we sat judiciously sipping brew from oversize steins and

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discussing weighty affairs for me to distill and pass on in these pages. We must have looked like something out of Heidelberg.

"Where are the rebels?" I continued. "The socially conscious, the Brave-New-Worlders, the ones who can't wait for wrongs to be righted? Is the younger generation as spooked by Congressional committees as their elders, or have the wild-eyed types gone underground?"

"Aw-w, that's real quaint," clucked a lad named Hugo Marcus. "He means lefties."

"We got plenty of radicals," Charlie told me. "Maybe you just wouldn't recognize 'em. *You'd* probably call them reactionaries. But look the word up. A radical is just a guy who wants things to change his way in a hurry and doesn't care whose toes get stepped on. Of course, in your day that meant racial equality, soaking the rich and that sort of stuff."

"Of course," I agreed, then sat quietly, chastened and edified, and let the ball roll.

"If this obsolete-type radical of yours thought anybody was blocking 'progress,' as he defined it, the guy was considered a 'Fascist,' I believe," said Ralph Marden, who was plainly up on his historical research. "I'll bet in schools today there's about the same percentage of hotheads, only times have changed," he added. "Most of the things the old generation of radicals believed in have come about."

"Look at the antisegregation business in schools," said Charlie Pruitt.

"Good gosh," Hugo said, "that social-justice stuff is a conservative old idea by now. As far as soaking the rich goes, my old man gets pretty well soaked, and he takes it in better grace than I do, because I have to adjust my scale of living to what the government leaves him and I'm not as used to it as he is. A radical has got to be pulling against the times, and today's wild man, or neurotic, or whatever he is—the kind that used to join the Communist party—he's a McCarthy man now, and we've got our share of *them* around."

"It's going to be a funny sight," Pruitt said, "when things shift the other way again and all these up-to-date McCarthy radicals are called in front of committees, and wring their hands and make confessions about their wild college days."

* * *

Sex is a tough subject to handle in a family-magazine article about kids. But the fact is that newly awakened yearnings have always been a favorite subject of conversation, speculation, experimentation, dreams, limericks and art work among adolescents. It's all pretty exciting and confusing—and the youngsters get mighty little help from their elders.

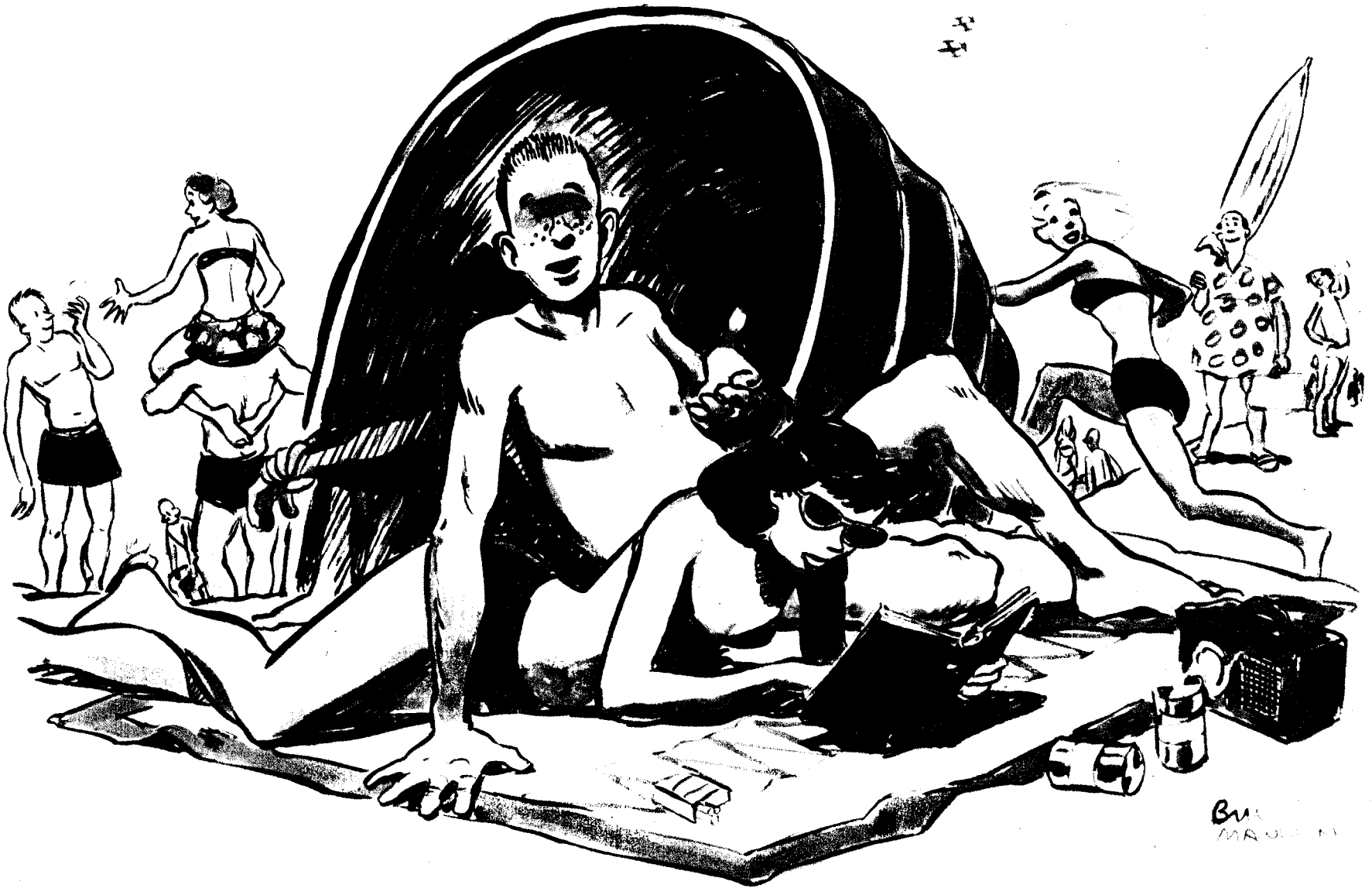
The United States seems to me the most hypocritical and neurotic nation on earth in matters of sex, and it's small wonder so many poor little shavers get perplexed trying to keep up with the old folks in this department. We're a nation of Puritans who just won't button up our blouses.

Through advertising, movies, books, television and the like, the average American adolescent today is exposed to more half-baked erotic stimulation than ever before in history—yet he has no more opportunity for an outlet, without scandalizing society, than our Victorian forebears had in their youth. It's interesting to take a four-block walk in an Illinois town I visited recently, starting at the drugstore, the favorite daytime high-school-student hangout, and ending at the school itself.

The literary department, at the end of the soda fountain, is ablaze with swelling bosoms, and you pays your money and takes your pick among stories where it's just love, or love followed by sadism, or sadism first. Move into the notions and the mouthwashes and dig the passionate poster embraces where the models used the gargle with the X-2 Factor.

Outside is a billboard featuring a lady in a skin-colored nightshirt which comes down to her hipbone. It's a mattress she's inviting you to try—see how the patented springs give restfully under the softest curve? The theater front gives you seventeen different views down a certain star's dress-front, and in one poster she's caught in a freak wind which blows her hair out to one side and her skirt straight up. Just an edge of lace shows (it is considered twice as moral to play peekaboo with the human form as to leave it bare—and also twice as appealing).

An old newspaper blows past, displaying another couple of lovers in the ads. Then a store



Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., is a spring-vacation haven for thousands of collegians from across the nation. Most boys are military-minded. "There's us and there's Russia," said one. "I wouldn't be bucking for the Quartermaster Corps if I expected peace"

Collier's for January 21, 1955

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window full of silk pants. A bath-towel poster—this dame is *really* down to nothing, but it's all right because she's sitting on the towel hind-side-to. An auto-supply store with a poster of a Bikini job holding a fire extinguisher. A radio shop with a television serial going on in the window. She begs him on her knees and he bops her over. Skirts all over the place.

We get to the high school—just in time to see a couple of kids sneak a smooch behind an evergreen on the lawn. Their parents, who never blink at Sex on Main Street, would be appalled.

In Manhattan, a pretty young girl named Ginny told me that literature in most forms had little or no influence on her. She said one of the main reasons she ducked out of school a couple of years ago, in fact, was that she hated reading textbooks or even comics. She's crazy for movies, though. She'll wade through the lettering on marquees to see who's playing, and she delves through gossip columns and fan magazines for personal tidbits on the stars. Ginny said she wouldn't mind television except that there are so many commercials and most of them flash a lot of text in front of you.

"I got no time for reading," she said. "It's a fast life and you gotta keep moving. A good picture's worth a million words."

Ginny, at eighteen, is among the better-looking of Eighth Avenue's teen-age trollops, and I met her in one of several saloons along the street which attract young male customers (mostly uniformed) by allowing tender dollies from age fifteen up to hang around alluringly, and then charge premium rates for slopping cheap whisky into thimble-size shot glasses.

"What kind of movies do you like?" I asked Ginny.

"Any kind. I just like to watch the stars and think how some of 'em live it up when they're not working. I've sort of got some ideas in that direction myself."

"You mean acting?"

"Sure. Most of 'em get there by being friendly with the right people." (If you haven't been paying much attention to the younger set lately, it's an odd feeling to hear those old serene platitudes. The Key has been found, and so conveniently early in life, too.) "Look at so-and-so, and so-and-so," Ginny said. "Are they *actresses?* You just gotta pick the right person to be nice to." She looked owlishly around the dingy dive. "Anybody worth knowin' walks in *here,* I'll nail him so fast he won't know what hit him."

"Well, it's one formula, anyway," I said. "I've heard some gals run into trouble along the way."

"I don't know anything a shot can't fix," she said without batting an eye. Somehow, that shook me. I've talked to kids who regard this as the Century of World Wars, and angry ones who agree it's a Time of Plain Darn' Confusion. A bookish little high-school sophomore in Trinidad, Colorado, told me he considered himself "extremely fortunate to be born into the Atomic Era." And now here was little Ginny basing her plans for success partly upon the fact that this is also the Age of Antibiotics.

Speaking of television, by the way, I think there's little doubt that it has had an influence on teen-agers, but I didn't get the impression that many of them are exactly enslaved by it. In fact, that flickering screen doesn't seem to mesmerize them nearly as much as it does older people and small children—except when the older kids are baby-sitting or doing some equally boring job. Music's still the big attraction—and dancing—and I really believe that if you gave the average kid a choice he'd take a phonograph sooner than a television set.

While I found myself recoiling from the fantastic collection of moaners and sobbers who dominate the jukebox records—most of them make Sinatra sound like Caruso—I was delighted to note that hillbilly music, for which I still have an unaccountable weakness, has spread all over the country, so I was saved from feeling like a complete square. In New Mexico and Arizona I visited a few of my old fiddle-and-geetar dance-hall hangouts and found them going full blast, with the town kids and soda jerks wearing, as always in the West, higher-heeled boots, flashier shirts and tighter pants than the few who actually had a nodding acquaintance with horses.

(By far the most blatant drugstore cowboy I *ever* saw was playing the guitar in a juvenile beer joint called the Dixie Pig, outside of Washington, D.C. He was wearing a snowy-white Stetson with a brim the size of an umbrella, but he didn't fool me none. He warnt no cowpuncher. He was knock-kneed.)

* * *

For every kid you read about getting into trouble these days, there are several of another type whom you don't notice, and who, sadly, are likely *never* to be heard from. Solemn little souls who lean distressingly far in the opposite direction from adventure, they're the "security conscious." Some, like a bespectacled sixteen-year-old named Nathan, an Arizona high-school student, are apparently just born cautious. Nate looks at the future in terms of government work or a job in a big corporation.

"I'm a staff man," he said.

"Beg pardon?"

"I have a mind for staff work," he patiently explained. "You know, somebody has to sit back and do the desk jobs. I like desks. I can't help it. I want something steady with a pension at the end."

Somehow, the thought of this kid planning a pension a half century away upset me to the point where I was tempted to drag him down the school corridor and chuck him into the boys' room whence issued the smell of smoke and the gleeful murmur of purple jokes, and let the wolves tear at him a while.

Others appear to have caught anxiety fever from their elders. Sidney McVane, who goes to school near Miami, Florida, is not a ribbon clerk by nature; he plays football and boxes (leading with his nose, from the battered looks of it). But Sidney, at eighteen, has an odd ambition: he wants to be some rich guy's private secretary, and he's not kidding.

"Or a general's aide, if they draft me, of course," he said. "I'm cut out for that kind of stuff. I'm big and I look tough and ought to be pretty good at keeping the wrong people out of the office."

"But, man, that's woman's work," I protested.

"Listen, it's fun for me to be around big operations, and I've listened to my father and his friends griping too long about how a man can't start from scratch any more, what with taxes and things, for me to get any ideas about making any scores for myself."

Maybe my memory, too, is getting foggy with the years, but I don't recall many of my youthful friends playing penny ante in the stud game of life. Sure, most of the ones I'm still in touch with are now placidly punching time clocks in unspectacular work, but it seems to me that nearly all of them made a lunge for the stars before falling back with a splash to become modest-sized fish in the big pond. I think it makes a happier fish to have jumped.

James Tyerson, a nineteen-year-old gas-station attendant in Chicago, had a reply to this.

"People used to have a few years to play around with," he said. "I got no time. I got a pretty fair line on myself; I can look in the mirror and I don't see no fire shooting out of my ears I see Jim the gas-pump boy , and maybe Jim the garageman after the Army turns loose of me. I want to get married, and what's the matter with that? You want I should be jet-propelled or something?"

* * *

Driving south of Albuquerque, New Mexico, on a Saturday afternoon, I saw a raffish-looking character about sixteen years old with extended thumb and a duck-tail haircut that glittered in the sun. I passed him by, then repented, stopped and backed up. He didn't run to meet the car as most hitchhikers do; Renaldo turned out to be a young gent of touchy pride. He strolled.

"Where you headed?" I asked him, after we exchanged pleasantries.

"I'll let you know when we get there," he said, mysteriously.

"Maybe you ought to tell me before we get there," I said, and started to slow down.

"Goin' to a dance down the road," he said. "How come people from the East always gotta know where you goin', where you come from?"

"Knock it off, Renaldo," I said. "I grew up around here."

"Yeah? Where you from?"

"Down that way," I waved. My turn to be mysterious.

After a while I commented on the elegance of his coiffure. Every hair appeared to have been glued into place. Renaldo appeared pleased.

"I brush it every morning with a couple pieces o' buttered toast," he said. This gag has spread as rapidly as the horrible haircut itself. I'd heard it in Los Angeles, Dallas and New York.

"Must get pretty rancid by the middle of the afternoon," I observed.

"Oh, I'm a pretty rancid feller," said Renaldo.

"You must be one of those Pachuco types," I said.

"I tell you this, mister—I ain't no cow stomp," my evil companion leered at me.

"What's a cow stomp? A sissy who doesn't pack a knife?"

"I thought you said you come from around here."

"You pack a knife, Renaldo?"

"Me? I don't have no knife."

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Me? Anything I can't do now I ain't interested in doing later on."

Renaldo rode in silence a while, staring moodily out the window.

"How come you ask if I got a knife?" he said.

"Just pulling your leg," I said. "I knew a nice kid like you wouldn't carry a thing like that."

He couldn't stand this. "Mebbe I got one."

"Well, don't show it to me," I said. "There

The frustrations of violent young biological urges—when nature says "yes" and society "no"

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52

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Adults may be the delinquents. Whom

might be a law and I'd have to tell on you."

"I got one, all right."

"Got a girl at the dance?"

"Alla guys I know got knives."

"Hey, Renaldo, I hear there's a lot more reefer smoking than when I lived here. Ever smoke one?"

"Sure. I try anything."

"How many have you smoked in your life?"

"I dunno. Three, four—I didn't count 'em. You wanna see my knife?"

"Come on, Renaldo, you haven't got a knife."

"That's right, I ain't got no knife." He grinned conspiratorially and patted his pocket.

Renaldo got out at the next town and swaggered down the street, his little shoulders hunched dangerously in the knife fighter's stance, ready for anything. He turned in at the drugstore, and the last I saw of him he was seated at the counter, crinkling the paper cover of a soda straw and dripping water on it to make it wriggle like a worm.

He was surrounded by twittering cow stomps. but paid them no mind. Obviously, Renaldo was waiting for companions worthy of his mettle. If enough of them got together. maybe they kicked up a fuss. If not, he thumbed his way home again late that night, sober, uncut and still lonely.

* * *

"The kind of kid who used to be a drinking problem doesn't hit the bottle any more around here," said Larry Hand, a twenty-three-year-old Korean war veteran who is now a New Orleans cop and quite an authority on the rougher side of teen-age life, having spent some time since joining the force masquerading as a high-school student to do research on the subject. "I mean the would-be toughie—the smart aleck," Larry said. "Nowadays they think a lush-hound is a square."

"That's nice," I said. "How do you account for it?"

"Well, I guess I shouldn't say they don't drink *anything*," Hand added. "They do like a little beer to wash down the goof-balls. That's what's happened to your drinking type—he's off to bigger and better kicks."

Larry is a specialist in narcotics. and as a result of his successful high-school ruse, he stopped a good-sized dope ring.

"I don't think the percentage of kids who fool with dope is much bigger, if any, than it used to be for drinkers," Larry said. "The wild ones are just wilder. And try to tell 'em anything? One night I was out riding with some boys smoking reefers. I was in the front seat, cupping my reefer in my hands and blowing through it instead of sucking on it, and the kid who was driving said he'd heard there was a public service film at Tulane University about narcotics.

" 'Hey, let's go see it!' one boy yelled. 'Maybe we'll learn something new about how to "shoot." ' We didn't go—the movie was for adults only—but you can bet my bunch would have enjoyed every minute of it."

Hand doesn't think preaching does much good, and neither does an ex-member of a once-notorious Los Angeles juvenile rat pack.

"We used to gobble up newspaper stories about stuff we'd done," he said, "and when we made the editorials we were beside ourselves. If some rival bunch got more publicity we were sore as hell, and outdid ourselves for days afterward. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if some of the big gangs started assigning kids as press agents."

* * *

A young Bostonian we'll call Joe Blotz owns a 1939 Buick convertible. The kingpins are shot and the front wheels shimmy ferociously above 15 miles per hour. A fender is missing and the others are rotted through. The wipers don't work. The taillights go out when Joe hits one bump and on again when he hits the next. The brakes are a faint memory. The only two shiny objects on the old bucket are a nine-foot radio antenna and a huge air horn swiped from a wrecked Diesel truck.

"Hot-rodder!" mutters the angry citizenry, as Joe, a cigarette dangling from his lip and a frightened girl scrunched down beside him, careens through a school zone, cuts off a bus,

Instead of going out to play ball, today's security-conscious young fellow stays home and figures out a good annuity plan

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and narrowly misses an old lady at an intersection.

Joe Blotz is no hot-rodder. He's just a punk.

Andrew Bascomb's car, seen at a distance in the southern California sun, appears to be a well-preserved 1929 Model A Ford coupé. Up close, you note the oversized rear wheels, twin exhaust pipes emitting a rumbling growl like the purr of a well-fed saber-toothed tiger, front fenders that are mere strips of steel and swing with the wheels, and headlights that have been lowered almost to the ground. Andy's multidialed instrument panel resembles the cockpit of a B-47. The exterior gleams with numerous coats of hand-pumiced black lacquer. If you inspect the power plant, you'll need sunglasses. The converted Mercury V-8 engine with full race cams is chromed in every exposed area, and the multicarburetors shine like silver coffeepots.

Andy is a real rodder, and if you've passed him in your new convertible, or even in a Jaguar XK 120, for that matter, it's because he allowed you to.

"Road-race *my* rod?" he'll explode. "I got 2,500 bucks I earned summers, weekends and after school tied up in that iron, and about a thousand hours of work on it. Oh, I might drag with some smart guy in a sports car for a coupla minutes on a straight highway just to wax the grin off his face, but it's risky even then because most of the characters that buy those foreign jobs don't know how to drive 'em. I save that stuff for timing trials."

Andy and the others like him are engineers, not screwballs. They tinker and fuss and invent, and I'll bet a high percentage of the improvements in modern family cars are first suggested by teen-age rodders. Of course, not all of these kids are able to contain their exuberance as well as Andy, but Los Angeles police have pretty well worked that situation out. They use the radio to net speeding rodders, and they've also hotted up a few of their own conventional-looking patrol cars, which cruise around like Q-boats, ready to catch anything on wheels.

* * *

While making notes around a big Los Angeles high school, I accidentally came across a fight that lasted maybe ten seconds and shook me up for hours. It involved two boys passing between buildings during recess. I didn't see who started it, because I was a couple of hundred feet away; all I saw was a fast punch in the solar plexus, followed by a knee in the stricken one's face as he dropped his books and doubled over, followed by a rabbit punch as he went down and a kick in the head as he lay prone. The loser was swiftly hauled away by his friends.

"I don't know either of 'em," said a student who was with me, "but they couldn't have been very good friends."

"Huh?" I said.

"I only get in hassels with my buddies. It doesn't pay to mess with kids you don't know around here."

I heard versions of this statement in many places around the country. Most schoolboys still seem to fight for about the same reasons they always did: mortal insults about somebody's pointy head or the shape of his ears, passionate affairs of the heart or just youthful vinegar boiling over. When I was in high school, combativeness was still influenced mainly by the rules of the adult sport world. Today, a kicked-in rib cage or a sliced kidney is a not uncommon penalty for losing. Sure enough, there is a shocking new tone of savagery among many youngsters, along with the other forms of "delinquency" we see publicized so much.

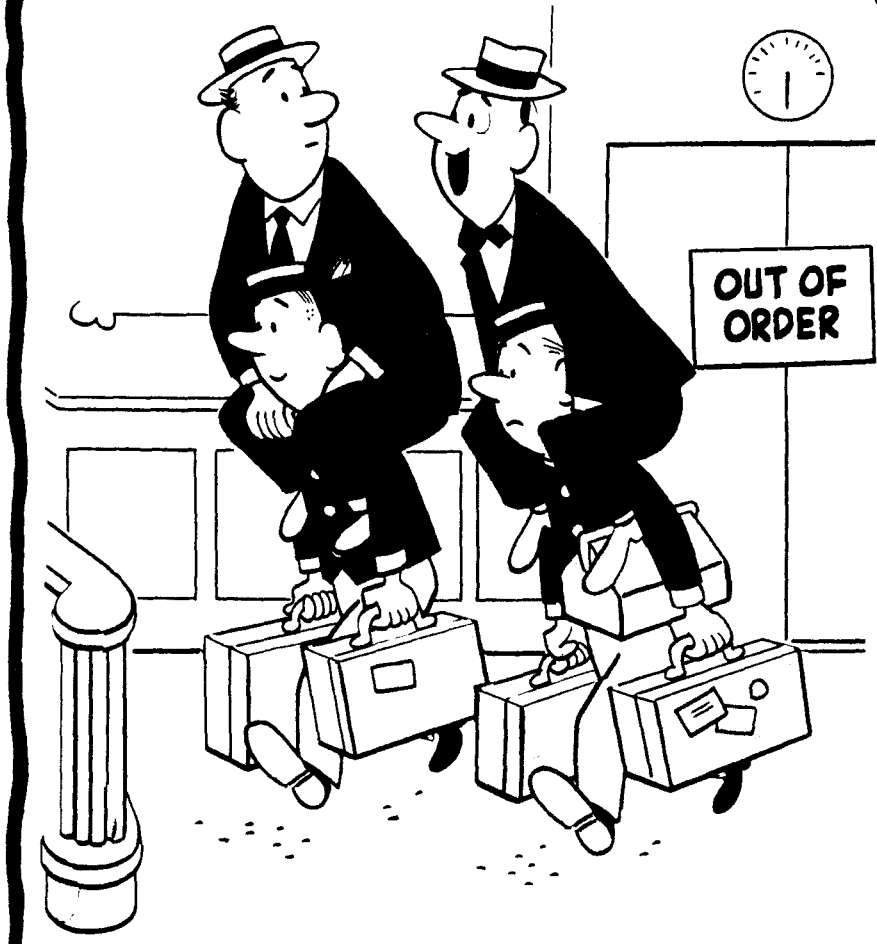
Well, what are our small fry "delinquent" in? Brains? Some of the most troublesome "juvies" are the smartest. Morals? Kids didn't think up the idea of morals. Grownups did, and we shouldn't expect them to treat our own invention with any more respect than we do. Assuming you're an adult and that you have been at some time mildly addicted to such pursuits as drinking, smoking and mingling with the opposite sex, you'll probably recall that you weren't real gone on sin because it tasted good in the beginning. The stars didn't tumble down at your first necking, as the love stories said they would; a few fastidious souls even admit that those early kisses seemed kind of unsanitary. The appetite came later. You took hold of those habits because you were in a hurry to act grown-up—and "acting grown-up" seems to be the key to juvenile behavior. Whatever they do, today's kids are holding a mirror up to us, however exaggerated the image may be.

Gee, it was peaceful in the old days, when a few high-living neighborhood adults were our only inspiration. In today's electronic times, those sharp, perceptive little eyes have before them a whole neurotic, warring world of boobs, liars, cowards, hypocrites, bootlickers, hopheads, lechers, swaggerers, swindlers, and bullies, seen in entertainment form or as real-life news flashes.

Actually, the fact that a lot of kids are adjusting so well to this age of malice and violence—where entire nations as well as individuals abide by Indian Charlie's philosophy of kicking in the groin first and asking questions later—should be a source of comfort. It's well known by the military, for instance, that in past wars many American kids just couldn't bring themselves to press a trigger. Their pious parents had drilled them so thoroughly in the Christian virtues of meekness and humility that the poor little cusses didn't have much chance in combat. (Or in commerce, for that matter.)

Well, that's all being fixed now. The killer instinct is being nurtured by many influences, and there seems to be undue surprise at the occasional violent results, when some kid gets overenthusiastic and becomes "delinquent." (One source of comfort, anyway—the rest of the world has the problem, too. Even Muscovites have been complaining about zoot-suiters lurking in the shadows of the minarets.)

Little eyes are on you all the time. It's an awful burden for a grownup to carry in these hard days, but the more personal attention you pay to your subadults the less likely you are to read about their activities in the morning paper. The kids'll be out of your hair soon enough, anyway, by marriage, military conscription or the lure of a job. But meanwhile, they're not going to do as you say, but as you do, and possibly with horribly original variations. If by chance they don't want to be like you, then you've *really* fouled up, and God help us all.



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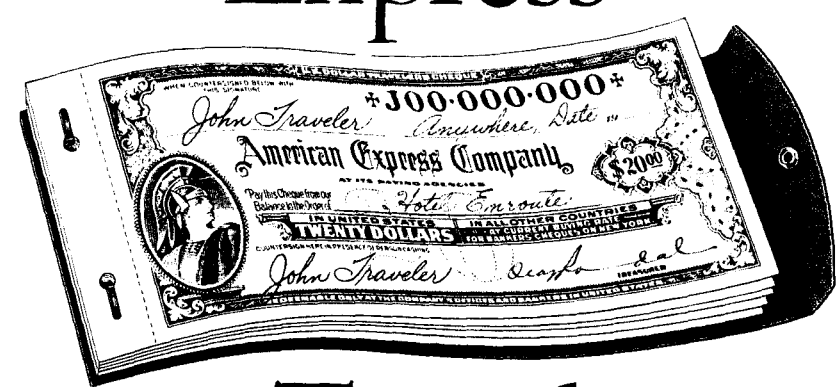

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I Believe in Living Rich

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

I said. I was proud to be putting out the first green leaf of my labor.

Murphy hurried me out of the room by the other earring. "Keep out of here after this, Pixie. Don't annoy Arnott."

"All right. He's attractive. Ah, if he were only more human than a lawn mower!"

I found Photography, and introduced myself to Prow, who was quite cute. The boys there seemed to appreciate my hyacinth-blue dress and red wool socks and there was some rivalry as to who would show me the darkroom. They were kidding and scuffling when a cross man came in and snatched the photograph for Gray Pharmaceutical right out of my hand.

"This has to go before lunch. I've been looking for Arnott."

"He flew to New York, and who are you?" I asked, fierce as a wolf, because Mr. Arnott had trusted me with that photograph. It was all right—he was Fryer from Traffic. It wasn't until I was in bed at the Y.W. that night, thinking over my first exciting day in the powerful field of advertising, that I remembered the photographer was supposed to retouch some little something, but I'd dropped the note somewhere. I hoped it wasn't important.

While Mr. Arnott was away, I did errands like an office boy. At night I usually went to the movies with Alec or Axel or Prow, generally going Dutch. I couldn't afford it, but I believe in living rich. I'll never die rich.

ONE day Mr. Arnott came back and stalked into the bull pen, finding me playing chess with Alec.

"Comes now the beachmaster," muttered Alec, trying to hide the chessmen with his arm and knocking most of them onto the floor.

"Childie," said Mr. Arnott to me, "time you learned to make a pie-chart. We'll need a good many for the Iceblink Refrigerator show."

"I know how to make peach, lemon and black-bottom pie, but I want to be an artist."

He shuddered. "Are you going to shut up and grow up and learn, or do you intend to wear thick red socks and three sorority pins all your life?"

The iron entered my soul. I am grown-up, I am nineteen.

"Only one is a sorority pin. The other two belong to two boys I am pinned to. What is a pie-chart?"

He looked discouraged and told Alec to show me. They turned out to be segmented circles on paper, nothing jolly like pie. I worked hard and made a dandy, but when I went to show Mr. Arnott, Murphy saw me knocking on his door and wouldn't let me bother the art director. In the next few weeks I made ever so many pie-charts for two of the accounts, Gray Pharmaceutical and Iceblink Refrigeration.

Mr. Arnott used to stalk around the bull pen dissatisfied with everybody, saying, "Do it over. Clean it up. Make me a good one." He recognized only two states of existence: way behind in his work and a little behind in his work.

This is the background of the eruption that blew up on Monday, September fourteenth. There were three bursts of flame. First, did Mr. Arnott commit a bloomer? Second, who gets fired? Third, can I save myself?

Early that morning, I was sitting at my drawing table in the bull pen, where a dozen artists worked. We were all tired; we'd been working night and day for Iceblink, with the hope of doubling our billing. Ten color comps, ten newspaper ads, TV and radio plan, salesman's portfolio. I was lettering carefully below my pie-chart: *Fourteen per cent of your dollar goes to gauranteed products,* when Axel says, "Pixie, run and find me a paper-stretcher."

"I don't even know what a paper-stretcher is," I told him. The artists clucked their tongues reproachfully.

"Go up to Traffic on the floor above," says Alec, "and ask Fryer for the paper-stretcher. He's a friend of mine—he'll let you have it."

"And if Fryer hasn't got it," added the secretary, Mrs. Thorsen, "go to Media on the floor below and ask my husband. Tell him I sent you."

"I hate to leave my pie-chart," I said, but I raced up to Traffic. Fryer said regretfully he didn't happen to have the paper-stretcher but he was fascinated to be asked. Then I hunted up Mr. Thorsen in Media and he said rapidly, "Don't they have any work to do in the Art Department, what next, don't bother me."

COLLIER'S — **"It's finished!"** — HARRY MACE

I LOOKED into Murphy's office to ask him next. There was so much excitement there I thought some crisis must be threatening the nation. Murphy was shouting into the telephone, two men were pacing up and down, and the secretary sat with her notebook on her knee, her face as white as arsenic.

Murphy yelled at me, "Pixie Dent! Where the hell have you been? Tell Arnott to come here." He roared into the telephone, "Get our lawyers!"

Jake, the office boy, passed me with a cup of coffee and a bag of potato chips, so I knew it was ten o'clock, time for a coffee break. I got Mr. Arnott's coffee from the coffee wagon and knocked on his door. No reply.

"Maybe someone has croaked Arnott, I hope," said Prow, strolling up from Photography. "Damn' perfectionist, always saying, 'Do it over. Clean it up. Make me a good one.' "

"Mr. Arnott taught me a lot," I said. "You too."

"Oh, you politician."

"What a lie," I said. "I'm not old enough to vote."

"I hear Arnott got caught in a bloomer. He'll get short shrift. Heads will roll. You've been through a big push, all that Iceblink stuff. Now you'll see a big fire, all the married men panic-stricken and the stenos bawling."

I knocked once more and went in. Mr. Arnott's big room was quiet and peaceful. The floor was carpeted by discarded layouts; the ash trays were overflowing. Mr. Arnott was sprawled in a straight chair sound asleep, with his dark head sometimes upright, sometimes flopping onto his chest.

"Don't crumple that comp!" I moved a layout from under his arm and put my hand under his chin to steady his poor head. For one exquisite moment he rested his head in my hand and tore off a blissful snore.

New evaluation: an honest, overworked kind of man any girl would want one of. Ah, could I but meet him outside the office some sweet day!

"I'm sorry you have to wake up," I said. I have great strength of character; I moved away. Mr. Arnott sagged and opened his eyes. They are shrewd, deep eyes, as clear as brown garnets.

"I had a lovely dream. Is it time for the Detroit plane?" He stretched and yawned.

"It's only ten o'clock. Murphy wants you right away. Drink your coffee. Why didn't you answer my knocking?"

"Must have fallen asleep. Worked all night. Let him wait."

"Mr. Arnott, something terrible has occurred. The Gray Pharmaceutical people are screaming. You are about to get short shrift. Murphy said they will probably fire a lot of people. Do not despair, I will help you. It's like the lion that let the mouse go, and when the lion was caught in a great net, the mouse ran up squeaking and gnawed him free."

"Thanks, babe. The white flowers of your thought never fail to cheer me."

"Don't take it lightly! You're going to get the ax."

"There's only one way to face that possibility with equanimity, Pixie. Know a lot. Every mouse should have two holes to run to. Gnaw yourself another. If they bounce me, I'll rent a studio and do free-lancing."

"Frank Arnott!" The door flew open and Murphy flew in, shouting. "Do you know what you've done? This is going to cost *money!*"

"What now?"

Murphy took a pot shot at me as I was stealing away. "This asinine training program costs money too. The idea of paying forty a week to a kid who goes back to college as soon as we have taught her something! I'll put a stop to it."

"Please, no!" The iron entered into my soul again. "I'm sorry I couldn't locate the paper-stretcher. I tried all morning."

"Oh, no!" bawled Murphy. He took hold of my right earring, which was a little silver star. "Are you stupid enough to fall for the oldest hoax in the world? Who wasted time and money sending you to look for a paper-stretcher?"

He got much angrier when I wouldn't tell, and I almost lost the lobe of my ear. I hurried to the bull pen and set to work madly on my pie-chart. . . .

"You idiots," I announced to all and sundry. "I may get fired on account of your funny gag. I need the forty a week. I'm a little mouse with only one hole to run to."

"Aw, Murphy likes the girls," said Axel, who is brave when it isn't him. "We'll all chip in and buy you a new earring."

Prow, the photographer, came in with a magazine open in his hand. "Did you all hear Murphy yelling? They say a big fire is coming. We haven't had a general weeding-out for ages." A ripple of anxiety went through the bull pen like a cold breeze on your neck. "I'm in the clear, I'm pleased to say." Prow tossed me the magazine and went out whistling.

"Why is he in the clear?" asked Axel sourly. "Let's have a look at the ad we did for Gray Pharmaceutical."

THEY spread the magazine out on my table, and we all crowded around to look. It was the photograph Mr. Arnott had showed me the first day I came to D-B: a druggist in a white coat standing beside a shelf full of bottles and cans. The caption was: *GET THOSE SLOW MOVERS OFF THE SHELF.*

"I don't see what's wrong," I admitted.

"Me either. But trifles are mountains to clients," Alec said. "If we lose Gray Pharmaceutical, it's half a million in billing. That's seventy-five thousand for D-B—not too much money, but a few heads will roll just to show us that our business depends on everybody in the shop. And never send to ask for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee. But gosh, this is no time for me to look for another job. What about my cabin in the woods, my poor little cabin that I'm building with my own bare hands?"

"How about the boat I'm buying?" put in Axel, feverishly drinking at the water cooler. "If Arnott goes," he added, "half the artists he hired will go. Two weeks' pay."

"Mr. Beasley is tenderhearted," said Mrs. Thorsen, the secretary. "He hates to see anybody suffer. If you see him get into a taxi with four suitcases and his golf clubs, that's the day the ax falls. The department heads will have orders to fire people right and left."

"*Gaur*anteed—that's a new way to spell it." Mr. Arnott was looking over my shoulder. No one had heard him come in. The men looked at him measuringly, as if he were a chicken and Sunday coming. "Rub it out and do the lettering over, Toddie. What did you think of my bloomer? Damn' stu-

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pid of me." He picked up the telltale magazine.

"None of us could detect the mistake," I said.

"It's a bad one. One of the bottles on the shelf has Gray's own label on it, which should have been disguised. Naturally Gray's are outraged, the caption being what it is. I initialed the damn' layout too—meaning, Pixie, that I *gauranteed* it against flaws in my specialties, typography and art."

"But the bottles are only half an inch high! Most people could hardly read the label without a magnifying glass!"

"Listen to the amateur," Mr. Arnott said. "In this business, you're right or you're out." All the artists nodded, as shocked as if it had been murder. I received a valuable insight: only to an amateur are trifles little.

Memory streamed into my mind like a comet. "Mr. Arnott, it was me! I made the blunder. You gave me the photograph to take to Photography to have the label retouched, and I got to fooling around and forgot. I was stupid. I'm just sick. I'll go tell Murphy it's all my fault."

"Prow already figured that out and told Murphy, to get himself in the clear. It was my fault too, Pixie. I shouldn't have okayed the layout until the correction was made."

I crumpled into my chair. It's absolutely stinking to feel guilty. I began to grow up, and it hurt. It hurt a good deal to find out that the green leaves of my labor had moths in them.

"Will this touch off a big fire, Frank?" asked an old artist.

"Not immediately," Mr. Arnott said. "They need me too much. I'm flying to Detroit with Mr. Beasley and Mr. Dunster and the other big guns, to make additional layouts if necessary. After they get the show sold, the sword that's hanging over all our heads may drop."

"Everybody learn something quick!" I said feebly. "Every mouse should have two holes to run to, Mr. Arnott says."

Mr. Arnott grinned and patted my head. That was the last I saw of him for more than three months. He went to Detroit, and from there to New York, and did not return to the home office until after I had gone back to college.

Evaluations: Prow—is cute-looking but copperhead; Alec and Axel—kids, nice kids; myself—up to now an amateur, playing at art and playing at work but now as humble as a thimble; Mr. Arnott—a grownup. Ah, if only he would stop working for five minutes and notice me! . . .

During the ten lonely days that remained of my first work period at D-B, everybody made my life miserable, twitting me and calling me Pixie the Slow Mover. Murphy said he never made a mistake, nor did Mr. Dunster nor Mr. Beasley. These latter gentlemen were as unknown to me as *Esquimaux* until a certain fearful night in January, when their secretaries brought them to Bosses' Night dinner, of which more later.

I SPENT most of the ten days I had left doing something even I knew was make-work. I was copying a layout that Mr. Arnott had made for the Iceblink campaign—a double spread with a refrigerator pasted on it, and a lot of copy.

"Watch Pixie the Slow Mover learning commercial art," Alec said. He was leaning across my table to play chess with Axel. "That's a nice ad, Pixie. The Iceblink people have bought the whole campaign."

"I hope everybody okayed everything," I said.

"This time, yeah, everybody okayed it," Alec said, looking over the layout. "And at the very top of the page is Mr. Beasley's name, and Mr. Dunster's. Mr. Beasley himself contacts Iceblink."

"Mr. Beasley himself thought of the way to put teeth into the copy," Axel said. "Spent a potful of dough, too."

They told me what had been done the summer before. Mr. Beasley had sent investigators to the warmest resort city they could think of—Sunset City. Workers had checked daily with all the owners of Iceblink refrigerators there for six weeks of hundred-degree heat, and had proved conclusively that not one owner had any trouble with her Iceblink in spite of the weather.

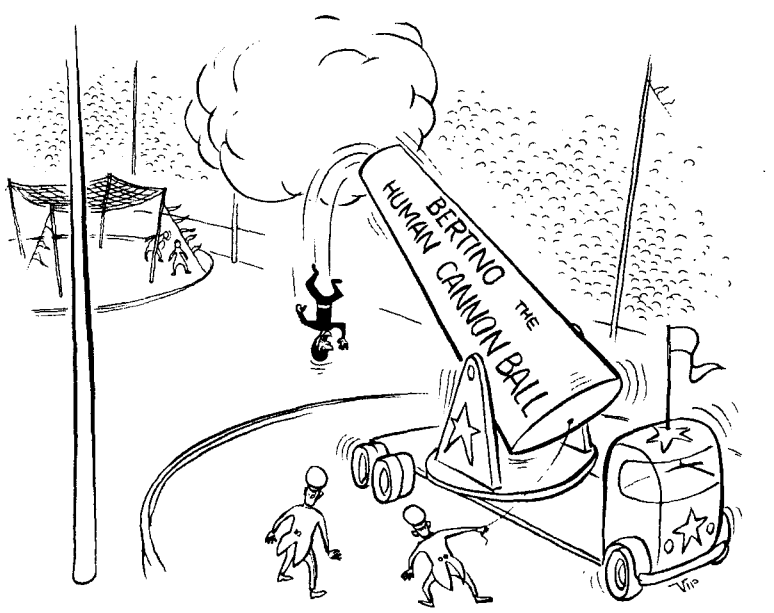
"That's funny," I said. "I went to high school in Sunset City, and it used to be the fashion to pretend that it never got unpleasantly hot, on account of the tourist trade, I suppose. My dad has a small church there."

"Pixie, give us a rest from 'my dad,' " Axel said.

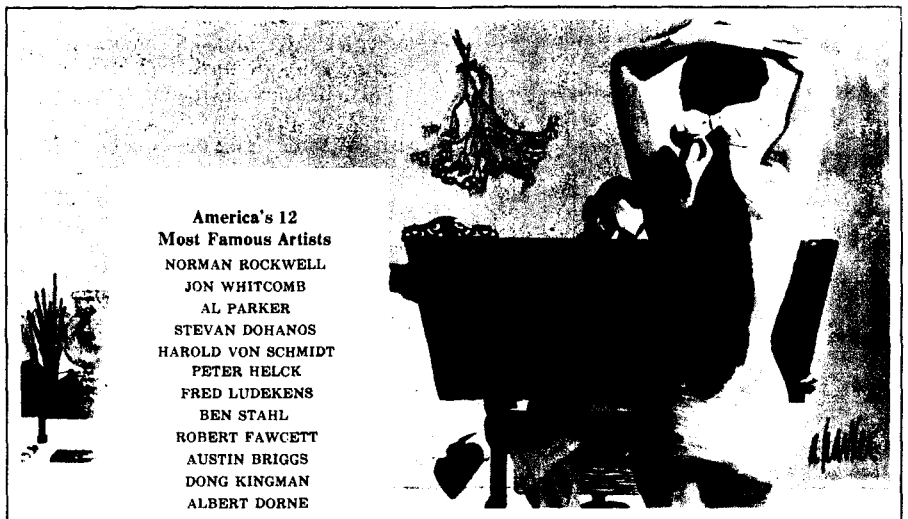
Murphy said that too, when I went to tell him good-by before I went back to college. "I sent my dad a copy I made of one of our Iceblink layouts, so he could see what kind of work we do," I said. "Must tell you his reaction."

"Skip it," said Murphy.

"I've worked here three months, and



COLLIER'S "More powder . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH



America's 12 Most Famous Artists
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JON WHITCOMB
AL PARKER
STEVAN DOHANOS
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK
FRED LUDEKENS
BEN STAHL
ROBERT FAWCETT
AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN
ALBERT DORNE

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW," say America's 12 Most Famous Artists. Many men and women have hidden art talent they never dreamed of. They could be trained for success and security in the field of art if they only knew their own ability. We artists will help you discover your art talent free! Just send for our **FREE ART TALENT TEST.**

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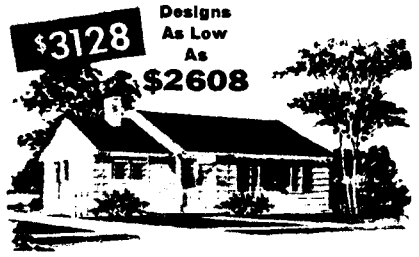

What "Liberty" Owners Say

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"We have moved into our 'Liberty' home and are more pleased with it every day. I think I would be safe in saying we are ahead $2,000 to $3,000 by buying your Liberty Home and doing the work ourselves."

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You can save several thousand dollars when you build a Liberty Home! Buy direct from our mill at our low, factory, freight-paid price. We ship you the lumber cut-to-fit, ready to erect. Doors, windows, roofing, paint, glass, hardware, nails, etc., all included in the price. Plans furnished—also complete building instructions. No wonder our customers write us that we saved them 30% to 40%. Easy terms—monthly payments. Architecturally approved construction. (Not prefabricated.)

Very Easy to Build

Every step in the building of a Liberty Home is figured out for you, so that all you have to do is follow the drawings and instructions that we furnish you.

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Many thousands of Liberty Homes have been built in all parts of the country. If you would like to visit and inspect the model that suits you best, write us and we will give you its location.

Send for Catalogue

Pictures wonderful homes in colors at money-saving prices. Write for FREE catalogue today. (West of Mississippi, 35¢)

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Learn how both large and small businesses are boosting sales with new advertising machine. Write today for **FREE** illustrated BOOK of unique advertising plans, money-making ideas for your business. **Cardmaster, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 3-A, Chicago 40, Ill.**

FLORIDA...
Nice homesites in ridge section Central Florida near Ocala National Forest, in Lake County. Best hunting, fishing. Low prices, easy payments. Folder free. Webb Vernor, DeLand, Florida.

I feel a certain loyalty to the shop. I can't let Mr. Beasley make a top-ranking idiot of himself."

"Mr. Beasley has been able to make money for quite a while, Slow Mover," Murphy said. "You better stick to looking cute."

"It's too important. It's my duty to give you some advice. I must share the white flowers of my thought."

"We'll struggle along, if you just let us alone." Murphy twisted my good two-dollar earring, a silver hoop.

"Quit that. Mr. Arnott is away, and I'm too insignificant to speak to Mr. Dunster or Mr. Beasley. You are making a frightful mistake. I can save you."

"They are all three out of town," said Murphy, grinding his teeth, "and you are a pest. You need to be cut down to size. Go away!"

The next day I had to return to Alterne, feeling uneasy because I was leaving unfinished business. . . .

HERE should come a shower of autumn leaves and a few snowflakes, and a glimpse of the leaves of a calendar flipping over rapidly to show the passing of October, November and December. Back at college, I studied Creative Design, Psychology of Advertising and Introduction to Statistical Analysis. I discovered that I couldn't get excited any more about sorority rushing, gym or panty raids. I gave the fraternity pins back to the boys I had been pinned to. At Christmas, I sent all the Art Department men Argyle socks, and received from them a beautiful big art book and a large box of nylon stockings. For an exquisite moment of trembling hope I searched for the card, but it only said: *Love to Pixie from the Art Department of D-B.* Nothing personal from the boss. It was sad.

Something else was sad too: I got fired. Me. I got short shrift. I wept. Life seemed basically rotten. I was shattered for days. Therefore my grade for the first work period was F. (I hope that this report and evaluation brings my mark up to passing, Prof. Chester.)

Murphy had notified the Job Placement Bureau at Alterne that he did not want any more trainees in the Art or Copy departments. The salary—forty a week—was too much money. Sympathetic though he was with the program, he wrote smoothly, he had found that his only urgent need in Personnel was for highly trained stenographers—and Alterne, of course, did not train stenographers.

Evaluation of Murphy: a child of avarice. Could I but see him crumble like a cooky on the kitchen floor! It would be so good for him.

All this was a blow. A blow is good for the character, my dad always says. And Mr. Arnott had said that every mouse should gnaw two holes to run to. I lay awake all one night and searched for another hole. I found one. I studied shorthand and typing every night during the study period on campus. Then the Job Placement Bureau requested Dunster-Beasley to let me return for the winter work period as a trainee in General Office Procedure. Murphy, considering the hypocritical letter he had written, had to let me come back.

He put me in the stenographer pool. As usual Mr. Arnott was out of town, buying art.

It wasn't as much fun typing all day as it had been in the bull pen. But I knocked out a lot of work. One very cold morning I was sent to Murphy's office because his secretary was home with a cold. I'd been waiting for this. I put on a pair of earrings to which I had sewed a couple of buds of garlic that looked like pearl drops. Very pretty, really.

I knocked and went in. "Hello!" I said. "Here I am—La Belle Dame sans Murphy, they call me."

"You mean Pixie the Slow Mover." So we were going to keep on with that tired office joke. "I'm surprised that you wanted to come back here. I couldn't very well refuse, though I have a vivid recollection of a couple of boners you made that cost us money."

"Not two boners. Just one. And it didn't cost money. Alec wrote me that the Gray people were very magnanimous and accepted an apology."

"I should think you'd be embarrassed to come back to a place from which you were fired as a flop."

It was rather hard not to cry a little. "That's one reason I wanted to come," I said. "I admit my art work was weak. I didn't know enough. I've signed up for night classes at the Art Institute here. Drawing, perspective, life classes, all the hard courses. When I get good, I'll be an artist again. As it is, I contribute the green leaves of my labor as a dandy stenographer. Murphy, won't you please listen to my father's advice about that Iceblink ad? If you act quick, it won't cost you much money. They are printing it right now."

"Oh, shut up!" Murphy flew off the handle. He didn't care to hear what some little punk way off in the Wild West said, and if I mentioned my dad once more I was out forever, and Alterne College could go plumb to hell. I faded right back into the stenographer pool and threw the garlic earrings out the window.

The other girls said, Pixie, for John's sake, stop heckling Murphy. Why not ask him to be your guest at the Bosses' Night dinner next Saturday? Last year three girls invited him, and he was so flattered he was sweet for weeks. This I declined to do, because I had telegraphed to Mr. Arnott in Chicago, asking him to come home and be my guest, and he had wired back that he would meet me at the dinner and thanks.

The third big social event of the year for the girls at D-B was Bosses' Night. Every summer Mr. Beasley entertained the whole agency at a golf party. Then Mr. Dunster gave a Christmas office party. Finally, the girls themselves gave a grand dinner for the favorite bosses, keeping out part of their Christmas bonuses to pay for it. . . .

At six o'clock on Bosses' Night, I sat in the ballroom of the Van Buren Hotel waiting for my date, with my heart swooping around in my chest. When Mr. Arnott came in, he didn't know me. I was as fancy as the pinball machine in the college drugstore, wearing yards of taffeta, perfume, earrings four inches long and silver leaves in my hair. Mr. Arnott gave me a big, surprised smile and whistled softly. It was an exquisite moment.

Mr. Arnott took both my hands. "I'll be darned," he said. "Pixie has ankles. What happened to the red wool socks?"

"I got the hint when the Art Department sent me nylons for Christmas. As Alec and Axel don't know anything about it, the Art Department must have been you."

"Where are the jeweled pins that used to embellish your sweater?"

"Kid stuff. I gave them back. Oh, Mr. Arnott, I have to make a speech, and I'm scared. I've been asked to respond to the first toast, as I am the only representative here of the Alterne system."

"Make it short. Take one drink to relax you."

He got a Manhattan for himself and brought me a tall glass of gin and grape juice—Purple Passion. I downed it and had another. By the time dinner was announced, my eyes felt glassy. . . .

WE PROGRESSED through the soup, chicken and salad, but I was too nervous to eat much. The ice-cream roses were frozen so solid that my silver spoon almost broke in two just as the toastmistress offered a toast to the Alterne program. I stood up, holding onto the back of my chair, and one of the girls handed me another glass of Purple Passion, which I sipped to calm my fright. Mr. Arnott kept his eyes fixed on the frozen rose, stabbing at it and shaking his head.

"Mr. Dunster, Mr. Beasley, ladies and gentlemen," I said, "as the representative of the work-study plan, I thank you for the toast. We who work in advertising give to all America the green leaves of our labor and the white flowers of our thought." I discovered that in spite of my fears and my dizziness, words were coming out of my mouth, so I just let them froth up out of my submerged mind.

"I sent my dad a copy of the new and beautiful double-page spread that's being printed right now, the opening gun in the new and beautiful Iceblink campaign. My dad says when that ad

COLLIER'S "How's business?" JOHN GALLAGHER

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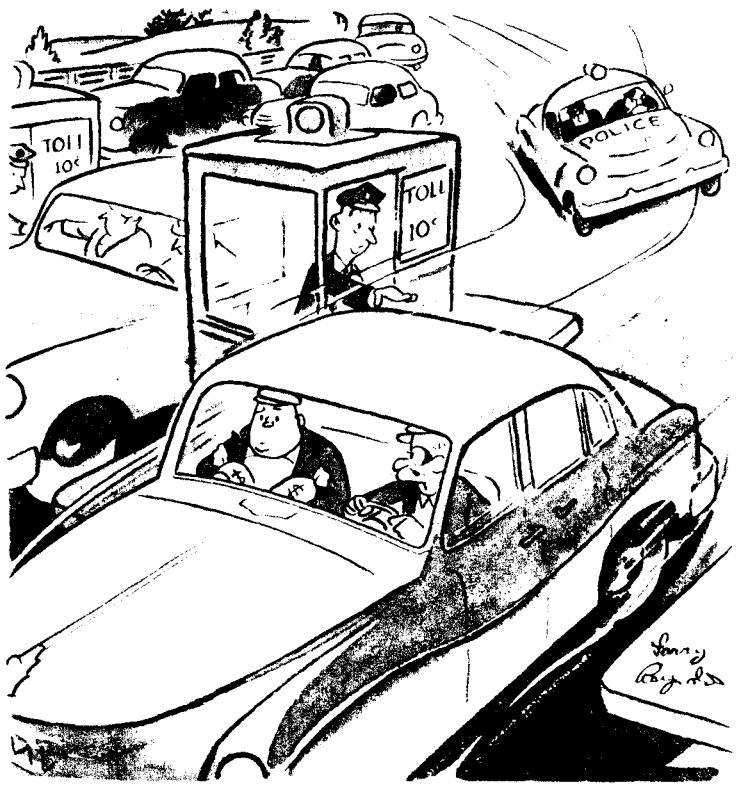
BUTCH



"I don't know if they'll take the dime out of his salary. Quit being such a worrywart, Butch"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

appears in Sunset City all heck will break loose. The local patriots will fly into a rage. The Chamber of Commerce, who all belong to his church, won't allow anyone to hint that it gets to be a hundred in the shade in Sunset City, because that would ruin the tourist business. They won't admit it gets hotter than eighty-five. My dad's father is in the state legislature. He says they won't buy any more Iceblink products for use in the state offices from now on, because of that dastardly lie. No refrigerators or vacuum cleaners or home freezers or automobiles. No more Iceblink. Am I boring you?"

I LOST the thread, so I took my father's letter out of my evening bag and peered at it to get some more ideas to talk about.

"Pixie, stop!" Murphy screamed in agony. Mr. Beasley jumped up and his chair fell over. Mr. Dunster knocked his coffee into his secretary's lap and the poor girl yelled. It seemed as if the volcano might be getting ready to toss some more lava. "This will cost *money!*" Murphy moaned.

"Girl," said Mr. Beasley, whizzing up to me, "give me that letter. Didn't anyone check with the Chamber of Commerce? Dunster, Murphy, Arnott, Rike! Come to my office for a meeting at once! Tom, Albert, F.D., J.R.! Someone get our lawyers!"

"The roof just fell in," said Mr. Arnott softly. "Wait here. I'll be back. When did your father write? Why didn't you tell Murphy?"

"Months ago. I tried to, about fourteen times. He nearly killed me."

"You're even," Mr. Arnott said. "You've nearly killed him."

Mr. Arnott settled me at one end of a small divan and left. It was quite sedative watching the other girls dancing with the few bosses who were left. I had a nice nap. When my guest returned, two hours later, he squeezed into the small space beside me, lighted a cigarette, put one arm along the back of the couch and spoke into my attentive ear. At last I had him outside the office for a few minutes. But the dialogue ran about as usual.

"They are telephoning every influential man in Sunset City and the whole state," he said. "They will ask the magazine to change the copy and try to get back those that have been printed already. It will be quite a financial loss. When the telephoning is over, the flying will begin. Mr. Beasley will fly to Iceblink and Mr. Dunster will fly to Sunset City."

"Will they fire people?" I asked. "I hope not. I—"

"How can they? The campaign was Mr. Beasley's idea. Actually, we're only two days too late to clear the error up entirely. It will take a lot out of everybody in time and temper, though."

"It's a relief to me to find out that even Mr. Beasley gets moths in the white flowers of his thought."

"Why didn't you tell *me*, Pixie—write me about it? I always take your dad seriously."

"Because you're always so stern and businesslike. Iron like a lawn mower. Hard as those frozen ice-cream roses."

"Hard?" Mr. Arnott picked my ice-cream plate off the floor. The rose had softened at last. It was edible and delicious—sheer mush, sweet as sweet. "Eat some, Pixie. Live rich."

He took my hand. We were sitting in plain sight in the ballroom. Dancers waltzed by and looked right at us. An exquisite hour, sweet as a frozen rose when it softens to mush.

(Listen, Prof. Chester. That's all there's going to be about mush in this report. Did you ever box with a kangaroo? I selected a career, but I'm thankful a man selected me.)

Evaluation: Dunster-Beasley explodes pretty often. You get to feel as dizzy as someone in a dream, falling and falling from a height. But you never do get smashed.

—MARGARET CHASE

Is The Catholic Church Out of Place in America?

Some critics say "yes" and give as their reasons that the Church is not 100 per cent American and not democratic.

They say it is undemocratic, for example, for the Church to oppose birth control and divorce with remarriage. It is undemocratic for Catholics to maintain their own schools... to campaign against obscene literature, books and films . . . to promulgate a distinctive Catholic culture.

What, we ask, could be *more* undemocratic than to deny Catholics the right to do these very things if they choose?

Christ's Church was not intended, of course, to be American, or British, French or German. It was to be *catholic*, not national—at home everywhere, alien nowhere. Nor was Christ's Church designed to be democratic. It was established on a hierarchical system, with authority vested in the Apostles—*not* in the Congregation. That is the nature and design of the Catholic Church.

To assert that the Catholic Church is undemocratic implies that it is anti-democratic and antagonistic to America's "democratic" system. Nothing could be further from the truth. No firmer dedication to democratic principles could be made than that voiced by the Catholic Bishops of the United States at their Third Plenary Council, in Baltimore, in 1884. The present Pope, Pius XII, supplementing similar comments by earlier Popes, declared in 1944 that the member of a true democracy is "a citizen of honor, of personal activity and of dignity."

In 1576—just 200 years before the Declaration of Independence—Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, a famed member of the Catholic Hierarchy—wrote that "all men are equal"..."that political right is from God"..."that man must be governed by someone"... that government "must depend on the consent of the multitude"... and that "for legitimate reasons the people can change the government..."

If America is to have a genuine democracy, it must be recognized as the right of the Catholic Hierarchy to expound Catholic doctrine, to instruct the Catholic people, to legislate and regulate in matters concerning the Catholic Church. To do so infringes in no way on the rights or liberties of non-Catholics.

If you would like to have a better understanding of the Catholic Church and its attitudes and activities, write today for our free pamphlet. It will be sent in a plain wrapper... nobody will call on you. Fill in coupon—mail today! Ask for Pamphlet No. C-49.

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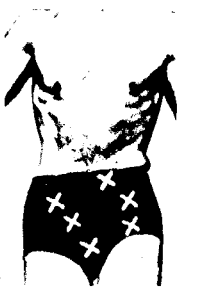

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The BAKER RUBIES

By BARBARA J. HUNT

Why, Sarah wondered, if Miss Emmiline had such jewels, did she live in such poverty? Miss Emmiline had said only, "They are something to fall back on . . ."

Miss Emmiline had given Sarah faith and a secret: a secret that she must discover for herself

WALKING north on Fifth Avenue, Sarah saw her reflection in the polished windows—golden skin, dark eyes, smooth black hair. Her suit did not look homemade; nor would anyone guess that her turban was a scrap of red velvet twisted around her head, a piece left over from an evening coat Mom Syl had made for Miss Louise. Mom Syl had saved pieces from practically every dress in Halleyville, Virginia. "Someday they'll come in handy," she had always said. "You never can tell."

Mom Syl had made doll clothes for Sarah, then blouses and skirts, and now suits, hats and handbags. Those things cost a lot if you had to buy them. "When you get up to New York," Mom Syl had said as she fitted the very suit Sarah was wearing, "you just got to forget every stitch you own is small-town homemade. You just got to step right out and hold your head up with the rest of 'em, and pretend from the skin out that you bought every stitch at some fancy store."

It worked, in a way, Sarah thought—gave you a front, an imitation personality to pretend with, as when she and her sister had played "lady" when they were little. A complicated game, theirs, because playing lady hadn't been quite enough. They'd had to play white lady. It had been a wistful longing for a way of life they didn't understand—a game, to pretend away the deeply ingrained fear.

Sarah smiled now, thinking back to the two tattered little girls stumbling around the sun-baked back yard in their "lady" shoes—with dogwood berries and flowers for jewels, a packing-house crate for a palace, old feed sacks tucked into their belts for trains. And the white-lady manners: "Is it a fact now, Mrs. Pretty,

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

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L&M's Got *Everything!*

Actress Diana Lynn: This is the best filter of all—L&M's Miracle Tip. The smoke is mild, yet full of flavor.

Mr. and Mrs. Stu Erwin, stars of TV's great "Stu Erwin Show": As we say on TV, this certainly *is* the Miracle Tip. L&M's filter beats 'em all.

Mrs. Laddie Sanford, Socialite: I smoke L&Ms . . . so do most of my friends. Wonderful filter...fine taste!

L&M IS BEST—
Stands Out FROM ALL THE REST

STANDS OUT FOR FLAVOR. The pure, white Miracle Tip draws easy, lets you enjoy all the taste.

STANDS OUT FOR EFFECTIVE FILTRATION. No filter compares with L&M's pure, white Miracle Tip for quality or effectiveness.

STANDS OUT FOR HIGHEST QUALITY TOBACCOS, low nicotine tobaccos, L&M tobaccos . . . Light and Mild.

MUCH MORE FLAVOR
MUCH LESS NICOTINE

America's *Best* Filter Cigarette!

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Great New! January Savings ★ at your REXALL

⅓ Off on Rex Ray HEATING PAD

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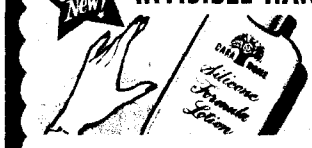

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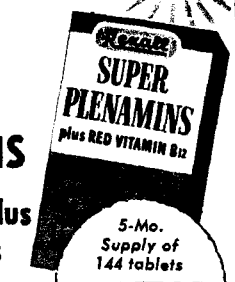

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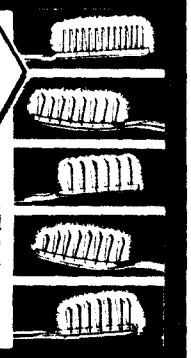

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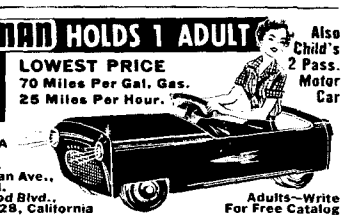

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that your Bob's joined up in the Army?" "It sure is, Mrs. Gorgeous. It's just too pitiful!"

Sarah laughed softly, remembering. For it was the sort of memory you'd better laugh about, lest you cry over it. At least she'd outgrown the longing to be white. She probably owed that to Miss Emmiline. Hickory-hard, brittle, upright—that was Miss Emmiline Baker, driving the young Sarah, pulling the big voice out of the little girl's throat by sheer effort of willing. Everything she was now, Sarah thought, everything she believed in, she owed—one way or another—either to Mom Syl or Miss Emmiline.

AN OLD man approached her. He looked like pictures of Toscanini. He smiled at her, and her own smile faded. Probably he meant nothing by it; probably he merely enjoyed the sight of her gay hat and young face. But Mom Syl's voice rang in her memory: "Don't you ever let me catch you smiling at a white gentleman in the street! You hear? Not *ever*." It wouldn't make a bit of difference to Mom Syl whether the street were in New York or Halleyville. Principles dictated Mom Syl's commands, not places.

She saw her reflection in a U-shaped window, making her look as if she were walking toward herself from two directions. There was nothing wrong with her appearance, absolutely nothing, except the black leather jewel case she carried. If it weren't for that, she'd look like one of the window mannequins stepping into the street for a bit of air. She clutched the jewel case tighter: Miss Emmiline's jewels . . .

She could still feel the squirming embarrassment and downright fear she'd had when, as a child, she'd first seen Miss Emmiline close up in Miss Emmiline's own kitchen: grubby little Sarah, scrubbed and starched, clinging to Mom Syl's dark loving hand, wishing she could hide behind Mom Syl but knowing she couldn't, because only babies hid behind their mothers.

This was something she had to face and live through, provided Miss Emmiline would take her. And looking at Miss Emmiline, straight and gaunt, held rigid in proud poverty by the strength of her traditions, Sarah had known it wasn't going to be easy. Here was not the flighty sort of white woman whose condescension could be bought with a few smiles and cute antics. Miss Emmiline was a sword of integrity, cutting to the bone. She would never condescend; she was immune to cuteness.

It hadn't helped either that Miss Emmiline was so old, with a creamy parchment oldness, clean and crackly. It had been, to Sarah, a forbidding oldness, surviving from another world.

Miss Emmiline had pointed a bony finger toward Sarah. Her hands were large, the knuckles prominent—that had come from playing the piano all day long, year after year, for her pupils. "That little tot! You must be out of your mind, Sylvia. She's too young."

"She's ten," Mom Syl had said, standing right up to Miss Emmiline. Mom Syl had her pride too. " 'Tisn't all a matter of age, ma'am. She's got a big sweet voice, bigger and sweeter than a lot of grown women."

Miss Emmiline had taken a new look at Sarah, a sort of judgment look. "All the more reason to let it alone. A ten-year-old child can't take training—not strong enough. Strain her voice now, it'll never be any good. Ruin it."

Mom Syl had stood her ground.

COLLIER'S "I don't think I could stand Eloise if she weren't my best friend . . ." KATE OSANN

"She's singing all the time anyhow, Miss Baker. I figure she might as well be practicing to do it right, instead of keeping on doing it wrong." Mom Syl's use of Miss Emmiline's surname had been a danger signal; it had subtly changed the tone of the interview. Mom Syl had been on her dignity then, asking no favors. It was as if she had said: We are doing business now. My child has talent, a voice. Talent has no color. You sell voice lessons, you alone in Halleyville. Be careful, Miss Baker, lest you turn away what no white woman has ever brought you—a child who can sing.

Color mattered to Miss Emmiline. It had to because it was part of the old tradition. But it did not matter in the same way music did. She had poked her gaunt finger at Sarah again. "Sing," she had commanded.

Sarah's throat had felt like sandpaper. "I'm scared," she'd whispered.

Mom Syl had pushed her toward the center of the room. She'd been on her own then, and scared. Miss Emmiline must have understood. Slowly her pointing finger had wavered. She'd smiled—not much, the merest upward quirk of her faded lips. "Sing, child," she'd whispered. "Sing now." And Miss Emmiline's own voice, tinkly as an ancient music box, had begun: *"Deep river, my home is over Jordan—Deep river . . ."*

Sarah had leaned back against the kitchen table, feeling the sticky oilcloth against her sweaty hands. She'd heard Mom Syl, standing behind her, humming. Sarah had closed her eyes and breathed deeply, thinking only that she must sing that song as Miss Emmiline had never heard it sung before—because it meant almost everything in the world to Mom Syl to have her take lessons, and because Miss Emmiline really didn't want to teach a colored girl. No, perhaps that wasn't fair. Probably what Miss Emmiline had wanted was that Sarah fail the test, so that the question would never have to be faced.

"I want to cross over into campground . . ." Sarah's deep contralto, unchildlike, husky, had filled the kitchen in an effortless flood, drowning Miss Emmiline's quavers. When the last echoes of the song had died away, Miss Emmiline had said, "Sing a shout song."

Sarah had sung My Lord, What a Morning, and Mom Syl had clapped and beat the time with her foot. Toward the end she'd shouted, too. Mom Syl always found what she called "proper singing" irresistible.

When Sarah had finished the song, no one said anything. A heavy stillness filled the kitchen. The two women had looked at each other while Sarah waited.

Then Miss Emmiline had taken a plate from the cupboard and shoved it at Sarah. "Have a gingersnap," she'd said. "Come back tomorrow after supper, Sylvia. By then I shall have decided."

On the way home, Mom Syl hadn't talked. Sarah had finally asked, from the depths of her anxiety, "She going take me, Mom Syl?"

"She going take you all right, child."

"How come she don't say so?"

"She got to think now. It's hard for her—she pretty old now. Roots of folks' ways go down deep. We just got to be patient till she thinks it out."

WALKING up Fifth Avenue now, Sarah reached a corner just as a man coming from the crosstown street rounded it. She bumped into him with such force that she dropped the jewel case. It sprang open, and one of the earrings fell out into the gutter. The sunlight glinted on the jewels, brilliant red stones in intricate baroque settings.

The man was carrying a bass viol. He knelt down, one arm around the viol, and with the other hand he picked up the earring, put it back, closed the box and handed it to Sarah. He flashed a broad smile at her. "I'm awfully sorry. You're not hurt, are you?"

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She smiled back at him. His skin was a little darker than hers, but even so, her smile was shy. "It was my fault. I was just dreaming my way along. Thank you so much." She straightened her hat. "You're a musician?" she asked.

"Depends on who's talking. I play in a hot band. At the Chi-Chi Club." He pulled a card from the inside pocket of his tweed jacket. "Come and listen sometime. We're not bad."

She put the card in her pocket. He tipped his hat, bowed rather quaintly, lifted his instrument and moved on.

ONCE Miss Emmiline had switched her for singing a hot song, and afterward, as punishment, had made her learn all the contralto arias from The Messiah in two weeks. Sarah thought probably she couldn't sing a hot song now if she tried. She wondered wryly how the Brahms Lullaby would go over in the Chi-Chi Club. She could almost hear Miss Emmiline's crisp voice answering: "Maybe better than you suppose. Must be some reason why people have been willing to listen to it all these years."

She supposed Miss Emmiline didn't have what was nowadays called an open mind. Mom Syl didn't either. Standards came first with both of them, not tolerance of the second-rate. Mom Syl called anything unworthy "slapdash"; Miss Emmiline's word for it was "ordinary." Popular songs, mass-produced modernities, short cuts like canned food and packaged mixes, place mats on the dining table instead of the huge old linen cloths—they were all "ordinary" to Miss Emmiline. If one wanted things right, one took the trouble. And there was only one right way, Miss Emmiline's way—the old way that had gone with white columns, silver rubbed down daily, translucent Limoges, and a wood-burning stove in the kitchen. Miss Emmiline didn't even have electric light. Everyone in Halleyville knew it was because she couldn't afford to have it installed in the big old house, but Miss Emmiline always made it seem that using kerosene lamps was actually a matter of taste, good taste—as if they embodied some high standard of graciousness not to be shaken by mere considerations of convenience. . . .

By the time Sarah was twelve she had known that Miss Emmiline was fighting a losing battle with the streamlined world. Probably the old woman had known it too, but there had never been any tinge of wistfulness to reveal this. She had accepted Sarah as a pupil, yes, but on her own terms.

"There'll be no question of money," she had told Mom Syl. "The girl will come every day after school. On Saturdays and during vacations, at six in the morning. On Sundays, at noon. She will help with the cleaning and cooking. If by chance she learns a little music through exposure to it here—"

Mom Syl had been prepared to pay, whatever the sacrifice. Miss Emmiline had a gnawing need of money, and Mom Syl wanted nothing for nothing. Yet, when faced with the old woman's decision, Mom Syl had made no protest. She'd only nodded her head in agreement, saying, "That's proper, ma'am."

"Yes, quite proper," Miss Emmiline agreed. "No one is to be blamed or praised for what a child may pick up through exposure."

Sarah smiled again, remembering. What a way to talk of learning, as if it were a virus! But Miss Emmiline had been right, as always. The arrangement had not only avoided all criticism, it had given Sarah by-products. She'd learned to cook and how to set a table, learned about forks and the different sizes of cups. Her speech had changed subtly. She had also learned first to respect, then to venerate, and finally to love Miss Emmiline.

Of course there had been a penalty: Sarah had not been allowed to sing in the house when Miss Emmiline had a pupil—not even after it had become known in Halleyville that Sarah had a Voice. None of Miss Emmiline's rules was without reason, however, and Sarah had come to understand the reason for this one. Fat or lean, rich or poor, male or female, Miss Emmiline's pupils had something in common: they were all sensitive about their art. Sarah, shining lamp chimneys in the kitchen, had listened as Mrs. Coates had tried to sing The Erl King, or as Mr. Shaver had warbled his *bel canto* version of The Minstrel Boy, or as Miss Louise, who was Miss Emmiline's own niece and didn't have to pay for lessons, had reached for high C and flatted like a wailing hound. If Sarah had done any of those things, Miss Emmiline would have switched her and made her do two hours of French verbs.

But on such occasions, the echoes of Miss Emmiline's dry voice would float back to the kitchen: "Very nice, Mr. Shaver. Did you find time to work on The Palms?"

Miss Emmiline would be very tired at the end of the day. At first Sarah had thought this was because she was too old to work so hard. Later she had understood it was because of Mrs. Coates and Mr. Shaver and Miss Louise and such. Never, through all the days and years, had Miss Emmiline had a voice to train—except Sarah's. Never, except for Sarah, had she had anyone who would even pretend to work. Even today, Miss Emmiline couldn't charge enough, because if she did, everyone would stop coming. "Really, Miss Baker! Two dollars! I know prices have gone up, but after all, it's *only* a voice lesson."

What would they think if they knew that Mr. Tolchini, in New York, charged twenty dollars? Even Miss Emmiline would be horrified if she knew the price, but she had said: "Don't go to anyone else, Sarah. An ordinary teacher can ruin you now. One lesson a week with a good man is worth a dozen with someone like —like me."

Miss Emmiline had never said so in words, because she was not one to brag about her possessions, not even about so extraordinary a possession as the Baker rubies. But Sarah knew that Miss Emmiline was confident they would buy not only her lessons from Mr. Tolchini but, in a year or two, a concert at Town Hall. Very likely, though, Miss Emmiline had no idea what a concert cost either.

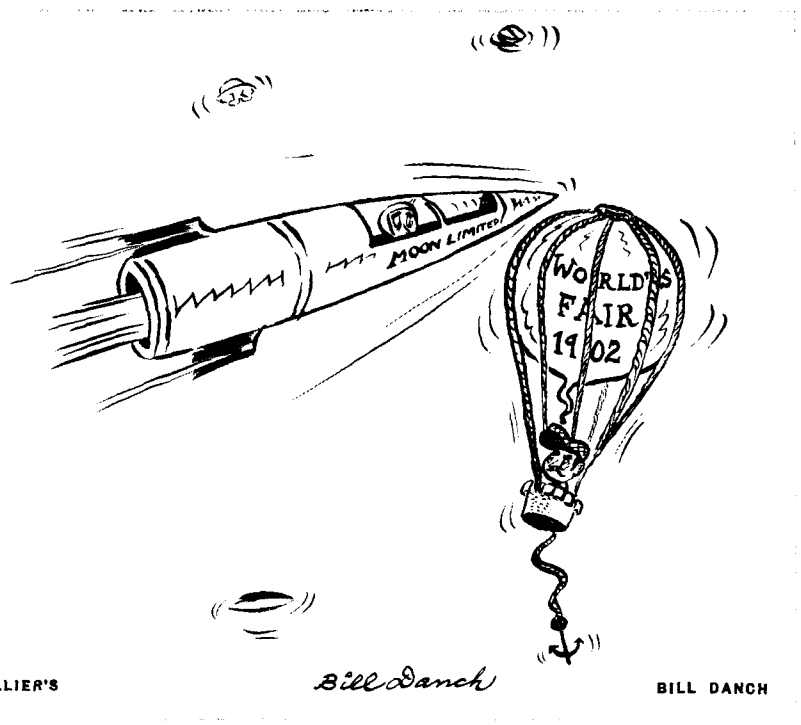
Still, these were rubies. They would bring several thousand dollars. And I can get a part-time job, thought Sarah. On the whole, thanks to Mom Syl and Miss Emmiline, her way to success was going to be a great deal easier than was the way of most young people who came to New York seeking niches in the sun.

SARAH stopped before a jewelry store. In one window there was a silver teapot all by itself; in the other were a diamond necklace and some unset diamonds, lying on a piece of velvet. She tried to imagine how the Baker rubies would look lying there. They would look old-fashioned, perhaps too old-fashioned. She had a momentary qualm. Possibly the Baker rubies, like the Baker traditions, would be out of place in New York.

Sarah moved on, for the store was not the one Miss Emmiline had specified. Miss Emmiline had told her to be sure to take the rubies there, rather than to an "ordinary" place.

Sarah had been with Miss Emmiline a year before she had seen the rubies. That had also been her first experience with Miss Emmiline's annual recitals, great social events in Halleyville and occasions of joy and rivalry among Miss Emmiline's pupils. For Miss Emmiline herself, however, the recitals were a bitter trial. Each year she swore she'd never give another, that she was too old to bear this cross. During the weeks of preparation, while Miss Emmiline jockeyed with the tender egos of Halleyville, she was very hard to get along with.

The first year Sarah was there had been especially bad, because all Miss Emmiline's pupils had gone operatic at once. Mrs. Coates was doing the Habanera from Carmen. To get even



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by AL CAPP
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MERELY A SUPERFICIAL WOUND!!
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CATCH HIM—QUICKLY!!
FIRST—I MUST FIX MY HAIR, WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!!—REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF—
—RELIEVES DRYNESS—KEEPS HAIR NEAT, BUT NOT—UGH!!—GREASY!!
IS NEAT HAIR IMPORTANT AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
AT ALL TIMES!! NOW, I WILL BE A CREDIT TO THE DEPARTMENT, ON THE FRONT PAGE!!—GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!
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with her, Miss Louise had to have the Bell Song from Lakmé. And Mr. Shaver was dying the frenzied death of Boris Godunov twice a week in Miss Emmiline's prim Victorian parlor. And each had wanted The Fairy Pipers for an encore.

"I can't imagine why," Miss Emmiline had said. "It's a very stupid song."

Sarah had been aware that this was no proper way for Miss Emmiline to talk about her pupils to a little colored girl. Certainly Miss Emmiline had also been aware of it. But when you have a voice, and voiceless individuals warble into your ears all day, no amount of tact can persuade you that they can sing. Sarah had known that Miss Emmiline's pupils were awful; Miss Emmiline had known it too. There'd been no use pretending.

But it had seemed sometimes, during the trying days before the recital, that Sarah had had to take all the criticism and bitter words that Miss Emmiline could never speak to the paying pupils.

When the great evening came, Sarah had helped Miss Emmiline dress for the ordeal in her recital gown—a garment of black embroidered net trimmed with beading, which Miss Emmiline had worn for every recital since her first, in 1914. The dress had come down through the years without benefit of alteration, for Miss Emmiline thought it was ordinary to chase every will-o'-the-wisp of fashion. It was now limp and sad, but Sarah had slipped it over Miss Emmiline's head that night with great respect.

WHILE Sarah was brushing Miss Emmiline's long white hair and dressing it in the elaborate coiffure proper for recitals, Miss Emmiline had said, "I feel a strong premonition of disaster. None of them are speaking to one another now, since Mr. Shaver drew The Fairy Pipers. Most unsuitable for his voice."

And Sarah, trying to sound wise like Mom Syl, had said: "Now don't you worry. They're all going do real well, trying to outshine one another."

Miss Emmiline had shaken her head. "I fear it is the wrong spirit in which to approach the arts. Ah, well—" She'd unlocked one of the side drawers in her old-fashioned dressing table and taken out a jewel case. When she'd opened it, the lamplight had shone on the mellow dark stones in their intricate gold settings.

"Land sakes!" Sarah had gasped.

"They are pretty, aren't they? Something gracious from an older world, Sarah. Something gracious."

"They're gorgeous, Miss Emmiline!" But the thought had flashed through her mind: Why, if Miss Emmiline had such jewels as this, did she live in such poverty and worry so much about losing her disagreeable, untalented pupils?

Miss Emmiline had worked the hooks of the earrings through the little holes in her ears. "Yes. I always feel they're something to fall back on. Of course it is wrong to become so attached to material things, but perhaps we all have our weaknesses." She'd slipped on the ring and fastened the pin at her shoulder. "They were all my grandmother was able to save from the fall of Richmond. I can't imagine how she managed to carry the jewels when she had an infant a month old and another less than two years. You may fasten the necklace if you will, please."

"My, those must of been trying times, Miss Emmiline!"

"My Grandmother Baker was a very remarkable woman." She had really been talking to herself, to her faded reflection in the mirror, not to Sarah. "When I allow myself to become discouraged by my own petty troubles, I have only to think of her to take heart. She reared all four of her children by her own effort, unaided. No small achievement in those days. My grandfather was killed at Appomattox on the last day of the war."

"How come she never did sell these jewels then, Miss Emmiline?" Sarah asked. "They must be worth a powerful lot of money."

Miss Emmiline had smiled dryly: "It is generally conceded that they are."

SARAH stood in front of the jewelry store Miss Emmiline had told her about. Fear tightened her throat, for this was not the sort of store she had ever thought she would enter—it was so far removed from all the grubbiness of the past and from everything that she knew. But Miss Emmiline had said they would be honest and fair; they were not "ordinary." "You can trust them," Miss Emmiline had said. "Whatever they tell you is the truth, and whatever they offer you will be correct. You can therefore make your plans accordingly, for you will know exactly the extent of your resources."

Slowly she opened the door and approached a counter where a man was standing. "Yes, madam?" he said.

"I have some—jewels. I want to—sell them." Her voice dropped, almost whispered the last words.

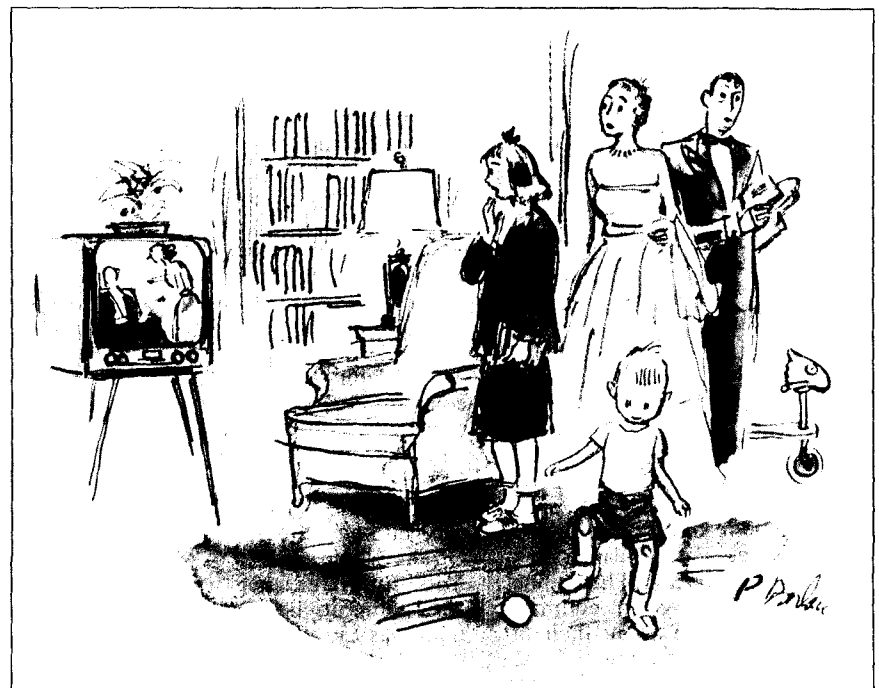
The merest flicker of curiosity lighted his eyes. He nodded toward another man, aesthetic-looking, with white hair. He was waiting on a man and woman who were selecting a diamond bracelet. "He will take care of you. Mr.—" The name was an odd one, lost to her in her fog of fright. "He'll be through soon. Would you care to sit down while you wait?"

He placed a chair for her. Gratefully she sank into it, for her knees were trembling. She crossed her ankles primly, aware of her stiff posture, of the tension of her hands clutching the jewel case; most of all she was aware of the vast chasm that separated her from this place and all places like it. She was alone now, quite alone—no Mom Syl to lean on for comfort and courage. She had only the remembered echoes of Miss Emmiline's voice to keep her rigid in this chair, in this place where she did not belong.

She'd found out what the rubies were really worth on a day when Miss Emmiline had gone to Richmond to see an antique dealer about selling an old desk she had. Every so often Miss Emmiline had to sell something to make ends meet. She would dress in her best black clothes, like somebody gone into mourning, and go to Richmond—after first writing one of her spidery-looking letters to the antique dealer to make sure he would be prepared for her coming.

It had been a hot end-of-summer day in August. Sarah, fourteen at the time, had been in the kitchen fixing a cold supper for Miss Emmiline to have when she returned. As she worked, she had practiced scales and arpeggios.

The doorbell had rung—it was Miss Louise and her mother, Miss Emmiline's sister-in-law. Every so often they descended on Miss Emmiline like this to point out to her that Miss Louise's voice was not progressing as it should.



COLLIER'S **"Oh. Black-and-white"** PERRY BARLOW

"Miss Emmiline's not home," Sarah had told them. "She gone to Richmond on business."

Mrs. Baker had raised arched eyebrows at Miss Louise, who responded with a blank look. "What in the world— Well, when'll she be back?"

"I expect on the five-o'clock bus, ma'am."

"In that case we'll wait. It's practically five now."

Sarah had tried to show them into the parlor, but they'd preferred to sit in the dining room, which was not exposed to the afternoon sun. Sarah had brought them each a glass of iced tea and left them. But in the kitchen she could hear everything they said.

"I can't imagine why she'd go to Richmond," Mrs. Baker had said, "unless—"

"Of course it's to *sell* something, Mother. I don't see why Daddy doesn't *speak* to her. After all, family heirlooms—she's got no right—"

"But, darling, your father did speak to her last year, when she sold the Moss Rose china. But she said it was her mother's, so what more could he say? She's so touchy."

"Even if it was, it's in the family now, and she's simply got no right to—" Sarah had heard Miss Louise striking a match for her cigarette. "You'd think she didn't care anything about me. All those antiques! When I think of it I could just *cry!*"

"Dear, do you really think you ought to smoke? It's so bad for the Voice. Of course, it's perfectly true she doesn't have any sense of responsibility, not really, I mean. Old maids never do, I suppose."

"Well, all I can say is, she'd better not try to sell the Baker rubies."

"Oh, Louise! She wouldn't. I know she's irresponsible, music and all that, but she *wouldn't*. After all, dear, blood's thicker than water."

"She should have given them to me when I went away to college, Mother. It was the least she could do."

"I know, darling, but I expect she thought they were too valuable for a young girl. I'm sure that when you marry—"

"Or when she dies. Really, Mother, it's simply horrible, an old woman like her hanging onto everything, just like a miser."

Sarah had looked up to see Miss Emmiline standing on the back stoop. Sarah had no idea how long she had been standing there, or how much she had heard. But she must have heard something. Very quietly Sarah had opened the screen door and let her in.

"Now, Louise, you just have to be patient," Mrs. Baker had said. "Nobody lasts forever, dear, though I do sometimes think it would be a mercy if—well, God knows best, I suppose. And she *is* getting peculiar lately. At the last recital, Mrs. Coates said, she acted downright addled."

Miss Emmiline had crept close to Sarah. "Sing," she'd whispered. "Sing for all you're worth, Sarah."

Sarah had burst into a shout song, and under cover of the deep exuberant sounds, Miss Emmiline had crept up the back stairs. Sarah had kept on singing, one spiritual after another, drowning the harpy voices in the dining room, giving vent to the full flood of her anger against them. After fifteen minutes of it, they came into the kitchen.

"I'm afraid we can't wait any longer," Mrs. Baker said. "Tell Miss Emmiline we called, will you?"

"Yes'm." Sarah had followed them to the front door to make sure they closed it tight. As they went down the steps she had heard Mrs. Baker say: "She doesn't have a bad voice. Though I can't just figure how Emmiline can afford to keep a maid."

"It's terribly crude," said Miss Louise. "All colored people's voices are crude."

THE diamond shoppers left, and the elderly white-haired man came toward her. "You wished to see me?"

She stood up, once again assailed by awkwardness and fear. "Yes, I—" She felt suddenly that it was unbearable, loathsome, to be selling Miss Emmiline's jewels. Her voice was not worth it. Lessons from Mr. Tolchini were not worth it. Nothing was worth depriving Miss Emmiline of this dear possession, this graciousness from an older world. She felt herself degraded; by attempting to sell them, she was being no better than Miss Louise and her mother.

Mom Syl's gentle voice came floating back to her: "Honey, you got to do like she says. She give 'em to you, you got to take 'em. She got reasons, Sarah.

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and it ain't for you nor me to say if they good or bad. They just hers. So you do like she say, and don't you go giving her no pain with arguments."

She remembered her own protest: "But, Mom Syl, she's so poor, poorer than we ever thought of being. And she's getting feeble. She needs the money so she can rest now, hire somebody to take care of her and stop giving singing lessons to those meanhearted people—"

MOM SYL had leaned back and let the dress she was hemming lie heaped in her lap, her hands resting on the green satin. Her eyes, gentle and deep, seemed to look far away, through the walls of the room, out to something Sarah could not see. "You hush now, Sarah," she'd said. "She trying to spare you some, Miss Emmiline is, same as I always try to spare you. She don't want food for them jewels, nor rest. You get old like she is, them things don't mean so much. She trying to buy something else with them jewels. And I expect you and me got no way of knowing how important it is to her, either."

"But, Mom Syl, she's *giving* them to me. She'll never be able to buy anything with them at all!"

Mom Syl's reply had been quiet and low: "It's funny what people sometimes get the need of. I couldn't rightly say what she trying to buy, honey. With lots of people, I'd say most likely it was a bit of happiness. But with her—I don't know. I got the feelin' she give up happiness long time ago and by now she got used to not havin' it. Now, maybe she want to buy just a reason for having lived." Mom Syl had turned her head and smiled at Sarah. "But I can't say for sure. Anyhow, you do exactly like she say. You hear?" . . .

Sarah pushed the box toward the jeweler. She spoke the irrevocable words: "I want to sell these."

He opened the box on the counter and gently lifted out the necklace. "Beautiful," he said. "Workmanship like this is almost a lost art today."

Her heart pounded. He was going to buy them.

"I can give you three hundred dollars for them," he said.

She felt as if he had slapped her. Three hundred dollars—fifteen lessons with Mr. Tolchini. Fifteen lessons, and she needed five years of hard, hard study. "But— For jewels like that, only—"

He smiled sadly. He must have been through this many times before, and apparently he had not grown hardened to it. "I know. If craftsmen could be found today to make such settings, you'd have to pay them much more. But the truth is, we do not have much demand for old jewelry. If the stones were worth anything it would be different, but—"

She stared at him, incredulous. Her eyes filled with tears. "*Rubies* not worth anything?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" He sounded as if he really were. "These are not rubies. They're Czechoslovakian garnets, and although they make a pretty showing, compared to rubies they're relatively worthless."

"But I thought— Why, everyone thought—" Anger surged up in her, anger against all of them for doing this to her, for humiliating her like this: anger against Miss Emmiline, against Mom Syl, against Miss Louise and her stupid mother. She herself could not have known—she'd never seen jewels in her life before she saw these. But *they* must have known. They *must* have!

"Here, let me show you," the man said. He reached into a safe in the wall behind him and found a little doeskin bag. He emptied the stones from it onto a piece of black velvet on the counter. "These are rubies."

She looked and saw the difference. Even she could see the difference. "Yes," Sarah said quietly. "I understand."

He put the stones back and closed the safe. "If you'll step into the office, please. There are a few formalities. Unfortunately with stones and jewelry one must—"

"I have changed my mind," said Sarah. "I can't sell them for so little. It wouldn't do enough good."

"Oh? Well, certainly if they have sentimental value for you, you'd be wise to keep them."

"Yes," she said. "They do. A—sentimental value."

"May I wrap them for you?"

"No, thank you. I'm used to them like this. I—I'm sorry to have taken so much of your time. But I didn't know. I really didn't."

He bowed, opening the door for her. "It's been a pleasure. Any time we can be of service . . ."

The great sheet of glass closed soundlessly behind her. She stepped once more into the street. She was alone now, really alone—no job, no lessons with Mr. Tolchini, no money to speak of. I don't know a soul in this whole place, she thought in rising panic. She started walking because there was nothing else to do, retracing her steps back down the avenue. Her reflection, gay and young in Mom Syl's smart suit, shone back at her once more from all the windows.

There was nothing to do but go back to Halleyville. If she did not spend another night in New York she would have just about enough money for her bus fare. She realized then, when she thought of going back, that she'd never really planned to live her life in Halleyville. As far back as she could remember, even when she and her sister had been playing their sad "lady" game in the back yard, she'd never counted on Halleyville. There'd been a hidden knowing that Halleyville was not her home, and this knowing was deep and old, as if she'd been born with it. She'd never learned the things she'd have needed to get along in Halleyville: she didn't know how to be a nursemaid, a real cook, a laundress or a dressmaker like Mom Syl. She'd had hardly any education at all, when you came down to it. Miss Emmiline had taught her how to speak properly, but people in Halleyville didn't like servants who spoke proper English: it would be considered uppity. And Miss Emmiline had taught her the bits of French, German and Italian she needed for singing, but no more—perhaps because Miss Emmiline herself knew no more.

Worst of all, Sarah realized, she had never bothered really to learn the temperament necessary to be a successful, or even a tolerated, Negro in Halleyville. She hadn't exactly forgotten her color—rather, she had ignored it. But how could she have? How had it been possible, when all around her were the continual petty reminders? When, just two days ago, she had ridden north in the Jim Crow end of the bus?

THEN suddenly, as she walked slowly down Fifth Avenue, she realized why she had come to ignore it: because Miss Emmiline had come to do so. Slowly, very slowly over the eight years she'd been teaching Sarah, Miss Emmiline had forgotten Sarah's color. But how utterly impossible! Miss Emmiline could never have sat down soberly and examined the values of Halleyville and rejected them. Too much was at stake—and besides, such cool appraisal was not Miss Emmiline's way of arriving at conclusions.

How then? How, in her rigid old age, had Miss Emmiline set aside the standards of a lifetime?

"She loves me," Sarah whispered. And it came to her in a flood of humility that possibly she was the only person Miss Emmiline had ever really loved, in her whole long pinched starving life. She gave me the jewels, Sarah thought, the way she might have given them to her daughter.

How, then, could she take them back, place them in the old woman's frail hands and say, "They're worthless. They'll only buy fifteen of Mr. Tolchini's lessons." If she did that, she'd never again be able to like herself, for she'd have killed something, trampled it dead, betrayed it. She couldn't take them back—the one gift that to Miss Emmiline was priceless. The jewels were a talisman Miss Emmiline had forced upon her, to enable her to buy her freedom from Miss Emmiline's own standards—from Miss Emmiline's whole way of life.

The talisman was as worthless as a

COLLIER'S **"Read the love column and see if you can guess who wrote the letter signed 'Bored Wife'"** SIDNEY HOFF

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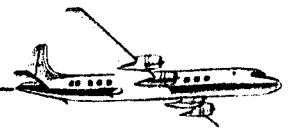

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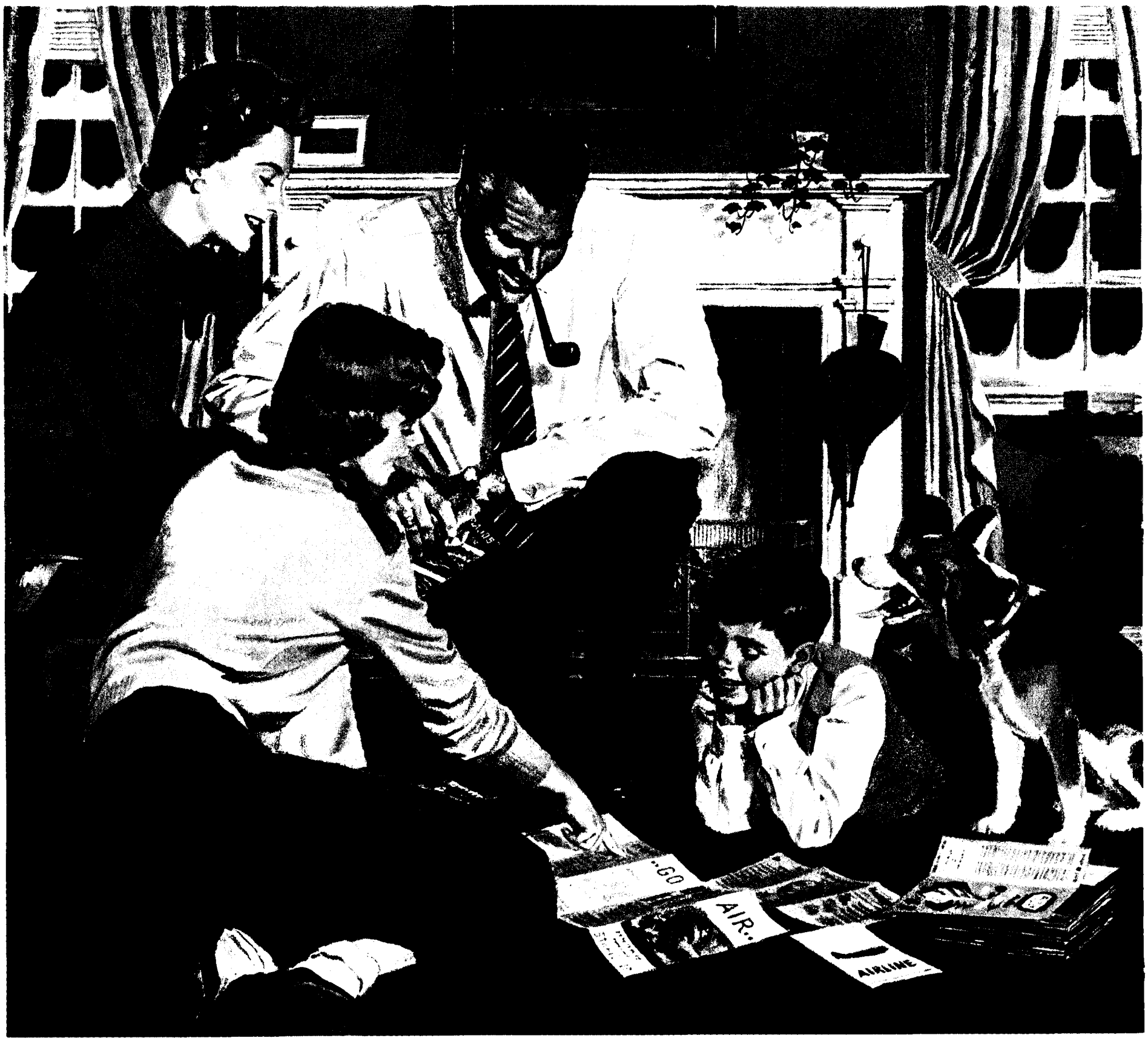

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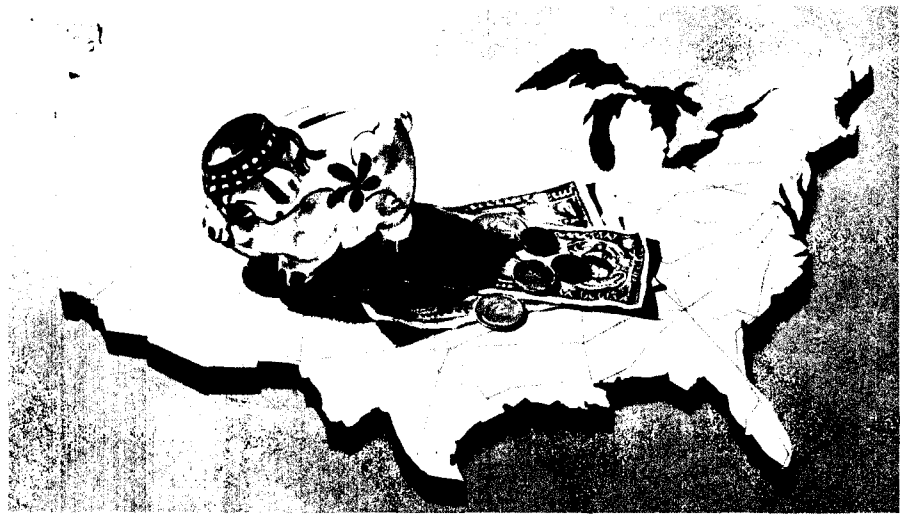

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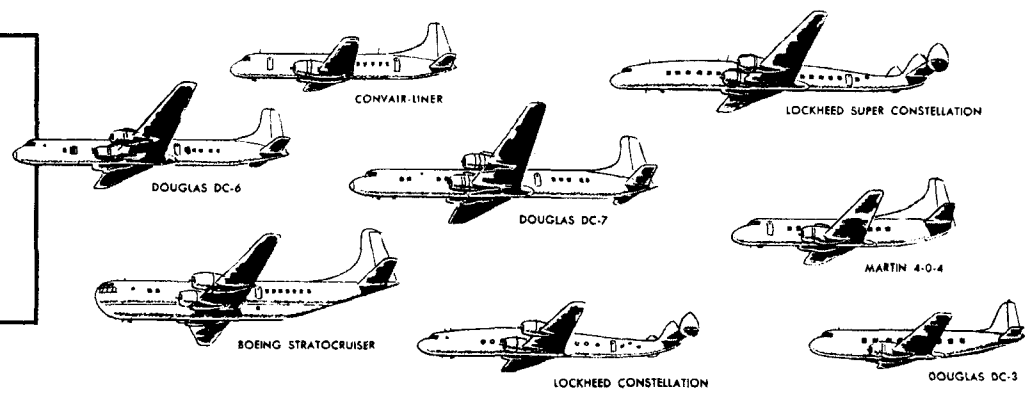

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A Collier's Suggestion

Thrifty Meats

MONICA CLARK
Director of Home Economics
American Meat Institute

BARBECUED POT ROAST

3 to 4 pound beef pot roast
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons fat
½ cup water
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
3 medium onions
2 cloves garlic
2 tablespoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup catsup
¼ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

Rub meat with salt and pepper; brown in hot fat. Add water, tomato sauce, thinly sliced onions and minced garlic. Cover and cook over low heat 1½ hours. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over meat; cover and continue cooking about 1 hour, or until tender. Remove meat to hot platter. Skim most of fat from gravy, dilute with water to suit taste, then thicken with 2 tablespoons flour mixed to smooth paste with a little water. 5 to 6 servings.

Serve with pan-roasted potatoes, buttered carrots and onions—or with your family's favorite vegetables.

For a second meal slice or dice leftover pot roast, heat in leftover gravy and serve in toasted buns as "barbecued beefwiches".

Want to serve [illegible] tempting, [illegible] meat at [illegible] — and inexpensively, too?

Then try this recipe for barbecued pot roast —a favorite selected for Collier's homemakers by Monica Clark, well known director of home economics. It puts [illegible] into old-fashioned, thrifty pot roast. And for a hearty meal, it's mighty easy on the pocketbook!

Is planning meals a problem? Miss Clark also has worked out for you helpful thrifty menus, covering each meal. They are posted in the supermarkets listed on the next page. Look for her menus there today!

When you do your family food shopping, don't miss Monica Clark's menus in your supermarket shown opposite. And better be sure you have all the ingredients for the delicious meat dish shown on this page. Just cut out the recipe, take it to the store and check off the items you need.

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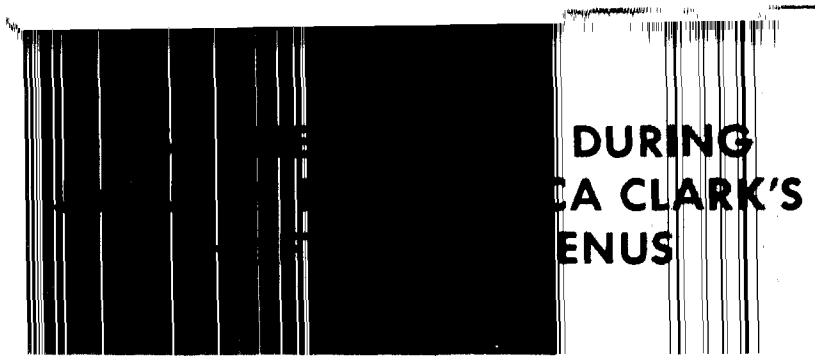

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wishing ring or a rabbit's foot; yet, like a bit of magic in a primitive age, it had trapped her. She could not stay here alone, with no money; but neither could she go back to betray the old woman's faith, to proclaim the worthlessness of her love.

"You do exactly like she say," Mom Syl had ordered.

Well, Miss Emmiline had not told her what to do in this extremity. Or had she? Sarah remembered that afternoon not long ago, when the jewels had lain on the kitchen table between herself and Miss Emmiline, and Miss Emmiline had told Sarah she was to go to New York to study, and that the jewels would pay for her lessons. They had argued back and forth until Miss Emmiline had grown impatient, irascible. "You'll do as I say, Sarah, and no more impudence!"

Sarah's heart had surged with gladness because she was being forced to do the one thing on earth she wanted to do. "All right, Miss Emmiline. But —why didn't you? Long ago, when you were my age? You should have done it, Miss Emmiline."

Miss Emmiline had turned away from the jewels as if a guilt lay in them that she could not bear to face any longer. "No. In those days young ladies didn't—well, for years my father was not well. He needed care. No, it would have been too much to ask, unless—"

"But you must have thought of it, Miss Emmiline!"

"I really don't remember what I thought, Sarah. Such a long time ago. Perhaps I was too timid. Perhaps"—her voice faded, fell to a whisper like the rustling of dry autumn leaves—"perhaps I always knew I didn't have a voice."

WITH a start, as of one wakening from sleep, Sarah recognized the corner where she had bumped into the musician from the Chi-Chi Club. Why, he's somebody I know, she thought with surprise.

She found his card in her pocket. His name was Jerry Jay, and the place was not far, she supposed, or he would not have been walking with his bass viol.

She read the street signs to get her bearings and mentally reconstructed the map of Manhattan that she had studied the night before. Standing there on the crowded corner, she took off her glove, opened the jewel box and took out the ring. She put it on her finger. If one had a talisman, one wore it for luck—even if one had long ago decided not to believe in magic.

Miss Emmiline and Mom Syl had gone to the bus with her to see her off. Mom Syl had found few words to ease the grief of parting. "You just be good, honey. And try to remember not to get uppity. Soon as you get there, you send a telegram so we know you're safe. You hear?"

Miss Emmiline had said dryly, "Don't get notions it's going to be easy, Sarah. A voice isn't quite everything. And neither, I may add, is money."

Had that been a warning? Yes. Miss Emmiline had been warning her of the need for something else, something that neither Miss Emmiline nor Mom Syl could give her. Courage? The courage not to run back to Halleyville, the courage to walk into the Chi-Chi Club and ask for a job?

And suddenly, in a flood of knowledge, the truth came to Sarah. Miss Emmiline knew. All through the years she'd known that the Baker jewels were really not worth very much—that Grandmother Baker, with the indiscretion of the harried, had saved something practically worthless from the fall of Richmond. Perhaps it was Grandmother Baker herself, in the hard years after the war, who had started the story that the garnets were rubies. In such a case, one would have to do something to ease the pain of that awful folly, that vast, irrevocable misjudgment. Pride had always been important to the Bakers.

HOW had Miss Emmiline found out, when nobody else knew—not even Mrs. Baker and Miss Louise? How else, except to take them to sell, as Sarah had done? Now that she thought of it, Sarah realized that Miss Emmiline had never once called them rubies, like everyone else; they'd always been simply "the Baker jewels." She recalled her own childish amazement: "They must be worth a powerful lot of money!" And Miss Emmiline's dry response: "It is generally conceded that they are."

But Miss Emmiline had gone back to Halleyville to live through the barren years—back to the place from which, by the sheer force of their faith, Mom Syl and Miss Emmiline had ejected Sarah. It was a lot, almost too much, to bear, Sarah thought, to know that people expected more of you than they expected of themselves.

She lifted her head high and walked into the Chi-Chi Club. A woman cleaning the carpet in the foyer smiled at her but did not try to stop her. Sarah heard the wails of the band, rehearsing, mingling in misery with the wails of the vacuum cleaner.

She walked past the tables stacked with chairs, across the dance floor, straight toward the band.

Jerry Jay saw her and stopped his frenzied beating of his bass fiddle. "Well, if it isn't the Fifth Avenue girl!" he said.

"I want a job," Sarah told him. "I can sing."

There were six men in the band. They were all in shirt sleeves, their dark faces glistening from the sweat of the hard work they did to make music. They looked casual, professional, calm masters of their craft, and she saw in this a reason to be frightened. They'd never want her. They'd never pick a singer off the street.

"Calypso?" asked Jerry Jay. "We're a calypso band."

"I don't know. I never tried it. I expect I could learn."

"Maybe. If you have a voice. Anything you say. You name it, we'll play it."

The wild fright engulfed her. What use was The Messiah here? All those Bach arias, the German lieder, the Verdi arias. "I— Oh, please! Just something I know—"

He smiled at her. "Okay." Softly he drew the bow across the strings of his bass violin one long, low, throbbing note.

Sarah was back in Miss Emmiline's kitchen—a little girl, afraid, surrounded by the faith and love and hope of two women living lives they didn't like to live. "Sing, child. Sing now."

She leaned against the piano and lifted her head, and her warm voice, like the flood of a solemn organ, filled the empty night club. What a sad song it was, this cry of her people—*"Deep river, my home is over Jordan—Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground . . ."* —BARBARA J. HUNT

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From the brush came a swarm of screeching Sioux. Cahill and Ann triggered slowly, making each shell count

Rawhide River

Upriver, a day away, was the gold—and the man Britt Cahill had sworn to kill

The Story: For the last three years BRITT CAHILL had been looking for ZACK RICHARDS—the man who had run him out of St. Louis by accusing him of starting a warehouse fire, killing the watchman and robbing the safe. Britt meant to find Richards and make him admit that he had accused Britt only to protect himself: Richards, a rival steamboat owner, had deliberately sunk Britt's boat and then claimed it was an accident. Recently, Britt had learned from Richards' partner that a boatload of Richards' gold had sunk on the Missouri River, and that Richards had written his daughter, ANN, in St. Louis, sending her a map of the site. Britt was in St. Louis now to find Ann Richards and get the map that would lead him to her father. Outside a gambling house he witnessed a shooting and recognized the killer as MEAD JARRETT, Richards' former pilot. A girl was also at the scene, and Britt saved her life. Afterward, Britt visited an old friend, SHERRY DEAN, a fiery Irish girl who entertained at the gambling house. Sherry told him that the girl he had saved that evening was her friend Ann Richards. Sherry planned to sail at midnight that night on the Dakota Queen, headed up the Missouri, and she told Britt that his former fiancée, LEILA ORMSBY, would also be aboard. Leila's father was co-owner of the Dakota Queen with Mead Jarrett, whom Leila now planned to marry. That same night Britt, assuming the name of Bill Clay, went to Ann Richards' dressmaking shop in the hope of getting the map. But while he was there two masked gunmen came, also looking for the map. Ann, realizing her danger, told Britt she would leave that night aboard the Dakota Queen to find her father. Britt surreptitiously boarded the boat ahead of her and went to Leila's cabin. He told Leila about the boatload of gold and his plan to get Ann's map and find Richards. Then, as he was leaving, Mead Jarrett shot him, and Britt plunged overboard into the Mississippi.

The Second of Three Parts

AFTER Britt had left her stateroom, Leila Ormsby thought over what he had told her about the sunken boatload of gold. "A quarter of a million dollars," she whispered to herself, and the words sent a shiver of ecstasy through her.

She knew that her father was in his captain's quarters in the forward stateroom in the texas. Stepping out on deck, she went to his door and tapped and then walked in.

Walker Ormsby sat at a table, a whisky bottle within reach. His pouchy jowls sagged over the collar of his coat.

"What is it, Leila?" he said.

She took the bottle and placed it out of his reach. "I talked to someone a while ago," she said. "Britt Cahill." She waited then to watch the effect of this announcement.

Walker Ormsby's mind was slow to respond. "Britt—Britt Cahill!" he said. Then he lurched to his feet, his clouded eyes brightening with consternation and fear. "You're lying!" he said. "Cahill's dead. He must be!"

Leila's lips twisted in amusement. "Why would I lie, Father?" she asked. "Britt and I had a very interesting talk."

Walker Ormsby looked longingly toward the whisky bottle. Then desperation became stronger than his fear, and he turned toward the door.

Leila stepped in his path. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"To the police. He's wanted for murder, remember. He killed a man for the purpose of robbery."

"Did he?"

Walker Ormsby had started to push her aside, but her question stopped him. "Of course he did," he said uncertainly.

"Sit down, Father," Leila said. "Britt Cahill has left the boat anyway."

"What was he doing here?"

"He came to see me. He was—is—in love with me. He told me he intends to find Zack Richards

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and clear himself of that murder charge."

Walker Ormsby sank back into the chair. "Zack Richards?" he mumbled. "Where—"

"Britt doesn't know where he is—yet," Leila said. "But he will soon, if his plans work out." She watched the panic grow in her father's face, and then said softly, "It will be rather embarrassing to certain persons if Britt and Zack Richards ever get together and compare notes, won't it, Father? Britt will find out who *really* is the man who made a fugitive of him. And he will add two and two and come up with some other very startling answers—just as I have."

Walker Ormsby clenched his fists. "You she-devil!" he said thickly.

At that moment the door opened and Mead Jarrett stepped into the cabin. A small, sardonic smile was on his thin lips. "I hope I'm not intruding," he said. "I fancied that I heard Britt Cahill's name mentioned. Don't tell me he's alive?"

Leila eyed him speculatively. "Britt Cahill is alive," she said. "As a matter of fact, I'm glad you came, Mead. I was about to tell Father a rather remarkable tale about half a ton of gold that we might be able to find during this trip to Fort Benton."

"Half a ton?" Jarrett said slowly. "Now you really do interest me, Leila. Please proceed."

Leila looked at him again, trying to decide whether to reveal all the story to him. She knew she could twist her father to her own purposes, but Mead Jarrett was a far different proposition. Still, she knew she had to tell him everything. Mead Jarrett was the only person strong enough and ruthless enough to fit in with her plan.

Briefly, then, she told Jarrett and her father the story Britt had told her. As she talked, Jarrett took a deck of cards from his pocket and began toying with them, riffling them in sharp staccato bursts. This was a pastime he invariably turned to when he had a problem to consider.

Leila quit talking after a time and waited, watching Jarrett.

"Apparently Ann Richards, along with this letter or map that her father sent her, is the key to all this," Jarrett said finally. "Let's hope she comes aboard tonight. She might prove to be a very profitable fare, and—"

SOMEONE tapped on the door. Leila hesitated, then opened it. Gig Harney, the balding, big-toothed first clerk, stood there. A few steps back of him was a young woman. "This here young lady," Harney said a trifle breathlessly, "wants to buy passage to Fort Buford."

Mead Jarrett got to his feet. His glance met Leila's for an instant in mutual elation. "Why, it's Miss Richards!" he exclaimed. "This is a very pleasant surprise, Ann."

"Good evening, Mead," Ann Richards said coolly. "And Leila. And Captain Ormsby."

"Why, Ann!" Leila said. "Do you actually mean you're traveling with us? To Fort Buford, of all places!"

"I expect to meet Dad there," Ann said. "I hope you have space for me."

"Of course," Jarrett said. "You'll have the best."

Leila's eyes roved enviously over Ann Richards' costume: her impudent straw bonnet, her short plaid jacket with mutton-leg sleeves, her smart pearl-gray skirt with a small train which she held with a wrist loop.

Mead Jarrett was offering his arm. "Allow me, Ann," he was saying in his grand manner.

Ann did not accept his assistance as she gathered her skirt to descend the companionway. "That's your shooting arm, Mead," she said mildly. "Surely you wouldn't want to be impeded if you were called on to do a little more bloodletting tonight."

BRITT CAHILL was in the grip of a fearful nightmare. He was living over again that moment three years in the past when the Northern Star had gone down. He was under water, trying to pull Sherry Dean from her submerged cabin. But, in the nature of dreams, Sherry Dean was suddenly Ann Richards, and she was trying to fight him off. She was saying, "You're not Bill Clay. You're the man who hates my father. Liar! Liar! Liar!"

And all the time the wild current of the river was seeking to pull him to the surface, where a man with big pop-eyes was waiting for him with a gun.

Then Ann Richards' face faded, and the sensation of drowning became a reality. He was in water, and a relentless force was pulling at him. He had been swimming instinctively, and now he lifted his head and gulped in air.

Groggily he remembered what had happened. There seemed only one explanation: the pop-eyed man who had fled from Ann Richards' shop must have followed him here and shot him.

There was a stabbing pain in his left side, and his left arm was totally numb. He feared it was broken. As his mind cleared he realized that only a few minutes could have passed since the bullet had struck him. His assailant might still be on the steamboat's deck, waiting to make sure he did not come to the surface alive.

The barge was moored snugly against the Dakota Queen's guard, the two-foot projection of the deck that overhung the slope of the hull. Britt pulled himself along the face of the barge until he drifted under the protection of the guard. Then he let himself float along the length of the boat, with the current, until he reached the paddle wheel.

After a few seconds' rest he forced himself to climb the slippery framework of the paddle wheel, fighting nausea and racking pain. He was an easy target now for any enemy who might be peering from the decks above—but no shot came.

He reached the paddle beam and clung to it, his head reeling. He had to find refuge and help at once. He remembered Sherry Dean's cabin—208.

With his last strength he climbed the bull rails until he could see onto the deck. Waiting until the promenade was clear, he dragged himself over the rail and staggered along until he found the cabin he sought.

The door was unlocked, and he went inside. An oil lamp burned in a wall bracket. The lower berth was made up, the curtains hanging open. A bucket of iced champagne, bearing Mead Jarrett's calling card, stood on the window locker. A sizable wardrobe trunk stood near a wall, along with a mound of hatboxes and smaller baggage.

Britt managed to take off his jacket and shirt. In the mirror above the commode, he saw an ugly gash along his ribs and another wound in his left arm, where the bullet was lodged. He tried to form a tourniquet, using the torn sleeve of his shirt, but the room was revolving and upending, and his fingers were wooden.

Suddenly he heard heavy footsteps

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on the deck, along with the crisp, decisive tap of high heels. Voices sounded just outside the door. He crouched behind Sherry's big wardrobe trunk just as Gig Harney opened the door.

"Here 'tis, Miss Dean," Harney said. "The wine's for you. Mead Jarrett's compliments."

Sherry's quick reply was scathing: "Champagne, is it? From that scut?" Britt heard the clatter of her high heels as she marched out of the room and onto the deck. There was a splash in the river alongside. "Now it's champagne for the catfish!" Sherry said and came back inside.

The door closed and Britt heard Gig Harney going on down the deck. There was utter silence for a moment.

Sherry was gazing at the blood on the floor at her feet. Then she saw the water-soaked, bloodstained shirt and brush coat that lay in a corner. Hearing his heavy breathing now from behind the trunk, she ran to him. "Britt. Oh, Britt!" she cried, and dropped to her knees beside him.

"Sherry, I—" he began apologetically. That was the last he remembered for a time.

SHERRY was bandaging his arm when he awoke. She had taken off her evening dress, because it had got in her way, and was clad only in a black chemise. She was looking down at him, her green eyes big and worried.

"Sorry, Sherry," Britt said. "Somebody put a slug in me."

"Don't talk, darlin'," she said. "Time for that later."

Britt became aware that he had been moved to the lower berth. Furthermore, he was stripped to the skin. He stared up at Sherry, appalled. "My clothes—"

" 'Twas not the time to be standing on false modesty," Sherry said tartly. "Otherwise I would not be in my scanties with a man present. But I'm safe enough, for the time being at least. You're as weak as a kitten, praise the saints." She paused a moment and then said, more soberly, "You must have a doctor—"

Britt realized with a start that the Dakota Queen was moving.

"It's possible there may be a doctor aboard," Sherry said. "If not, I'll make them return to the levee!" She dressed quickly and started out.

"Wait, Sherry!" Britt gasped. "Nobody must know I'm aboard—"

" 'Tis a chance that must be taken," Sherry said, "or you will die." And with that she hurried out and closed the door behind her.

In a few moments she was back. "They do say that the devil watches over his own," she said to Britt. "There's a medical man among the passengers, and the cabin boy's fetching him. Dr. Philip Schuyler DeWitt," she went on, half to herself. " 'Tis a name to belong only to a moth-eaten old blue blood."

Presently someone tapped at the door. Sherry drew the curtain around the berth where Britt was lying, and then opened the door to a tall, dark-haired young man carrying a medical bag. "I am Dr. DeWitt," he said. "The cabin boy told me a physician was needed."

Sherry stared. Dr. Philip Schuyler DeWitt was neither old nor was he moth-eaten. "An Easterner!" she said scathingly. "Are you a tourist?"

The young doctor blinked, disconcerted. "Not—not exactly a tourist," he said uncomfortably. "I expect to practice in the Montana country."

"Boston, by the fine way you speak," Sherry said coldly. "You attended Harvard, no doubt. Come in, Dr. Philip Schuyler DeWitt!"

The doctor hesitated and then he stepped inside. Sherry swiftly locked the door behind him and opened the curtains around the lower berth. "This is a—a friend of mine," she said tersely. "He needs attention."

Philip DeWitt looked around the room. He saw Sherry's opened baggage and the garments she had tossed about in her search for bandages. He saw Britt's wet, bloodstained clothes and his grimy, unshaven face.

He walked over to Britt, bent over, and opened the temporary bandages Sherry had put on. Then, without a word, he pulled off his coat, rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt and began to probe Britt's wound.

"Considerable hemorrhage as well as shock," he said finally. "A rib may be fractured, though I doubt it. The bullet is lodged against the ulna in the left arm. It must be removed at once." He straightened and added: "I'll call the clerk and have him arrange a table and plenty of lamps, so that—"

"I prefer to keep Gig Harney out of this," Britt said, "and everyone else."

DeWitt frowned and looked questioningly at Sherry. She lowered her eyes and said softly: "It's this way: my friend presented me with a gun for protection during the trip. But while he was showing me how to use it, it discharged and the bullet struck him. It's a very embarrassing situation. It might be misunderstood."

"I see," DeWitt said coolly. An expression of distaste came over his face.

Britt pushed himself up on his elbow. "Miss Dean is trying to make you believe I was shot in some kind of a lovers' quarrel, Doctor," he said. "The truth is that I was shot by a man I didn't even see. I took refuge in Miss Dean's stateroom."

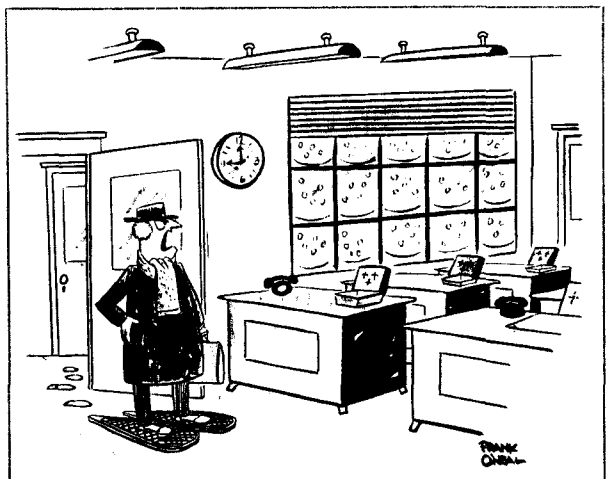
"I see," DeWitt said again, a trifle helplessly.

"If you say that once more I'll blow a boiler, Dr. Philip Schuyler DeWitt," Sherry snapped. "A fine doctor you are, letting him lie there suffering while he protects my reputation."

DeWitt gazed at her, a strange expression on his face. "So you're Sherry Dean," he said. "I've heard of you."

"I'm most flattered," Sherry said coldly. "And what have you heard, may I ask?"

"No matter," DeWitt said. "I'll try to make out here, for the surgery."



"WHERE IS EVERYONE?"

COLLIER'S — FRANK O'NEAL

Britt sank back. DeWitt had overcome his scruples for the moment.

DeWitt made swift preparations. A needle jabbed into Britt's arm. "Hypodermic of morphia," DeWitt said, and then for a time Britt knew nothing.

WHEN he drifted back to consciousness, DeWitt was sitting close by, a brier pipe in his hand, watching him. Sherry was moving about, straightening up the cabin.

DeWitt put away his pipe, closed his medical bag and put on his coat. "You'll feel better tomorrow, my friend," he said. "And in a couple of weeks you ought to be good as new."

"You will report this matter to the captain, I assume?" Sherry said.

"That is my duty, Miss Dean."

"We must never forget our duty, must we, Doctor?"

DeWitt reddened. "Miss Dean," he said rigidly, "you seem to have taken a dislike to me from the instant you saw me. Just how, may I ask, have I managed to displease you?"

"Why, Doctor," Sherry said with sugary sweetness, "you've been nothing but the perfect gentleman. Every inch of you—from your well-bred voice down to the tips of your fine bench-made shoes."

DeWitt looked down at himself, puzzled. "So that's it," he said. "You consider me conceited—a snob!"

"Perish the thought," Sherry said. Suddenly, amazingly, she seemed close to tears. The brogue came back into her voice. " 'Tis only grateful I should be that so grand a gentleman would condescend to tolerate the likes of a notorious woman like Sherry Dean."

Philip DeWitt was angry. "Apparently," he said, "what the notorious Sherry Dean needs is a good spanking! You've gone out of your way to patronize me and scorn me and ascribe thoughts to me that I don't have. You're vain and spoiled—though you *are* the most beautiful creature I've ever seen!"

DeWitt turned to stalk from the cabin. "Wait, Doctor," Britt said. "This may help you in deciding whether to go to the captain. I was shot in the back. It was the third attempt to bushwhack me lately. I don't even know who the gunman is, but he'll try again if he learns I'm alive."

DeWitt turned and gazed at Britt, turning the matter over in his mind. Suddenly he spoke to Sherry, his tone brisk and professional. "I have left a laudanum pill on the commode in case your friend becomes too restless. If necessary, call me. I'm in cabin two-oh-three on the opposite deck. In any event, I'll be back before breakfast to see how he's making out."

"He won't talk," Britt said when DeWitt had left.

"Apparently not," Sherry said, her voice strained.

"Where have you and this Philip Schuyler DeWitt met before?" Britt asked abruptly.

Sherry whirled on him. "I never laid eyes on him before!" she cried.

"Then it was someone just like him, wasn't it?" Britt asked. "Someone he reminded you of."

Sherry began to cry, but Britt persisted. "Who was he, Sherry? Don't let it fester inside you any longer."

She came with a rush and threw herself down beside his berth, burying her face in the sheet. "Maybe you're right, Britt," she whispered after a moment. "Maybe it *is* better to talk to someone."

She was silent for a time, staring at nothing. "I lived in Boston once too," she said finally. "My father was a ditchdigger, and Mother took in washing to help provide for us. My name was Mollie O'Toole then—we were shanty Irish. But God had been good to me—He had given me a voice. I sang in the choir, and poor as they were, my parents gave me singing lessons under the finest teachers in Boston. Then I met a fine gentleman—everything I'd ever dreamed of—and he wanted to marry me, or so he said. But he left me waiting at the altar, before all my friends. His parents had prevailed on him not to marry so far beneath his station. The shame of it is with me still, the bitterness—"

Britt thought of the times Sherry Dean had, with cold precision, ruthlessly beaten men at poker, and of the disillusioned suitors she had left in her wake. "Strange," he said, "that you would trust me enough to tell me this. And also that you would help me—against your own conscience. You have no respect for men."

"You are a man who would at least keep a promise," she said. "A promise to wed, or"—her eyes darkened, became a somber gray—"or a promise to kill."

Overhead, the whistle hooted mournfully. The Dakota Queen was steaming steadily through starlight and darkness. St. Louis was already far astern. Before them lay the wild Missouri River.

SUNLIGHT was streaming through the small window when Britt opened his eyes the next morning.

Sherry lay asleep on the locker, wrapped in a quilt. His gaze seemed to arouse her, for her eyes opened. She sat up. "The top o' the mornin' to you," she said lightly.

She came to him, gave him water and felt his forehead.

"You're better," she said. "The fever is about gone."

The aftereffects of the opiates Sherry had given him to deaden pain during the night weighed heavily on him. He managed to lift his head and gaze around the room. "Where are my pants?" he said.

"In the river."

Britt was horrified. "What!"

"I'll find pants for you when the proper time comes, my lad," Sherry promised.

At that moment a knock came on the door. Sherry drew the curtains on the bunk, concealing Britt. Then she called, "Who is it?"

She had expected that it would be Philip DeWitt, keeping his promise to visit his patient early. Instead, a girl's voice answered: "It's Ann Richards, Sherry."

Britt knew that Sherry hesitated. Then he heard the door open. "A pixie I'm seeing!" Sherry exclaimed. "Sure, and it can't be you in the flesh, Ann darlin', aboard this boat?"

Ann Richards laughed. "I made a sudden decision late last night to go to Fort Buford," she explained. "It's—well, it's about Dad. Something's happened."

"Let's stroll the deck while we talk, Ann darlin'," Sherry said. "It will be more pleasant."

Britt sank back as the door closed and their voices faded.

Sherry was gone some time. She did not look directly at Britt when

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she returned to the cabin, but busied herself arranging her wardrobe. "Dr. DeWitt will be here shortly," she said. "I had a word with him on deck. I'm having my meals served here. You and I will share them."

Presently Philip DeWitt tapped on the door. He entered with a professional bustle, saying, "Good morning, Miss Dean. And how is the patient?"

"How do you do, Doctor," Sherry said distantly.

DeWitt was carefully impersonal as he examined Britt. "Very good," he said finally. "Extremely satisfactory, my friend."

"You can call me Clay," Britt said. "Bill Clay."

"I noticed two other old scars on your body," DeWitt said. "Being shot at is evidently no novelty to you, Clay."

"I picked up one of those slugs at Shiloh and the other near Vicksburg," Britt said. "Confederate sharpshooters."

Philip DeWitt shrugged. "Fighting, unfortunately, was not included in my education," he said. "I served in field hospitals."

"You may have to take a postgraduate course if this boat bumps into any Sioux war parties up ahead," Britt said.

"So I understand," DeWitt finished re-dressing Britt's injuries and arranged a sling for the wounded arm. As he turned to leave, he said abruptly to Sherry, "Would you honor me by permitting me to escort you to supper this evening, Miss Dean?"

Sherry's expression did not change. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I am taking all my meals here."

DeWitt stiffened a little under the rebuff. "I understand." He glanced at Britt. "You're a fortunate man, Clay, to have so devoted a—a friend."

AFTER DeWitt had gone, Britt said, "I'll remove myself from your hands at first chance, Sherry. Then your conscience will be clear."

Sherry turned on him, her eyes blazing. "Conscience!" she cried. "I have no conscience! I'm the kind of woman who entertains gentlemen in her cabin!"

"And you're also a fraud," Britt said. "What you really want is to sing in a choir again, to be Mollie O'Toole."

"And to be treated as a plaything by the likes of such men as Philip Schuyler DeWitt from the upper crust of Boston," Sherry said, her face now white.

"I pulled you from a sunken steamboat once," Britt said. "Any man would have done the same, Sherry. You owe nothing to me. You're free to tell Ann Richards who I really am. She'll learn soon enough anyway. I can't stay hidden here forever."

Sherry smiled wryly. "It seems that Ann Richards is in the same fix as I. The man she knows as Bill Clay saved her life too—not once, but twice. She told me about your first meeting at Pierre's, and then about the shooting in her dress shop, when you killed two men to protect her."

Britt stared. "*Two* men?" he repeated. "Did she say two men? But one got away!"

"Apparently not. The police found the body of a second man some distance from Ann Richards' shop."

"The one with the frog eyes?" Britt asked unbelievingly.

"That's exactly the expression Ann used in describing him," Sherry said.

Britt sat up, oblivious to the wrench of pain from his wounds. "Then who was it who shot me from the deck of this boat last night?" he asked slowly.

"There must have been a third member of the outlaw party," Sherry said. "One you didn't see."

That seemed the only reasonable explanation. Britt realized that he, as well as Ann Richards, was still in danger every instant.

ANN RICHARDS sat alone at a small table in the dining room, having breakfast. She was able now to take full stock of her situation. The past twelve hours had been a blurred and violent sequence that had uprooted her from the routine of her life. She thought of her meeting with Sherry earlier that morning. Sherry had listened to her story of the shooting at her shop, but had changed the subject each time Ann had started to explain why she was making this trip on the Dakota Queen.

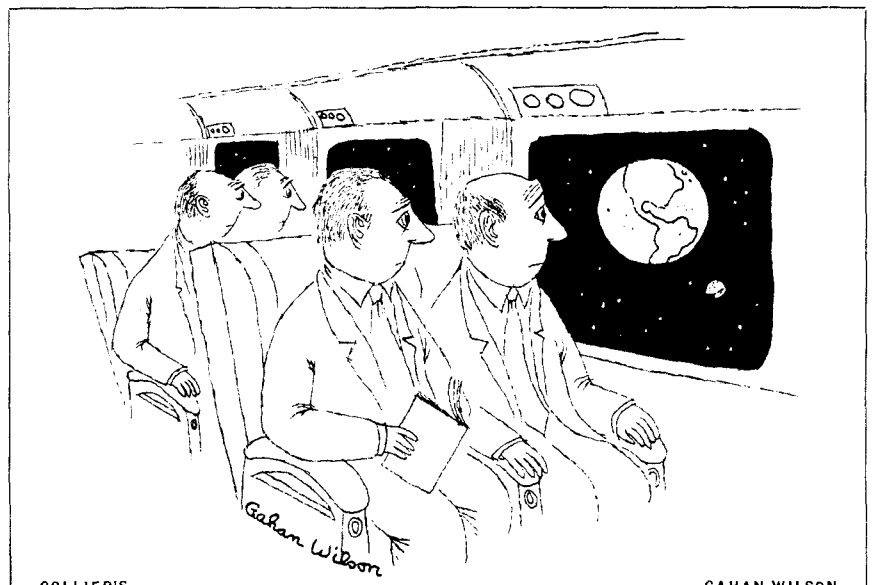
Sherry's attitude disturbed Ann. It was as though she had suddenly been held at a distance by a friend whose help she had counted on.

Presently she became aware of an increasing uneasiness—a sense of something wrong. Then she knew what it was: her belongings seemed in order—and yet not exactly as she had left them. Nothing was missing, but without a doubt her trunk had been emptied, then repacked, during her absence.

Every item she possessed had been searched thoroughly. Only her own sense of orderliness would have detected it, for the hands that had gone through her effects had been very deft and neat—as neat as a woman's hands.

Ann's heart was pounding. The intruder, of course, could not have been Leila, for she and Leila had been together for the last hour or so. The only other woman aboard the Dakota Queen was Sherry Dean!

Ann's hand touched the bosom of her dress where she carried the letter and map. The fact that nothing had been taken proved that the intruder had been after big game—a half ton of gold, no doubt.



COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

Presently Leila Ormsby came into the dining lounge, followed by her father. Leila rushed to the table. "Ann dear, dining alone? How awful! You should have let me know."

"Good morning, Leila," Ann said. "And Captain Ormsby. Won't you join me?"

As they sat down, Ann noticed that Walker Ormsby's hands were very unsteady. He looked as if he had not slept well.

Leila, in contrast, seemed fresh and rested. She squeezed Ann's arm. "It's so marvelous having you with us," she said. "And so you intend to meet your father at Fort Buford? I'm going through to Benton."

"Is it true there is serious Indian trouble on the plains?" Ann asked. "I heard some of the passengers say they had paid fare only to Council Bluffs, and—"

"Bosh!" Walker Ormsby roared, slamming his cup on the table. "Utter nonsense! The Army is always crying wolf. No tribe of Indians would have the sand to tackle a steamboat!"

"But I heard the Aurora was shot up," Ann said.

"Some young bucks full of firewater," Ormsby snorted. "Fired a few shots and arrows from the brush, then ran like rabbits."

"Don't get your pressure up, Father," Leila said coolly. "Ann knows there's no real danger. Otherwise she wouldn't be here, would you, dear?"

As soon as Ann could excuse herself without appearing rude, she returned to her stateroom and turned to the task of unpacking her luggage.

The thought crossed Ann's mind that she should destroy the map, that keeping it was too dangerous. But that was impossible. There were instructions as to the general location of the sunken boat that were easy to keep in mind, but she did not trust herself to memorize the involved details.

But far more valuable to her than the boat and its load of gold was the fact that the map was the key to finding her father—if he was still alive.

She thought once of taking the map to Walker Ormsby and having him place it in the purser's safe. Then she decided she could find no better hiding place than its present one—there against her breast.

BRITT paced Sherry's stateroom Darkness was coming again, and the Dakota Queen was steaming northward on the long climb out of the timbered reaches of Missouri. The boat was due at Council Bluffs at midmorning. Beyond that lay the plains.

Britt had been on his feet since the first day of the trip, but had not yet ventured from Sherry's cabin in daylight. As Philip DeWitt had predicted, his recovery had been swift. He still carried his left arm in a sling, but even that would not be needed much longer. The injury along his ribs was healing.

DeWitt had bought clothes for him at St. Joseph. Sherry had handed him a new Colt .45 and a belt and holster only that morning. "You're the kind that feels naked without a weighted holster on your hip," she had said dryly, and Britt guessed she had induced DeWitt to buy the gun too.

Sherry had not mentioned Ann Richards since that first morning. She had reverted to the brittle, flamboyant siren of the music halls. Whenever DeWitt came to dress Britt's wounds, she would match his good manners with a mocking pose as a grand lady.

Britt had seen puzzlement and hurt in DeWitt's expressions, and also anger and resentment. "You're asking for it, you Irish hellcat," Britt had told Sherry earlier this same evening.

"Asking for what, pray tell?"

"For that spanking DeWitt said you needed."

Sherry's brittle mask had slipped. She was Mollie O'Toole again. "A spanking, is it?" she bristled. "'Twould be beneath the dignity of Dr. Philip Schuyler DeWitt to engage in violence with the likes of me!"

"Don't push your luck too far," Britt had warned her. "DeWitt has probably never laid a hand on a woman in his life, but there might come a time."

"This is an aimless discussion," Sherry had interrupted. "Turn your back. I'm dressing for the evening."

BRITT had done as Sherry asked and later had eyed the result with scowling disapproval. She had donned the revealing black evening dress she had worn at her final appearance at Pierre's. Her slippers had three-inch heels. Diamonds blazed on her fingers and in her earrings. "Is anything wrong?" she asked. "Does my chemise show?"

"It would if you had one on," Britt had said sourly. "Everything else does."

"Why, darlin'," Sherry had said, "you flatter me. I'm going to the lounge. Mr. Mead Jarrett has asked me if I would sing tonight?"

"What are you trying to prove by rigging yourself like a fancy woman?"

Sherry had drawn a sheer silk scarf over her shoulders, and picked up the train of her dress. "There is nothing to prove, darlin'," she had said. "I am concealing nothing—as you just pointed out." Then she had left.

Now, Britt heard the piano strike up in the lounge, and Sherry's rich voice began to sing a sentimental ballad.

Britt thought of Leila Ormsby. The longing to see her again was overpowering, as insistent as the yearning in Sherry's song. Leila might still be alone in her stateroom in the texas, he thought. Driven by his impatience, he opened the door before making sure the promenade was clear, and stepped out. He nearly collided with Ann Richards.

She stood peering at him in the dim light from the deck lamps. "Bill—Bill Clay!" she said incredulously.

She glanced toward the open doorway of the stateroom where some of Sherry's belongings—feminine and completely damning—were in sight. She glanced back at Britt, blushing in confusion and embarrassment.

"Why—why are you here, aboard this boat?" she said.

"I came aboard at St. Louis."

"I see."

"No, you don't see!" Britt snapped. "You think I've been living in sin with Sherry Dean."

She stepped back a pace, amazed by his vehemence. "After all, I have some reason to be curious about you, Mr. Clay," she said. "You saved my life, then you vanished, and now—" She noticed suddenly that he was carrying his arm in a sling. She looked at him, startled.

"Someone trailed me to this steam-

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boat and took a shot at me," Britt said. "Sherry Dean was kind enough to take care of me until I got back on my feet."

"Of course," she said coolly.

"Why is it that a woman is always ready to believe the worst about another woman?" Britt said.

"I assure you that your private affairs do not concern me, Mr. Clay."

"Then this should concern you!" Britt said. "A third party must have been in cahoots with those two who visited your shop that night—he must have been the one who put that bullet in me. It's my guess that he's still after that letter your dad wrote you, and it's likely that he followed you aboard."

ANN RICHARDS shivered and instinctively moved closer to Britt. "Who could it be?" she whispered.

"There's no way of knowing," Britt said. He was acutely conscious of her nearness. He recalled the litheness of her movements during the battle with the masked men in her shop. She was lovely, and she had iron in her fibers—like her father. The thought of Zack Richards came jarringly.

"Good night, Mr. Clay," Ann Richards said. "Thank you for the—the warning. I'll be on my guard." She walked forward. Britt watched her until she turned out of sight on her way to the opposite promenade.

Presently he remembered the purpose that had brought him onto the open deck: Leila. He walked aft, climbed to the dark top deck, and knocked on her door.

She opened it at once, and the impatience that had brought her so swiftly to the door was reflected in her face.

At the sight of Britt, her expression changed abruptly to profound shock. Then, as if with effort, she smiled. "Britt!" she exclaimed. "How—"

She drew him into the cabin and closed the door. "Britt! I can't believe it! How—" Then she saw that his arm was in a sling. "You've been hurt!"

Briefly, Britt explained. "Leila," he said then, "did you mention to anyone what I told you about Zack Richards and that boatload of gold?"

Leila drew back, offended. "Did you think I'd go to Ann Richards and tell her about you? I detest her."

Somehow, the vehemence of that last statement grated on Britt's nerves. Suddenly he regretted he had come here: nothing was as he had hoped it would be. There was an evasiveness in Leila. He felt that the warmth she was showing him was only on the surface.

"Good night, Leila," he said heavily. "I'll stay out of sight until we're clear of Council Bluffs, at least."

At the door she kissed him. "Until next time, Britt," she said.

Leila remained in her cabin only until she was certain Britt had gone below. Then she hurried to her father's cabin. "You may be interested to know that Britt Cahill is aboard," she said.

Walker Ormsby's jowls turned pale. "Cahill—alive!" he croaked. There was almost despair in his voice.

Leila's violet eyes narrowed. "I've wondered ever since we left St. Louis why you and Mead didn't seem worried about Britt's whereabouts," she said musingly. "But now I know."

"Does—does Cahill know?"

"No. He thinks he was shot by some person who evidently doesn't exist."

Their eyes met. Between them now was a new and damning secret—a knowledge of attempted murder, a knowledge that murder would be attempted again when Mead Jarrett learned that his first effort had failed.

"At least," Leila said with bitter relish, "this news will spoil Mead's evening with that redheaded Irish girl." . . .

Philip DeWitt had left a lamp lighted in his cabin. As he started to go in he stopped short, staring at the man who sat in the one chair, awaiting him. It was Britt.

"You left your door unlocked, Doc," Britt said. "I'd like to move in with you for a few days, if you don't mind."

DeWitt walked across the room, his dark eyes blazing, and slapped Britt hard across the face.

Britt jumped to his feet, his fists clenched. "Maybe I'll take that, DeWitt," he said slowly. "Maybe you really think I had it coming."

"I'm armed," DeWitt said. "And so are you."

Britt studied the dark-haired doctor. "Have you ever drawn a gun on a man in anger, DeWitt?" he asked curiously.

"No, nor in contempt," DeWitt said, his voice strained to the breaking point. "This will be the first time. Who are you, Clay? What are you to Sherry Dean—and to Miss Ormsby?"

Britt turned suddenly, and started toward the door.

"Where are you going?" DeWitt said.

"Not back to Sherry Dean's cabin," Britt said. "That was only a temporary hide-out, a matter of necessity. She was only being merciful. I can take care of myself now."

DeWitt frowned. "The hell of it is that I really want to believe you." He hesitated a moment and then shrugged. "The upper berth is yours."

ON THE following evening Ann Richards walked the promenade deck alone, in darkness. The Dakota Queen had shoved off from Council Bluffs at midafternoon, and now, on either side of the river, stretched the vast flat expanses of the Great Plains.

There had been no poker game in the lounge on this night, no conviviality, for the boat had lost all but a handful of her paying passengers at Council Bluffs. The town had seethed with stories of Indian war—of settlements burned, of men and women scalped, of wagon companies wiped out and Army posts beleaguered.

Surprisingly, Leila Ormsby was still aboard, and so was Sherry Dean. But scarcely more than a dozen other fares remained, and these were persons who had only the most urgent business in the Montana camps.

As she turned into the larboard promenade to go to her cabin, Ann stopped abruptly. Dr. DeWitt, as was his habit, stood at the rail amidships, smoking his pipe. But this time another man stood there with him, enjoying the cooling air of the night as he smoked a cheroot: Bill Clay!

Their presence together shocked Ann. Her first thought was that now she could not trust even Philip DeWitt. Then suddenly, beyond the two men, a shadow moved in the aft entryway, which led to companionways above and below. She saw, sharply silhouetted, a man's head and a hand clutching a gun.

"Bill Clay! Look out!" she screamed.

The gun exploded, hurling a long lance of flame along the deck. But Bill Clay had leaped aside an instant before the shot came, and with a thrust of his hand, had sent Philip DeWitt sprawling also. Ann heard the bullet glance from a stanchion a yard away from where she stood.

Britt's gun was in his hand as he dropped. But the entryway was now vacant. He crept along the deck, slowly, warily, his gun ready, and edged into the lighted opening. It was deserted. The would-be assassin could have fled either above or below deck.

Britt walked back to where Ann was standing. "Did you see who it was?" he asked.

"No," she said, shakily, "just the shadow."

MEAD JARRETT came hurrying from above, followed by Walker Ormsby. Other passengers were coming out, guns in hand. "It's all right, everybody," Britt called.

Mead Jarrett was peering at Britt with his sardonic, pale-blue eyes. "By all that's holy!" he exclaimed. "You in the flesh! This is a real surprise."

Britt said evenly, "Hello, Mead."

"When I think of some of those campaign promises I made, I'm not sure I'm so happy about being re-elected!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

Jarrett started to say something, then seemed to think better of it. He and Walker Ormsby began calming the passengers, sending them back to their quarters. But in a moment they returned to where Britt was standing with DeWitt and Ann Richards. "I hardly know what to say," Jarrett said to Britt. "I suppose we should arrest you."

"Arrest me?" Ann exclaimed. "For what?"

Jarrett looked at her in amazement. "You mean you don't know this man? Why—this is Britt Cahill!"

Ann repeated the name in a shocked whisper.

Jarrett said dryly, "Apparently you have heard of him."

She was staring at Britt. Then she laughed bitterly, almost hysterically. "Why—why, of course," she said. "Why was I so stupid as not to have guessed? This explains everything!"

Walker Ormsby said accusingly, "You place me in an embarrassing situation, Cahill. It's our duty to turn you over to the law at the first opportunity."

Britt nodded. "I understand," he said. "But it won't be necessary to put me in confinement. I'd hardly want to leave the boat. They say a man's scalp isn't safe ashore."

Jarrett flashed his ironic smile. "I suspect you'd prefer to take your chances ashore rather than face the certainty of being hanged for murder, Cahill," he said.

"I'd object to being put in irons, if that's what you have in mind, Mead."

Jarrett glanced at Britt's holster. "I might overrule your objection, my friend," he said softly.

There was a tense silence. Britt stood slack, his hand near his gun. He said, "You've changed in the three years since you were a pilot for Zack Richards, Mead. That sort of thing grows on a man, doesn't it? Like a thirst."

"What sort of thing?" Jarrett said.

"Killing. The urge to add another notch to your score. I saw an example of your skill one night at Pierre's."

"You may see another demonstration tonight," Jarrett said coldly.

"Now, now!" Walker Ormsby said in alarm and stepped between them. "Let's keep our heads! I'm sure there's no need for placing a guard over you, Cahill. After all, we're not policemen." He looked nervously at Jarrett. "We should think this matter over, Mead," he said imploringly.

Jarrett shrugged. "Oh, very well," he said. "But any attempt on your part to leave us will be unfortunate, Cahill. I'll give orders to the deck watch to shoot you if you try it." He turned then and walked away. Walker Ormsby followed him, muttering to himself.

Britt looked at DeWitt. The young doctor's gaze was inscrutable. "So now you know about me," Britt said.

"Who is it you're accused of murdering?" DeWitt asked.

Briefly, Britt told the story.

"And was it really you that Zack Richards saw fleeing from the scene of the crime?" DeWitt asked.

"Innocent or guilty, I would claim Zack Richards lied," Britt said. "So why do you ask, DeWitt?"

"Perhaps I wanted to see how you answered it. I'm a trifle vain about my ability at judging a man's sincerity." He laid a hand on Britt's arm. "You need a drink."

"You may be drinking with a murderer," Britt said dryly.

"A man is entitled to the benefit of the doubt," DeWitt said. "And so is a woman," he added thoughtfully.

ANN RICHARDS was in bed when she heard Britt and Philip DeWitt pass her cabin and go on down to DeWitt's cabin, several doors away. Apparently Britt Cahill had left Sherry Dean's care and was now being shielded by the doctor, she thought. It seemed certain now that DeWitt was allying himself with the man who had ruined her father.

She felt inside the bosom of her nightgown for the map. There was no longer any doubt in her mind that Britt Cahill had been after the map the night he appeared at her shop. And that was why he was aboard the Dakota Queen now.

She finally fell into heavy, troubled sleep. But in the black hour just before

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dawn she woke with a start. A man's hand was clapped over her mouth, pinning her down. His other hand was ripping open her nightgown, exploring for the map and finding it. Then a wadded cloth was forced into her mouth as a gag. A gunny sack was yanked over her head and lashed around her, pinning her arms. In the next moment she realized the intruder was gone.

Ann finally fought free of the gunny sack and gag. She started to scream, but then stopped. It would be wasted effort now. She got to her feet, pulled on her robe and ran barefoot to DeWitt's cabin.

DeWitt's startled, sleepy voice answered her knock. Then the door opened, and the doctor, in a long lounging robe, stood staring at her. "What is it, Miss Richards?"

Then Britt stepped into view. He had pulled on trousers, but was bare above the waist. He had a six-shooter in his hand. "How long has Britt Cahill been here?" she demanded.

"Here?" DeWitt said foggily. "You mean in this cabin? Why—"

Britt came into the door. "What happened?" he said.

"A man broke into my cabin not many minutes ago and stole something from me," Ann said bitterly.

"The map?"

"The map! And you are the man. No one else knew about it."

"But—but that's impossible," DeWitt said. "Cahill has been asleep here for hours."

"You're both in this against me," Ann cried. "And Sherry Dean too. I can't believe anything you say." She turned and ran back to her cabin.

COUNCIL BLUFFS was nearly a week astern. A few other settlements, tiny and isolated, barricaded and fearful, were also behind them.

For days the Dakota Queen had labored through the hot, treeless lower plains, but now they were entering rougher country. Green ridges lifted in the distance, and the shores were becoming increasingly wild with brush and trees.

Britt stood at the fore rail on the cabin deck, finishing a cheroot. Twilight had come and he was enjoying the first relief from the stifling heat of the day. He could see Sherry sitting alone in the lounge, listlessly playing a game of solitaire. And farther back, Philip DeWitt stood alone at the bar, sipping his inevitable glass of whisky and mineral water. Like Sherry, he had grown silent and uncommunicative.

Suddenly Sherry swept aside the cards and came walking out on the deck to join Britt. She put her elbows on the rail alongside his. "Where are we, pray tell?" she said.

"We passed the mouth of the Little Missouri during the day," he said. "We should dock at Fort Buford by sundown tomorrow, with luck. Jarrett will probably decide to keep steaming ahead tonight, for the moon will be nearly full. The river is falling, and he's got to make time if he wants to get back out of this country before low water catches him.

"Right at this moment, however," Britt added, "Jarrett's aiming for a wood choppers' camp at String Creek. He's hoping the choppers haven't lit out for safety, for we're running short on fuel. String Creek should be showing up any minute now."

"Fort Buford next ahead," Sherry said musingly. "Then somewhere between here and there we'll pass the place where Pete McLeod left Ann's father and the sunken Mackinaw boat."

Britt said levelly, "Yes."

Sherry was silent for a time. The sun had been swallowed by the rims of the distant ridges. Dusk was pooling in purple-gray shadows in the brush on shore. Jarrett, in the pilothouse, was steering the Dakota Queen within a short pistol shot of the gloomy riverbank. Sherry shivered a little in spite of the lingering heat of the day. "'Tis a place only for evil spirits," she said.

Still, the fears of the passengers in general had lessened as day after day had passed without sign of danger. Apparently Walker Ormsby had been right: if Indians were about, they evidently did not dare attack a steamboat. But to Britt, the very desertion of the land was a warning rather than an assurance. He had his rifle leaning against the rail close at hand, and he carried his holster gun.

The twilight deepened and Mead Jarrett impatiently pressed the whistle treadle. The Dakota Queen's hoarse voice lifted a roaring challenge. Britt frowned. Using the whistle was a needless display of bravado on Jarrett's part. It was better to proceed quietly.

The Dakota Queen cruised ahead for another five minutes. Then Britt straightened, and said, "There it is!"

A clearing showed on the shore. A log shack stood there and ricks of wood cut to firebox length were piled at the edge of the river. Two bearded woodcutters appeared, waving and grinning. Jarrett hit the whistle treadle again.

Britt saw Ann Richards come out of her stateroom. Gig Harney, the first clerk, appeared from above and headed for the companionway. Jarrett was nosing the Dakota Queen to the landing. He rang the wheel into reverse and the boat's momentum slowed as she rode the boil of water from her own paddles.

Gig Harney was saying as he passed Britt: "We'll be in Benton early next week, and—" Something harsh and slim and as vicious as a snake suddenly drove its fangs deep into Harney's throat. He gaped at the thing that jutted from him—the feather-tufted shaft of a war arrow. Then he reeled backward and fell to the deck, dying.

A face that was painted half crimson, half orange, was visible above a clump of brush on the nearby shore. Britt drew his six-shooter and fired even before Harney fell.

At the same time something plucked at Britt's belt, twisting him off balance. Vaguely he realized an arrow had glanced from the buckle. More arrows came. In the dusk, there was the sharp, nasal twanging of bowstrings, and the heavy crash of rifles. Powder flame rippled from the brush.

SHERRY had dropped to her hands and knees, seeking what shelter the rail offered. An arrow had ripped the gay ribbon from her head, letting her coppery hair fall about her shoulders.

Britt saw Ann Richards dart into the lounge and reappear with a rifle. She came up beside him at the rail, raised the gun and fired.

The brush now spewed a swarm of Sioux. The screeching tidal wave of warriors swept into the shallow water toward the steamboat. Britt triggered slowly, trying to make each shell count. The water alongside seethed with Indians stripped to breechclouts. There was no lack of target.

Suddenly Britt realized that the Dakota Queen was merely drifting in shallow water abeam of this deadly shore. Her wheel was stilled and she would go aground in the midst of her attackers.

He raced down the companionway to the main deck. The deck crew and the engine-room gang were fighting the Indians hand to hand all along the length of the boat.

Britt fought his way to the deserted engine room. The throttle was in neutral. He seized the bar, moving it into reverse, feeding steam to the pistons. He felt the wheel begin to churn. The Dakota Queen started to back, away from the shore.

The howling of the Indians rose higher as they saw what was happening. A warrior appeared in the entrance to the engine room and leaped at Britt with his lance upraised. Britt whirled, saw him in time, and killed him with the last shell in the chamber of his .45.

He rejoined the fight on deck. There was no time to reload, and he seized up a crowbar. Philip DeWitt was guarding the forward companionway, wielding a clubbed rifle. The young doctor's white shirt had been torn from his shoulders, so that it hung about his belt in tatters.

THE Dakota Queen was gaining momentum now, drawing clear, leaving behind the Sioux who had been unable to gain the deck. The dozen Indians who remained aboard suddenly gave up the fight and dived overboard, heading for shore. But a rifle kept cracking from the hurricane deck, picking off the swimming Indians.

That, Britt thought, must be Mead Jarrett, indulging in his lust for killing from the shelter of the steel-sheathed pilothouse.

The Dakota Queen had now retreated to midstream. She was still on reversed wheel and still picking up speed. Jarrett had abandoned the helm and there was no hand to guide the boat. Realizing the new danger, Britt raced back to the engine room and eased off the steam, then moved the throttle to full ahead in order to check the craft's momentum.

He was almost too late. The boat had backed almost to the north shore, far out of reach of the Sioux, and was in dangerous water where the current boiled over rock chains and snags. Suddenly the Dakota Queen struck something. She heeled sickeningly to starboard, hung there for long seconds, and then slid clear.

A powder-stained man belonging to the engine crew appeared now and took over the throttle. Mead Jarrett evidently had remembered his duty also, for the engine bell clanged. The Dakota Queen was under control again.

Britt returned to the deck. He looked at the gray faces of the survivors. There seemed hardly a handful left alive. The Sioux had come very close to wiping out the steamboat company.

He ran above to the passenger deck. Sherry and Ann Richards had escaped injury. They were beginning to do what they could for the wounded.

On the top deck, he found Leila crouched in the captain's cabin with her father. She was glassy-eyed, hysterical. Walker Ormsby was in little better shape. It was evident that all during the fight they had hidden in the cabin.

Mead Jarrett, the killing lust still in his eyes, looked down from the pilothouse. "How is it below?" he asked.

"Bad," Britt told him. "Not many of us left."

Then, suddenly, a wild-eyed stevedore appeared from below. "The boat's takin' water fast!" he cried. "We're sinkin'!"

—CLIFF FARRELL

(This is the second of three parts)

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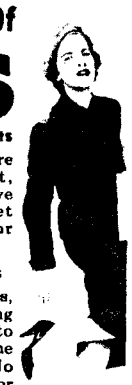

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"THINK OR DIE"

How do you train a nation's military leaders for the "jetomic" age, when commanders must be able to cope with anything from a diplomatic wrangle to gunfire and brainwashing? Here's the way the Air University prepares the cream of our Air Force officers—for a task they dare not fail

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

At Maxwell AFB, Air University students in rugged Tiger Trek exercise are held under watchful eye of a supposed enemy guard before being moved away to a concentration camp

IN THE jetomic age," said Lieutenant General Laurence S. Kuter, "there is no time to experiment, to learn, to make mistakes and correct them after operations begin. We must be right the first time."

"Jetomic" is a word used often by General Kuter, who coined it himself from "jet" and "atomic." Those words have special meaning for him; as commander of the Air University, it's his job to make sure U.S. jet and atomic pilots have what it takes to be—as he says—"right the first time."

The Air University, located at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama, is a unique institution—a postgraduate college for the professional air officer. (It should not be confused with the new Air Force Academy, an undergraduate school now being established in Colorado to train cadets to become commissioned officers.) Leadership is the Air University's stock in trade. The school conducts a talent hunt among its junior officers to spot leadership potential early and develop it. It polishes the qualities of leadership already demonstrated by the Air Force's top senior officers.

The students at the Air University are an elite group. The university consists of two colleges, plus a number of specialized schools. Topmost is the Air War College, which teaches air strategy; an indication of the care with which its colonel students are chosen is the fact that requirements for admission are the same as those for promotion to brigadier general. The second major college is the Air Command and Staff College, which has a Squadron Officer School for lieutenants and captains and a Command and Staff School for lieutenant colonels and majors. Those two schools are also exclusive; the Squadron Officer School, for example, instructs only four classes of 750 students each year (there are about 140,000 officers in the Air Force).

The courses taught at Maxwell AFB are strictly practical. While the Air U. is neither flying school nor drill camp, it does not engage in the intellectual pursuits of the civilian college. Whatever book courses it teaches are those a modern military leader must know—economics, politics, Communism, foreign policy. The air leader of today is expected to be more than a mere airplane driver; he must be part scientist, part diplomat, part economist—skilled in waging war, but also able to assist in the formation of national policies designed to prevent it.

The straight military courses, too, are at a high level. Senior officers might be asked in an examination, as one illustration, to plan in detail an atomic attack. The tactical employment of the hydrogen bomb is another of the university's subjects—taught in the world's most secret classroom, a building enclosed by a nine-foot barbed-wire fence and constantly guarded by Air Police.

But the most dramatic and rugged courses are given at the Squadron Officer School, where the motto is "Think or Die," and where the students must try to establish their abilities as leaders. Two of these courses—Tiger Trek, an overnight exercise in escaping from and evading an enemy, and Project X, a mental obstacle course—are described in detail on the following pages.

Turn the page for a realistic escape problem

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"THINK OR DIE"

The Tiger Trek

TWO hundred U.S. Air Force officers, students of the Air University's Squadron Officer School, were attending a lecture. All at once, every door of the auditorium slammed open, and a horde of green-clad troops burst into the hall, firing guns. The lecturer fell and was dragged away. The commander of the invaders mounted the stage and shouted orders in Russian while his unsmiling troops covered the audience. An interpreter informed the "capitalist pigs" that they were prisoners of the People's Army.

This was the highly realistic beginning of "Tiger Trek," one of the practical field exercises in the curriculum of the Air University's Squadron Officer School, aimed at singling out the young officers who show unusual capacity for leadership. A field problem in escape and evasion, Tiger Trek takes its name from one of the school slogans, "Every Man A Tiger." In the problem, the students are captured by an Aggressor force, locked up in a prison compound, and aided to escape by men portraying guerrilla partisans. Then they must make their way through 10 miles of heavily patrolled enemy country to a friendly base, directed along the route by underground agents.

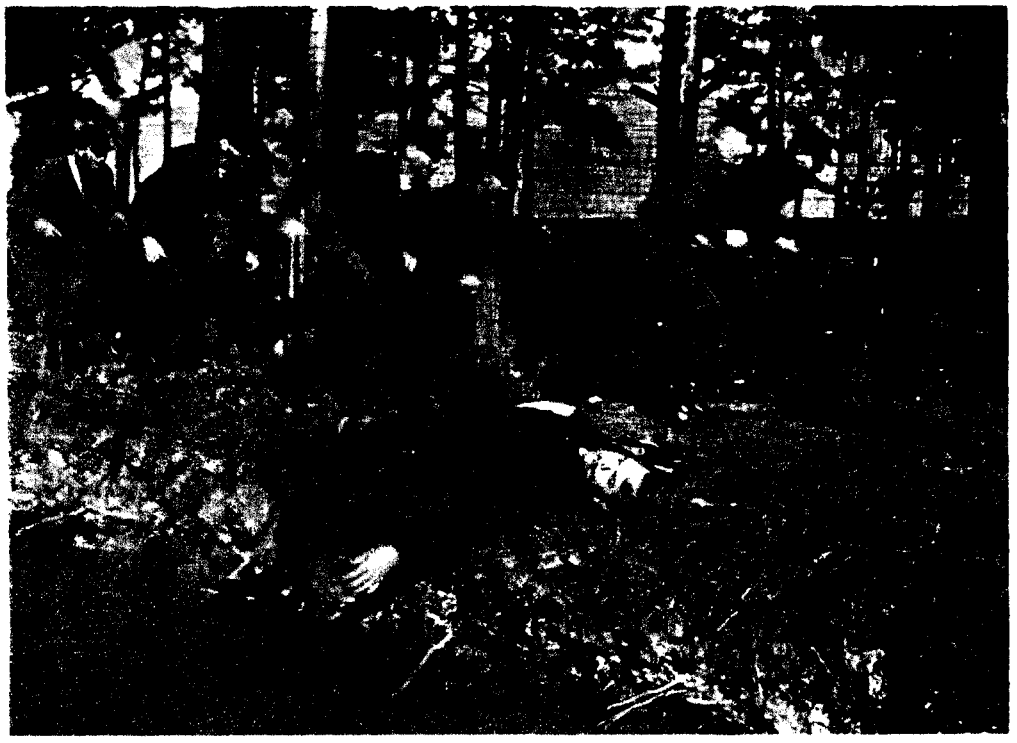
The emphasis is on realism. The Aggressors wear clothes which resemble the Russian uniform, and Aggressor officers speak to one another in Russian. The Tiger Trek I watched was so realistic that one student apparently forgot it was all play-acting. Ordered to sing, he defiantly launched into God Bless America. He was promptly "shot," but not before the entire group of prisoners had joined the chorus, providing an unexpected note of drama and momentarily nonplusing the Aggressors.

After their capture the prisoners were led out of the auditorium to be searched, then were double-timed a mile and a half to the barbed-wire compound—a rugged start to a rugged problem.

The prisoners remained in the compound only long enough to recover from their run. Then the guerrillas charged out of the woods, "killed" the guards and released the prisoners. A safe distance from the compound they were met by an underground agent, who told them their first check-point would be a small tavern about a mile from the base (the tavern is a privately owned place whose owner co-operates with the Air University on these problems). The Trekkers were told to stay off the Red-patrolled roads and travel through the woods, a procedure which resulted in many an abrasion before the night was over, and many a wet victim of the creeks and ponds that abound in the Tiger Trek area.

A waiter at the tavern (actually Captain W. C. Mulkins, a faculty member) was the underground agent who briefed those with the proper password on the route to the next check-point. The password was "If you don't have beer, I'll take water," and the agent was to countersign by replying, "We have some cold water."

Forgetting a password can be troublesome. One student did that and was not allowed a tavern brief-



After prisoners have had brief stay in concentration camp, force of guerrillas arrives, "kills" enemy guards (one of whom is seen above, in foreground) and leads escaping men into surrounding woodlands. Former prisoners are warned to stay off roads, which are patrolled by enemy

First check-point for runaway prisoners is nearby tavern, where man portraying underground agent (actually an Air Force officer on Air U. faculty) tells next stop in route to those giving password

Air University students are evaluated on ability to avoid being recaptured by the alert men who play the role of Aggressor troops. Right, escapee crawls to safety

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ing. He tried to tag along with another group en route to the second station, but they were afraid he was a spy rung in by the Aggressors (a favorite trick) and chased him away. Lost, the perplexed and disgusted evadee wandered through the Alabama woods for two hours before he was finally caught by a Red patrol. His evaluation for Tiger Trek could not have been very complimentary.

Another Aggressor trick, said Captain Ray Gordon, project officer for Tiger Trek, is to plant a false agent near one of the underground stations. He accosts a group, mumbles something that might sound like the countersign, then he directs them to their next check-point. The unwary group winds up at Red police headquarters.

The Trekkers must pass through six underground stations to complete Tiger Trek successfully. The course can be negotiated in six to eight hours. For the hapless Trekker who lets himself get captured by the Red police, however, there is another grueling session in store, perhaps more rigorous than the evasion problem itself—the interrogation.

The Questioning Really Gets Tough

Interrogation is the most realistic part of the problem. Prisoners face real interrogation teams from Air Defense Command, whose job it is to pry from their prisoners the complete evasion route. They use a combination of trick conversational gambits, cajolery, insult and physical punishment—which for Tiger Trek purposes is confined to rigorous calisthenics.

Unobserved, I watched several Tiger Trekkers undergo quizzing. A typical interrogation went like this: the interrogators (they work in pairs) started out in a very polite vein, offering the captive a cigarette, asking a few friendly personal questions, then explaining that they needed some information just for the record, since they already knew the evasion route (which they did not).

"When you left the compound, in which direction did you proceed, Captain?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? That's remarkably dull of you. Do you fly your plane that way? Answer me, Captain!" The interrogator thrust his face to within a few inches of his prisoner's (he had thoughtfully munched a few bites of garlic before the interrogation).

"What was the password at your first underground station?"

"I don't remember."

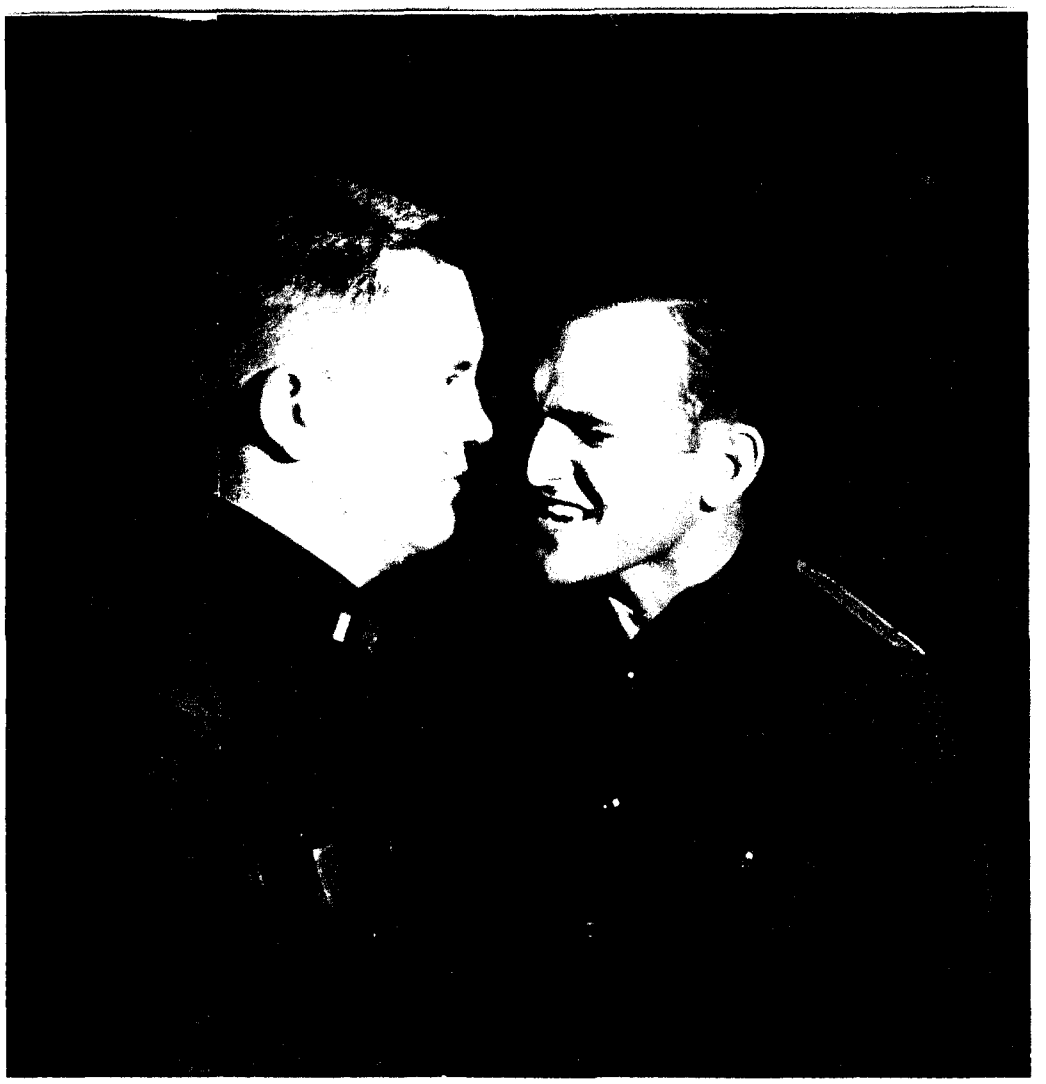
"Well, don't let it bother you. We have a little memory-jogger here." At this point, the interrogator produced a long hypodermic syringe, supposedly full of "truth serum." The syringe is sometimes a more effective information-producer than any amount of physical punishment, but if it fails the next step is the "treatment."

"Let's see if the capitalist swine is physically fit, Igor. Captain, would you do fifty pushups, please?" The interrogator carefully counted the pushups until he reached the mid-forties, then said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Captain, but I seem to have lost count. Would you mind starting over?"

The prisoners were subjected to about an hour of the most fiendish exercises the interrogators could devise. Even the very obstinate sometimes weaken under such punishment and let slip a fact or two. However, the interrogators prefer another type, the garrulous man. One officer thought he could outsmart his tormentors by apparently co-operating fully but giving them wrong information. He was the interrogators' meat; by rapid crossfire questioning interspersed with insults and pushups, they confused him so badly that he tripped himself up and blurted out several important facts.

From information obtained from the garrulous types, plus a few facts forced out of the less talkative and a couple of assists from prisoners who had incautiously written down passwords, the interrogators pieced together an almost complete picture of the evasion route in only four hours.

Said one participant of Tiger Trek: "It was an interesting problem and I think I learned a lot from it. But," he added, "I don't think I would want to do it over again."



Officer students who are picked up by Aggressor patrols before they reach destination are put through exhaustive interrogation by trained teams of Intelligence men. (Instructors watch proceedings through one-way windows)

Interrogators find threat to use hypodermic of "truth serum" is surprisingly effective

Pushups are used as punishment to force prisoners to break under interrogation

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"THINK OR DIE"

How to Cross a River

In Project X, students must figure how to carry injured man across river on a cable (bridge is down)

In a remote corner of Maxwell Air Force Base is an unusual obstacle course—unusual because while its obstacles are physical, the prowess required to overcome them is largely mental. It's called Project X, and it pinpoints the leadership capabilities of a man as few other tests can.

Project X consists of a series of practical problems which students at the Air University's Squadron Officer School, formed into six-man teams, are asked to solve. Depending on how they react, they are graded on the six major attributes of leadership: perception, or ability to size up a situation; communication, or the ability to convey a possible solution to others in a persuasive manner; enthusiasm; co-operation; judgment, and initiative.

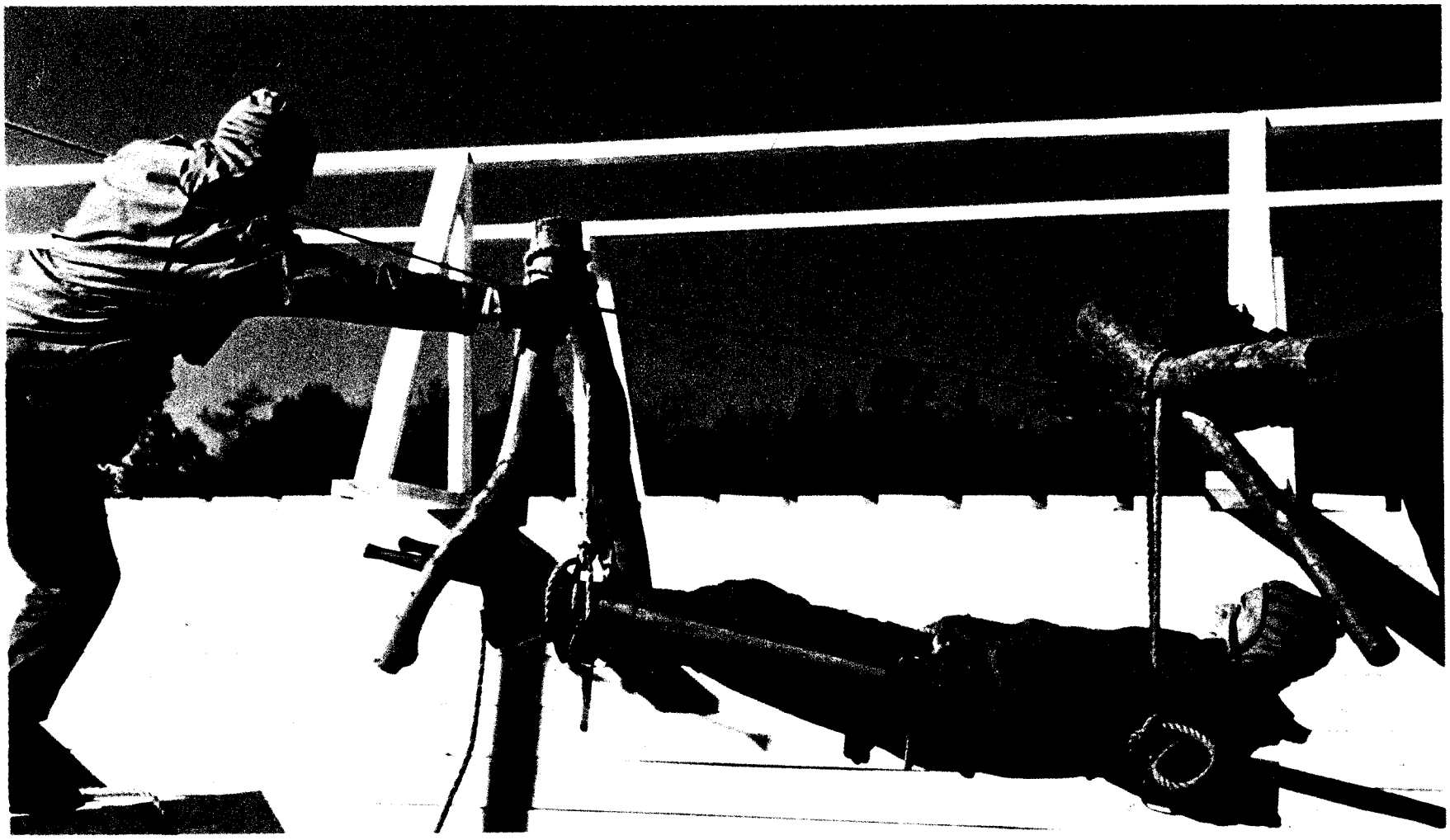
A typical problem—along with its solution—is illustrated on this page. Here is how it was posed to the student officers: "You are escaping from an enemy force. One of your group is wounded and must be carried in a stretcher. You have arrived at a deep, raging river which you cannot swim or ford. There was a bridge, but the center span has been destroyed and only an overhead cable remains. In 15 minutes you must cross the river, bringing the wounded man with you."

For this problem, the school has set up a simulated bridge over a small pond. The students are provided with a stretcher, a few pieces of rope and a pair of V-shaped tree forks (which it is assumed they might find in the area). The most common solution, as shown here, is to sling the wounded man under the cable, using the forked logs as trolleys, then pull him across.

But the solution is only incidental. The accompanying faculty member watches each man, noting who becomes the leader, who hangs back and contributes little, how sound is the planning, who finds flaws and so forth.

What is the significance of Project X?

"The man who can think through a problem rapidly and command the respect of his teammates in solving it," says Brigadier General Lloyd P. Hopwood, commandant of the Air Command and Staff College, "may well be tomorrow's general—who will plan an air campaign and lead thousands in carrying it out."



The solution is to use forked boughs as trolleys. Tiger hats are for identification. School slogan is "Every Man A Tiger"

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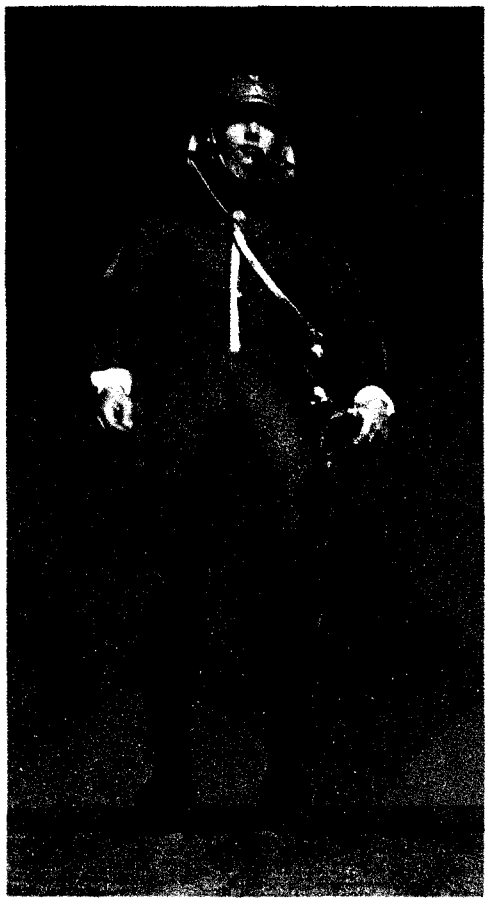
Captains and lieutenants attending Air University's Squadron Officer School march in a parade at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. Only 750 officers enroll at a time



Officer at School of Aviation Medicine, San Antonio, in "partial pressure suit"

Leadership

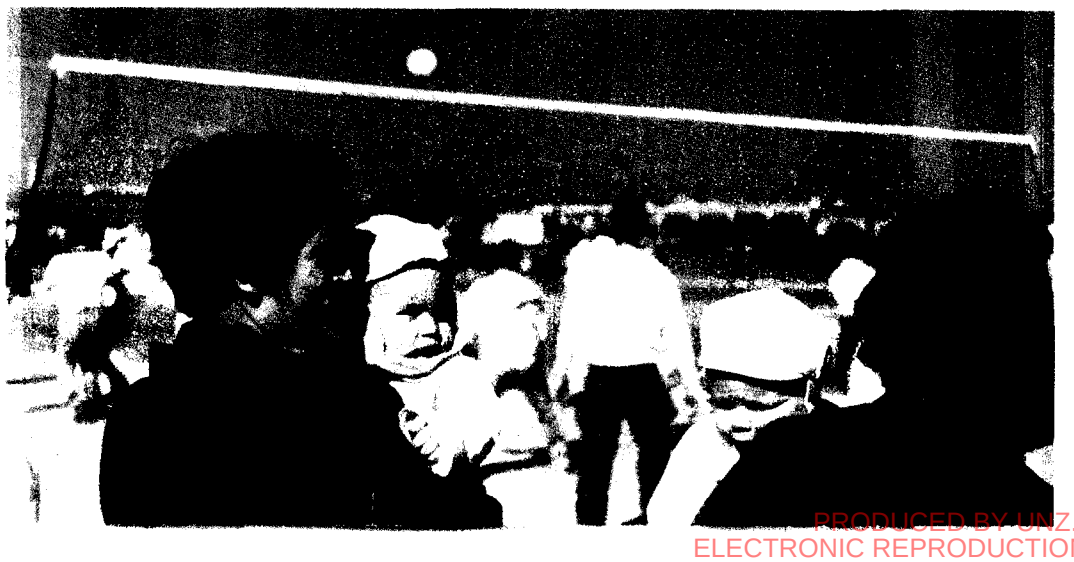
The Air University is engaged in a number of activities which make it an important source not only of individual American leaders, but of American leadership of the free world. The Air Force's forward-thinking School of Aviation Medicine at San Antonio, for example, is under the Air U.'s jurisdiction. So are the Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps programs at 188 U.S. colleges, and the Institute of Technology at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio—which provides education to meet the technological, scientific and other professional requirements of the Air Force.

The Air University also buttresses the military leadership of Allied nations, by taking a number of foreign officers into its courses at Maxwell AFB.

Finally, in recognition of the fact that leadership begins at home, the university has enrolled almost 1,000 people in a special course at which attendance is strictly voluntary. The course: How to be an air commander's wife. ▲▲▲

Officers from foreign countries who attend the university get a course in English—and also in Americanisms, with emphasis on airmen's lingo

Students' wives, shown watching volleyball game, have class of their own at Air U.



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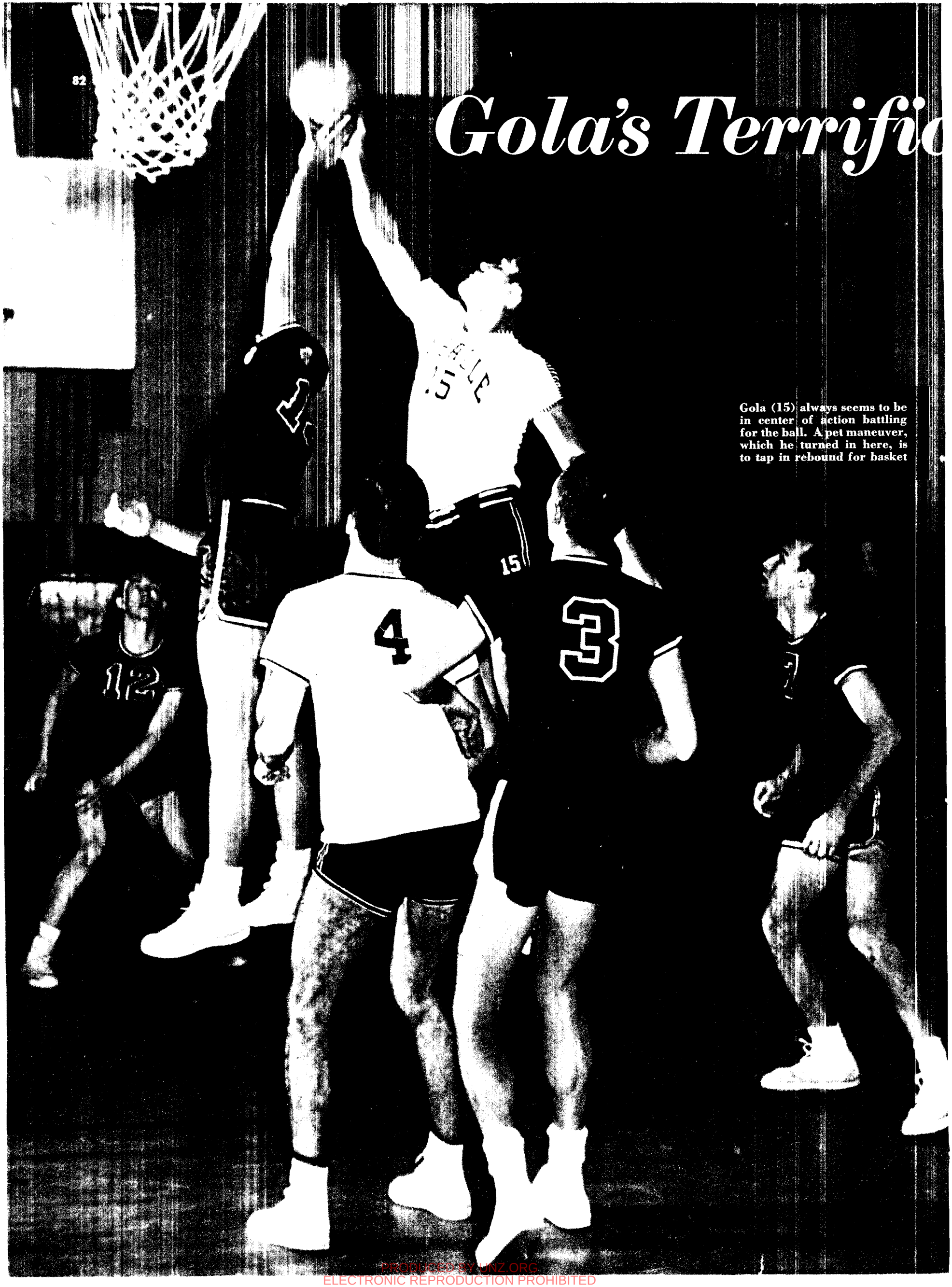
Gola's Terrific



Gola (15) always seems to be in center of action battling for the ball. A pet maneuver, which he turned in here, is to tap in rebound for basket

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-Even without the Ball

All-America Tom Gola pours in points for La Salle's national champions. Worse yet, says one rival coach, is what he does to you just faking around on the court

By BILL FAY

TED WILLIAMS of the Boston Red Sox is a great baseball player because he can hit the ball over distant fences. Bobby Layne of the Detroit Lions is a great football quarterback because he can throw the ball accurately to swiftly maneuvering receivers. Jack Kramer is a great tennis player because he can smash the ball from any spot on the court. That's the way it is in most sports. The great stars are the players who can do things with the ball. But basketball is different. In basketball, the great stars are the players who can do things—with or without the ball.

And no college basketball player can do more things—with or without the ball—than Tom Gola of La Salle College. "Gola is the reason we're the defending national basketball champions," testifies coach Ken Loeffler of La Salle. "He's the greatest player I've ever seen, and I've been in this business as a player and coach since the Original Celtics were going strong 30 years ago."

Loeffler's enthusiasm is understandable. As a nineteen-year-old freshman, Gola sparked La Salle's triumph in the 1952 National Invitation Tournament. Tom was an overwhelming choice for Collier's 1953 and '54 All-America teams selected by the nation's leading college coaches; and the coaches already have spotted him for probable Player of the Year honors this season.

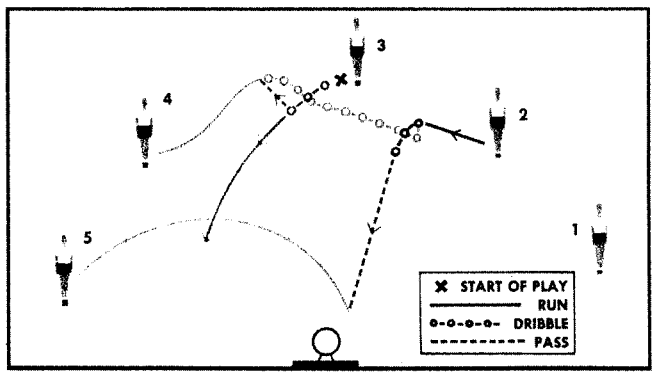
Gola earned this attention by delivering a remarkable performance while La Salle was walloping Bradley, 92 to 76, in the final round of the NCAA championship playoffs last March. Afterward, Forrest Anderson, the Bradley coach, now at Michigan State, summed up the result in three words: "Gola killed us."

"But, Forrdy," a sports writer protested, "Gola was only third-high scorer for La Salle with 19 points. Frank Blatcher and Charley Singley had 23 points each."

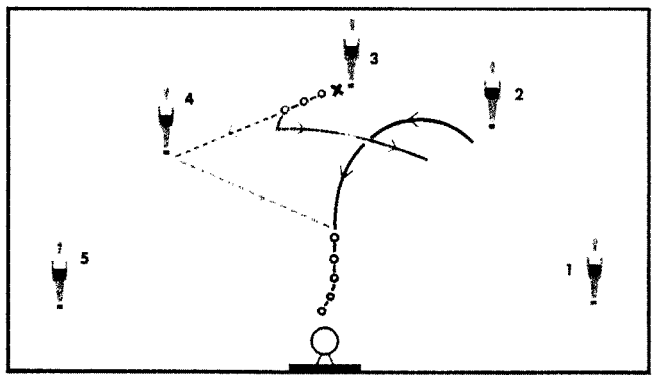
"It wasn't Gola's shooting that killed us," Anderson explained. "It was the way Gola controlled the ball by grabbing those rebounds off the backboards, and the way he kept faking our defense out of position—opening up the center of the court so that other La Salle players could drive through for close-in shots. Actually," Anderson concluded, "Gola hurt us the most when he was just faking around out there—working without the ball."

As Anderson's remarks would indicate, Tom Gola (six feet seven and 206 pounds)

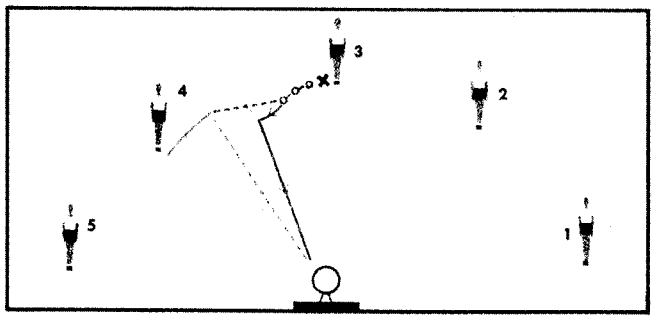
La Salle offense begins with team in semicircle and no tall man in pivot. Here Gola, with ball, starts weaves that can become the typical plays diagramed below



In basic pattern, players screen (block the path of opposing guard) for mates after passing ball. Here, number five cuts in to score around three's screen



Opposite Screen Play develops as three passes to four, then reverses, running toward and screening two. Two cuts around him, takes pass from four, has easy shot



Give-and-Go takes speed and perfect timing. After he passes to four, three abruptly breaks down into middle area. Turn page to see photos of Gola executing play

La Salle coach Ken Loeffler calls Gola the greatest. In a different offense, he says, star might hit 40 points a game

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY FRIED

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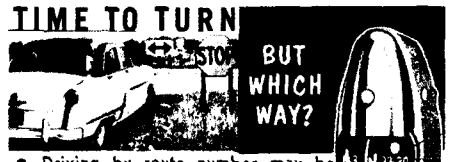

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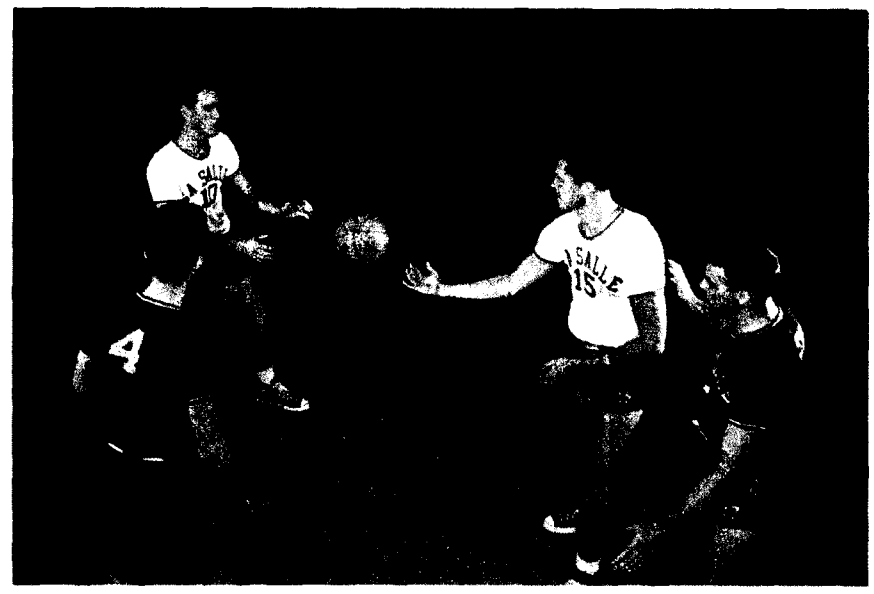
Gola made one unbelievable play appear s



Practicing Give-and-Go, Tom Gola underhands the ball to Charley Singley, then breaks swiftly inside and ahead

is amazingly quick and agile. Consequently, Tom doesn't have to park near the basket in a fixed pivot position—the customary spot for men his size. Instead, he's free to move around in La Salle's so-called "weave offense"—a system in which all five players maneuver in a semicircle, passing the ball back and forth sparring for an opening (see diagrams on previous page).

Gola likes the weave offense. "It keeps the center of the court open," Tom points out, "giving all five players a chance to drive in and score.

"Conversely, if I were playing in the pivot, I'd keep the whole center of the court clogged up. The four other players would either have to pass in to me—or fire away from outside.

"No doubt about it," Tom adds, "I'd handle the ball more in the pivot, but that's not exactly an advantage. I've discovered you can get more things done when somebody else has the ball. For example, you can go to work on your opponent—faking with your eyes and feet and shoulders. Maybe you can gain a step and slip behind him. Or you fake him into a spot where he has to detour around another player. Either way, that's when you break for the basket and hope somebody hits you with a pass, and that's the only time you really want the ball—when you're open and in a position to do something with it."

Executing an "Impossible" Play

And Gola can do just about anything with a basketball. Take what happened last winter while La Salle clobbered Furman, 100 to 83. On one play, Gola leaped high to stop a shot by six-foot-seven Bob Thomas. Instead of deflecting it, Gola grabbed the ball in his right hand and—while still in the air—whipped a long pass upcourt to forward Charley Singley, who dribbled in for a quick-break basket.

"It was an impossible play," referee Jocko Collins later observed. "But Gola made it look so simple and easy, hardly anybody in the crowd applauded. That's an ironical thing about Gola. He's so relaxed and graceful that some of the fans ride him once in a while because they get the erroneous idea that he isn't trying hard enough."

Gola made 25 points against Furman. Frank Selvy, Furman's intercollegiate scoring champion, tallied 40. Off the statistics, it might appear that Selvy overshadowed Gola; actually, Gola completely dominated the game. Defensively, he grabbed 27 rebounds while Selvy picked off only 11. Twice, Selvy battled Gola for the ball under La Salle's basket; and both times Gola tallied on tip-ins.

"The Furman Flash," commented the New York Post's basketball critic Milton Gross, "was made to look as though he were nailed to the floor."

Over three seasons, Gola has outmaneuvered almost every big man in the game under the boards. In his freshman year he outscored six-foot-eleven Walter Dukes, the ex-Seton Hall All-American, by racking up 30 points in a National Invitation Tournament game. "Rebounding is exhausting work," Coach Loeffler admits. "Undoubtedly, Gola's scoring average would go up if we rested him more on defense—or stuck him in the pivot where he'd get more shots. Tom averaged 23 points per game in our weave last season. He might have averaged over 40 working out of the pivot.

"However," Loeffler points out, "our team-scoring total would decline with Gola in the pivot, because our four other players would get considerably fewer good shooting opportunities. So, we plan to keep Tom working in the weave. He won't break any scoring records, but he'll win a lot more ball games for us."

With a little luck Gola and Company might win enough games this season to provide Loeffler with another national title. Four regulars—Gola, Charley Singley, Frank Blatcher and Fran O'Malley—are back from last year's championship club which averaged 75 points per game while winning 26 out of 30 contests; and sophomore Al Lewis, an all-state sensation at Darby (Pennsylvania) High School, is available to replace the departed Frank O'Hara.

Loeffler's variegated 27-year coaching career includes previous collegiate stints at Geneva and Yale and professional assignments with the St. Louis Bombers and the Providence Steamrollers. He took charge at La Salle in 1949. During the last five seasons, the Explorers have won 119 games against 25 defeats for an .826 percentage. Loeffler regards this record as a testimonial to Pennsylvania high-school basketball in general and to Philadelphia high-school basketball in particular.

Twelve of the fourteen players on La Salle's 1955 squad are from Pennsylvania; 10 of the 12 Pennsylvanians live in the Philadelphia metropolitan area. "Loeffler doesn't have much trouble spotting good ballplayers," a coaching colleague remarked recently, "but sometimes Ken has to do a lot of talking to convince the kids that they ought to stay home and play in Philadelphia."

A Coach Plagued by Ulcers

Coaching in an area thickly populated with outstanding college basketball prospects is not an unmixed blessing. During the last summer, Loeffler was hospitalized with a severe attack of ulcers—an ailment which first plagued him during the winter of 1951. Not quite coincidentally, that was the winter Tom Gola set a Philadelphia high-school scoring record: 2,222 points in four seasons. Gola was playing for the La Salle High team which shared the campus gym with Loeffler's varsity; and the worrisome Loeffler was in an excellent position to observe the comings and goings of talent scouts from rival institutions interested in securing Gola's services. In a four-month period, a total of 51 scouts tempted Gola with various proposals; and Loeffler will never forget one intensely dyspeptic evening when a visiting scout with a dubious sense of humor remarked: "Tough luck, Ken. I can imagine how you feel."

"About what?" Loeffler inquired.

"Why, Gola's going to Kentucky, of course," the scout said. "I thought you knew. Adolph Rupp's got your boy all signed and sealed. They say ol' Adolph really did a great selling job—even took Gola out to the farm to see his prize-winning cattle."

Unfortunately for Loeffler's constricting stomach muscles, there were elements of probability in the mischievous scout's fictitious report. Gola had visited the Kentucky campus, and Gola had an absorbing interest in farming. In fact, he'd spent several summers working on the farm of his godfather, Peter Progranici, near Allentown, New Jersey.

Three long days later Loeffler finally contacted Gola by phone and discovered the Kentucky story was a hoax. "It's little things like that," Loeffler commented recently, popping a little white pill for gastric hyperacidity into

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sy, nobody applauded

d. He takes a perfect lead pass on his finger tips and drops in layup shot

his mouth, "that make basketball coaching such a rewarding and challenging profession."

Eventually, Gola's college selection narrowed to a choice between North Carolina State and La Salle. Both schools offered scholarship assistance, but Gola finally chose La Salle. "I knew most of the fellows at La Salle," Gola explains. "I'd played with them or against them in high school. Besides, La Salle's a lot closer to home."

The Golas live within walking distance—20 blocks—of the La Salle campus, but Tom commutes in a third-hand, four-door, seven-year-old sedan valued at upwards of $110. The only time Tom likes to walk is when he's hunting. Last month, he got up at five o'clock one morning, drove 30 miles out into the country, tramped 10 miles in the woods, shot three rabbits, hustled back to the campus for a shower and shave before his one-o'clock class in Thomistic philosophy, and reported for basketball practice at three o'clock looking serene and clear-eyed.

Loeffler, who had found out somehow about the hunting trip, called a surprise 40-minute scrimmage. When Gola survived the scrimmage without exhibiting any signs of fatigue, Loeffler ordered, "Shoot 100 free throws, Tommy. Let's see if you've got your eye on the basket."

Free-Throw Skill Put to Test

Gola moved to the foul circle, balanced the ball, nose-high, on the finger tips of his right hand, and swished the net with a perfect one-handed toss. While Loeffler kept count, Tom sank 48 straight, missed, sank 15 more, missed again, sank 12, missed two in a row, then finished with a run of 25. Final score: 96 out of 100.

"You blew four," Loeffler complained. "Maybe that'll teach you that basketball and hunting don't mix."

Ike Gola, Tom's dad, has been a Philadelphia policeman for 23 years.

"Tom's the third oldest of our seven children," Ike relates, "and he's the only really big person in the family. I'm five eleven and my wife, Helen, is about five four. One of Mrs. Gola's grandparents was six three, so Tom must take after him."

Nobody was more surprised than the Golas to learn that Tom had a talent for handling a round ball. One afternoon, nine winters ago, Mrs. Gola was shopping at the corner grocery when a neighbor remarked, "You must be real proud of your son Tommy, Mrs. Gola. He's the best basketball player in the eighth grade."

"Basketball?" inquired Mrs. Gola. "What's that?"

The neighbor tried to explain, but Mrs. Gola found the references to hoops and nets and field goals somewhat confusing. She determined to investigate Tommy's activities and, after observing her thirteen-year-old son tally 11 points in a grade-school game, she turned in a report at dinner.

Not So Fast at Domestic Chores

"Believe me, Ike," she declared, "I wouldn't recognize your son. Such pep and speed I've never seen around the house. He should move so fast," Mrs. Gola concluded ominously, "the next time I ask him to run the carpet sweeper."

As things turned out, however, Mrs. Gola learned a lot more about basketball than Tom ever learned about housework.

"Ike put up a backboard and basket in the yard," she recalls, "and I could watch Tommy out there practicing for hours while I worked in the kitchen. He's a patient boy. He'd practice the same shot over and over."

"Remember Hurricane Hazel?" asks Mrs. Gola. "It blew Tom's rickety old basket down last autumn. Of course, Tom hasn't played in the yard since high school, but I cried a little when the basket went down. It was the last link with his childhood."

Tom's an above-average student, majoring in accounting. He hopes to play pro basketball and eventually become a certified public accountant. The Philadelphia Warriors of the National Basketball Association have territorial rights to Gola under the pro draft system, and Eddie Gottlieb, the Warrior coach, can hardly wait to claim him.

Gola could step into any pro line-up right now and be an outstanding star," Gottlieb claims. "He's fast and he can shoot from anywhere. When you find a big guy with a shot who can move, you've really got something. No doubt about it, Gola's the best college basketball player in the country."

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JOHN FISCHETTI

Explosive temper, often called plain bad manners, is the detonator of atomic disaster

THE SUBJECT of manners was long considered to belong largely in the province of the schoolma'ams and the arbiters of the proper fork.

Adolf Hitler, who employed the boarding-house reach at the international level, jolted us into awareness that manners have a strong bearing upon history. The same kind of global rudeness, practiced by the Communists, has raised the gravest threat ever known to the security of those nations whose creed is founded upon respect for the individual human being.

In times past decent men have dealt with such thuggery by hauling the transgressors into the woodshed and trying to whale some respect into them. But that was never a dependable cure for the gangster psychosis. And in an era when hydrogen bombs will presently be standard equipment in the arsenal of every world power, it will soon offer no cure at all.

Which brings us, in a roundabout way, back to manners. For there is no inherent meanness in a hydrogen bomb—it can't detonate itself. Human cussedness alone can explode an H-bomb—human tempers strained to the breaking point by friction in human relations. This is not to suggest that peace can be won by corralling the Communist leaders and running them through a course at Mrs. Nicely's Finishing School. The changes must be wrought deep in the sources of explosive human behavior; Communist bad manners will not be cured until the Communist conspiracy itself is somehow defused. But the scrupulous practice of good manners on our part has, at least, the practical advantage of diminishing some of the frictions which might detonate atomic war.

And there are certain other rewards to be gained by the practice of what the cynics are already calling the lost art of civilized behavior.

We stand to gain good will on the part of all those whose hopes for a better life—a life of freedom and dignity—are tied in with our own hopes. We Americans live, these days, in a glass house; our private life, as well as our international deportment, is under constant, anxious scrutiny. A billion and more of the world's people will march with us if we have their respect and trust. Our example—our manners—will give them the basis upon which to judge whether we merit that faith.

We also stand to gain new strength for our American system. A system which stakes its very being upon the freely exercised judgment of its individual citizens is at once the strongest and most fragile system on earth. It derives its tremendous vitality from whatever in men's hearts responds to this freedom. Yet the margin that separates it from tyranny is spanned precisely by the wisdom with which its freedom is exercised.

It seemed for a time that, harassed by the Communists and the hell-bombs, confused by the web of mutual internal dependencies spun by our own economic genius, awed by our swift rise to world leadership, we had begun to doubt the very bases of our freedom. We began to lose faith in each other, and embarked on a spree of bad manners that colored every facet of our lives.

Labor and management growled malevolently at each other across the collective bargaining table. The three branches of the federal government fell into rasping quarrels and recriminations. The ugly word "treason" shouldered its way rudely into political debate; the hint of treason crept sinuously into the relationship between neighbor and neighbor. In the high places of government and in the communities of America, the reservoir of faith that supports the doctrine of the presumption of innocence was, or seemed to be, draining away. The word "un-American," used more freely and casually than at any time past, came near to being an accurate word to describe the whole sorry retreat from the doctrine of mutual respect. This was not something confined to politics or government; it was a poison in the air. One could mark traces of it in the home, the street, the store, the factory. Rudeness, springing from fear, became the rule.

But a change is taking place. If we have not yet emerged from this era of wolfish manners there are signs that, at least, the pace of retreat from reason and decency has been slowed.

There has, for one significant thing, been a marked return to religion—an instinctive reaching out for the sure guidance, the calm counsel of decency that religion alone can provide. There has been a new massive acceptance of the equality of the races, notable not only in the Supreme Court's strong stand against segregation but also in the acquiescence in the principle in many places where, before, there was only sullen resistance. A new sense of responsibility has marked management-labor relations; 1954 was the most stable year of postwar industrial history. And the U.S. Senate, which for months had served as an arena for caterwauling and venomous invective, rallied to reclaim its own dignity and do a belated service, thereby, to the dignity of the people it represents.

All of these institutions and agencies are responsive, in one manner or another, to the will and the thought of the American people. And so there is reason to hope that their activities reflect a nation astir with a new sense of responsibility to re-examine values and to readjust behavior to these values. This is a hopeful sign, indeed. For there has been nothing wrong with America that a return to good manners—to mutual respect and faith—wouldn't cure.

Speaking of Manners . . .

ONE RECENT day as Mrs. Mary Jo Hasson was descending from a Long Island Rail Road commuter train at Mineola, her new $12.50 bonnet blew off and rolled onto the roadbed under the cars.

Mrs. Hasson uttered a little scream. Conductor J. F. Ryan, Sr., directed the engineer to roll the train back, recovered the unharmed bonnet and restored it to her.

Some may argue that the recovery of Mrs. Hasson's chapeau wasn't worth the price of two minutes of the Long Island's valuable time; these would also argue that Sir Walter Raleigh's gesture in flinging his cloak before Queen Elizabeth wasn't worth the cleaning bill.

Matter of fact, Mr. Ryan's deed deserves ranking above Sir Walter's. For in Raleigh's leisurely age there was time for gallantry; Mr. Ryan had to steal the two minutes from that rigid, unforgiving schedule into which this swift, mechanized age has strait-jacketed us. Mr. Ryan, then, displayed more than gallantry; he had the courage to challenge the dogma that kindness has become an unaffordable luxury.

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